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THE CECILIAN SERIES

of

STUDY and SONG

JOHN W. TUFTS

BOOK II

FOR

SOPRANO AND ALTO VOICES

EdueT 5018.92.840

II.

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THE

CECILIAN SERIES

OF

STUDY AND SONG.

EDITED, ARRANGED, AND COMPOSED BY

JOHN W. TUFTS.

BOOK II.—FOR SOPRANO AND ALTO VOICES.

COMPRISING:

STUDY IN TUNE AND TIME, WITH SONGS FOR PRACTICE AND RECREATION.

SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK. BOSTON, U.S.A. CHICAGO.

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THE

CECILIAN SERIES OF STUDY AND SONG.

EDITED, ARRANGED, AND COMPOSED BY

JOHN W. TUFTS.

Book I.—For One Voice.

Book II.—For Soprano and Alto Voices.

Book III.—For Unchanged Voices. With Added Notes for Basses and Tenors.

Book IV.—For Mixed Voices.

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PREFACE.

THE second book of The Cecilian Series of Study and Song will come into use most naturally in the earlier years of the Intermediate and Grammar Schools.

In the first book the impressions made upon the minds of the singers were those arising from successive tones, easily fixed in the memory and requiring no especial musical capacity for their comprehension. Although the most suggestive, these single melodies gave little harmonic coloring to the tones.

In this, the next stage of the work, music for two parts or voices is provided, and there will be felt all the contrasts of concord and discord, of brightness and somberness. These are best perceived in music unaccompanied by words. The musical impressions must be established first, and then the words can be added. Contrary to the usual idea, music does not need to be interpreted in words, and the latter are generally impediments in musical expression.

The musical interest is increased when secondary parts or voices are added; for then will come the adjustment of tones in the great variety of the combinations.

It is suggested that the order of study laid down in the first of the series be followed here also, but that, in taking up the work, the practice of the lowest part come first. As a rule, the singers should be familiar with both parts. Should the lower part be too low for the Sopranos, a higher pitch may be taken for study. When the upper part is to be sung by the Altos, the pitch can be lowered temporarily, the correct pitch being given when the two parts are taken together.

All teachers and singers will appreciate the benefit arising from good melodies in the subordinate (generally lower) parts. A pleasing melody is sometimes accompanied by one or more parts which afford no pleasure to the less prominent singers. The Alto, Tenor, and Bass parts, when used simply to represent chord harmonies, become monotonous and distasteful. It has been the intention of the author of the Cecilian Series to give these secondary parts a prominence of which they have been too often deprived. Each melody, while in itself simple, contributes to a varied harmony that is interesting and musical. Let it be understood that although accompaniments are given with most of the songs, the vocal parts can be sung independently with pleasure and profit to the students.

Be sure to vocalize every melody, using a single vowel, either *ä*, *ō* or *ē*, and then bring the parts into conjunction, carefully considering the musical effect and the value of the combined tones. A combination of syllables impairs the purity of tone, and the confused sounds resulting therefrom prevent a proper consideration of the harmonies. After the melodies have been sung separately and together, no serious difficulties will be found in the added words.

The quality of the singing tone should always be the guide in the estimate of work done by the pupils, and the *tuneful and expressive rendering of the music* should constitute good work. The author would again remind teachers and singers that all true music is tuneful, and that only tolerable tune should never be tolerated. It is a question if merely tolerable tune is not more dangerous than decided and obvious discords.

Avoid any loud or harsh singing at all times. Such sounds are not musical and should never be allowed.

An index of the exercises will be found, from which one may be selected covering any particular difficulty either in measure or chromatic tones. This will materially help the teacher in his work.

It has been the aim of the author to prepare selections from the best sources, and he offers the book as a further contribution to the study of music, with the hope that the musical language may be better understood and more highly valued.

In teaching time, the use of time names is recommended. An excellent arrangement of them will be found in "Outline of Study," to accompany the Readers and Charts, of the NORMAL MUSIC COURSE. Published by SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY.

Index to Exercises.

EXERCISES FOR TWO VOICES.

C — Scale.

Time — Undivided Pulsation.

2/4 Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 166.
2/2 " 11, 12, 13, 165.
3/4 " 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 167–♯4.
3/8 " 19, 20, 21.
4/4 " 22, 23, 24, 25, 168–♭7.

Time — Divided (Half) Pulsation.

G — Scale.

2/4 Nos. 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 169.
2/2 " 34, 35.
3/4 " 36, 37, 38.
3/8 " 39, 40, 41, 170–♯5.
4/4 " 42, 43, 44, 45, 171–♯5.
6/8 No. 172–♯4.

D — Scale.

2/4 Nos. 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 173–♭7, ♯4.
2/2 " 53, 54.
3/4 " 55, 56, 57, 58, 174.
3/8 " 59, 60.
4/4 " 61, 62, 63, 175–♯4.
6/8 No. 176.

Time — Divided (Various Fractional) Pulsations.

F — Scale.

2/4 Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69.
2/2 " 70, 71, 177–♯4.
3/4 " 72, 73.
3/8 " 74, 75, 178–♯5.
4/4 " 76, 77, 78, 179–♯5.
6/4 " 79, 80.
6/8 No. 180.

C — Scale, with ♯4, ♭7, and ♯5.

2/4 Nos. 81–♯4, 82–♯4, 83–♭7, 84–♭7, 85–♯5.

G — Scale, with ♯4, ♭7, and ♯5.

2/4 Nos. 86–♯4, 88–♭7.
2/4 No. 87–♯4.
2/2 " 90–♯5.
3/8 " 89–♭7.

D — Scale with ♯4, ♭7, and ♯5.

2/4 Nos. 91–♯4, 93–♭7.
2/2 No. 92–♯4.
3/4 " 94–♭7.
4/4 " 95–♯5.

F — Scale with ♯4, ♭7, and ♯5.

2/2 No. 96–♯4.
2/4 " 97–♯4.
3/4 " 98–♭7.
3/8 " 99–♭7.
6/8 " 100–♯5.

Time — The Triplet.

B♭ — Scale, with ♯4, ♭7, and ♯5.

2/4 Nos. 101, 102–♯4, 103–♯5, 104, 181.
2/2 No. 105–♭7.
3/4 Nos. 106, 107.
3/8 " 108–♯4, 109–♯4, 110–♭7.
4/4 " 111, 112, 113–♯5, 182, 183.
6/8 " 114, 115, 184.

A — Scale, with ♯4, ♭7, and ♯5.

2/4 Nos. 116–♯4, 117, 118–♯5, 119–♭7.
2/2 " 120, 185.
3/4 " 121, 187–♭7.
3/8 " 122–♯4, 123, 124, 188–♯5.
4/4 " 125, 126–♯4, 127, 186.

E♭ — Scale, with ♯4, ♭7, and ♯5.

2/4 Nos. 128–♯4, ♭7, 129, 130, 190.
2/2 No. 131–♯4.
3/4 Nos. 132, 133.
3/8 " 134–♭7, ♯4, 135–♯5.
4/4 " 136, 137, 189, 191–♯5.
6/8 " 138, 139, 140, 192–♭7.

E — Scale, with ♯4, ♭7, and ♯5.

2/4 Nos. 141, 142–♯5, 143, 193–♯4, ♭7.
2/2 No. 144–♯5.
3/4 Nos. 145–♯5, 146.
3/8 " 147, 148, 149–♯4.
4/4 " 150, 151–♯5, 195, 196–♯5.
6/4 " 152, 153–♯5.
6/8 No. 194–♭7.

A♭ — Scale, with ♯4, ♭7, and ♯5.

2/4 Nos. 154–♭7, 155, 156, 197.
2/2 No. 157–♭7, ♯4.
3/4 Nos. 158, 159, 198.
3/8 No. 160–♭7, ♯4.
4/4 Nos. 161–♯4, 162, 199–♯5.
6/4 No. 163–♯5, ♯4.
6/8 " 164, 200.

"Remember that a good composition is worthy of good practice."

"Art has no special fatherland; irrespective of the climate in which it has been produced, all that is beautiful ought to be loved and cherished."—*C. M. von Weber.*

"It may be said that the musical art is like one universal language, which all the great composers spoke, each in his own dialect; and it is this particular dialect that lends a certain charm and a quaint interest to their individual utterances."

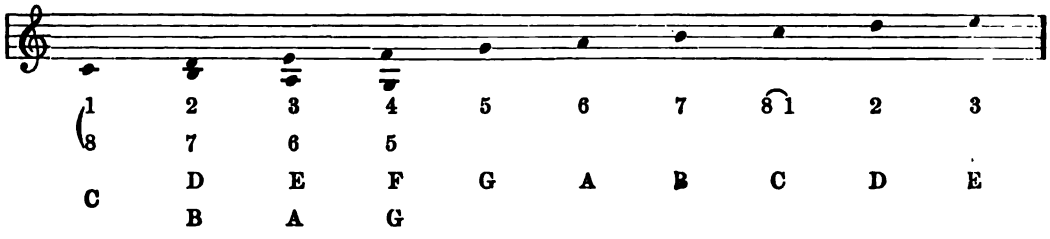
THE

Cecilian Series of Study and Song

BOOK II. PART I.

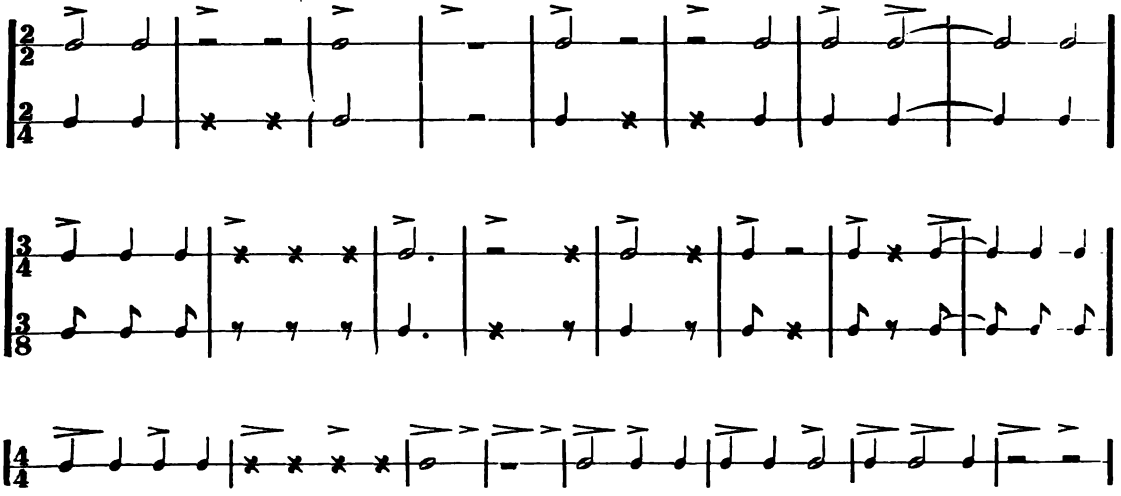
PREPARATORY STUDIES.

THE MAJOR SCALE FROM C,



EXERCISES IN TIME.

Each measure may be taken as an exercise, except when tied, in which case practice them in combination.



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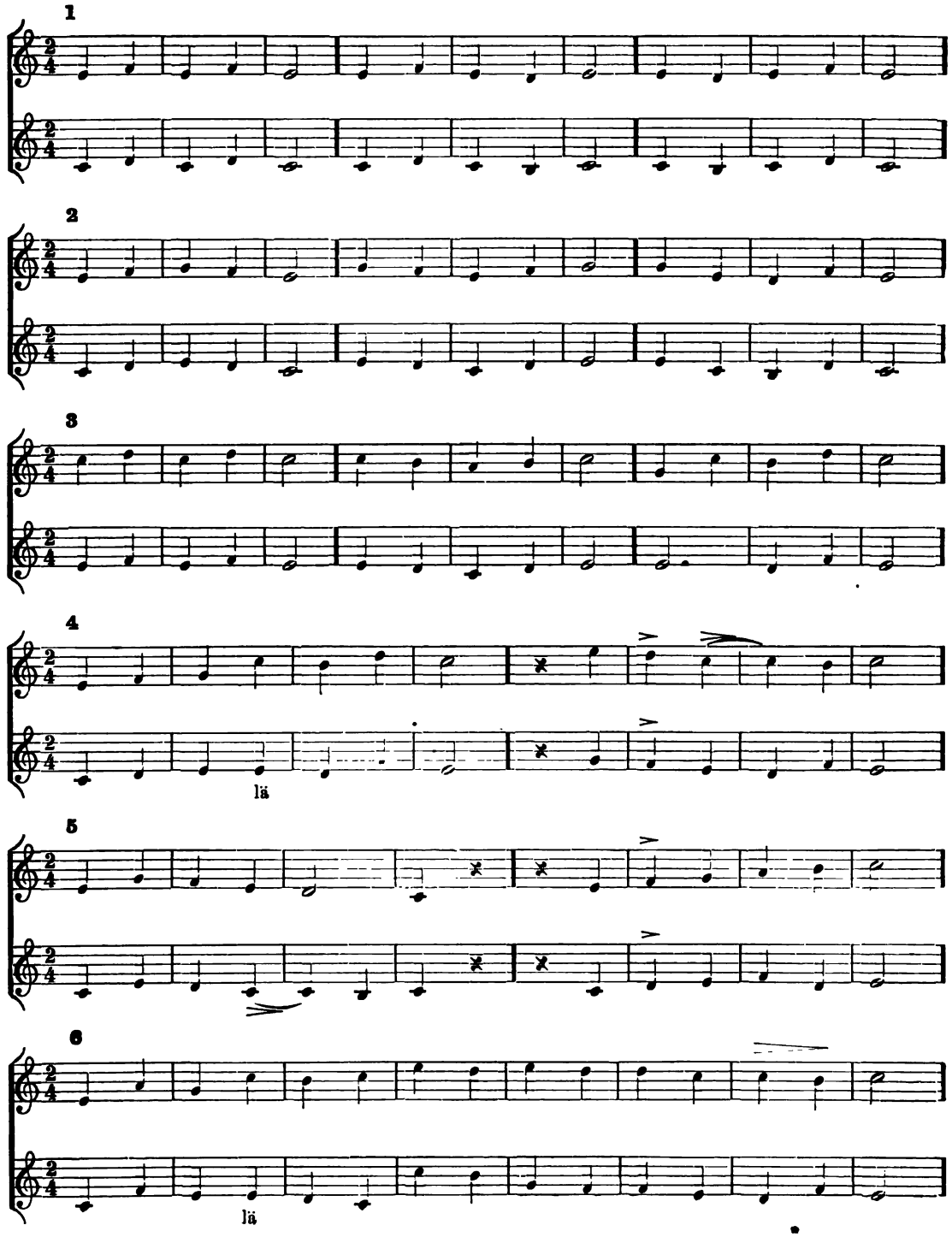
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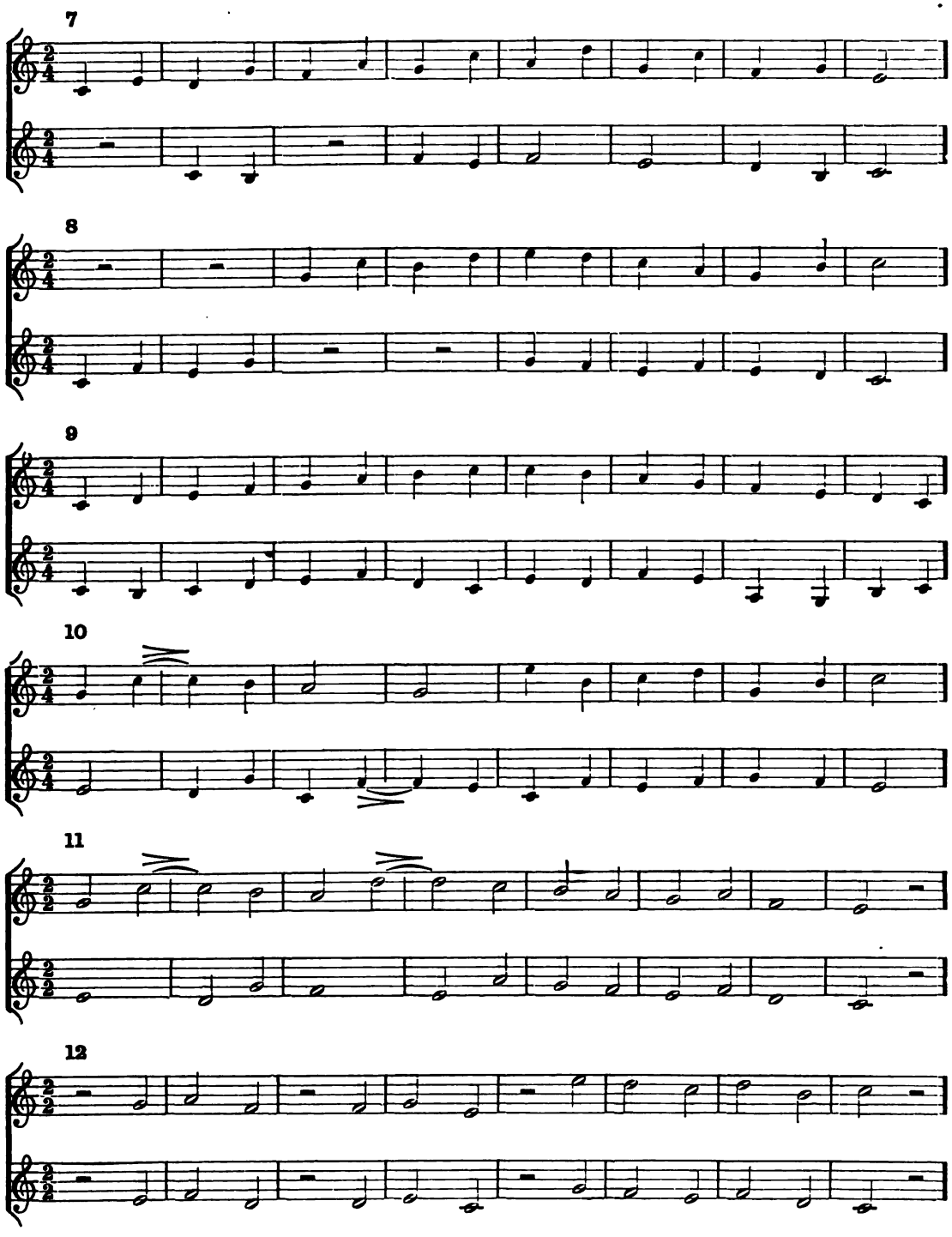
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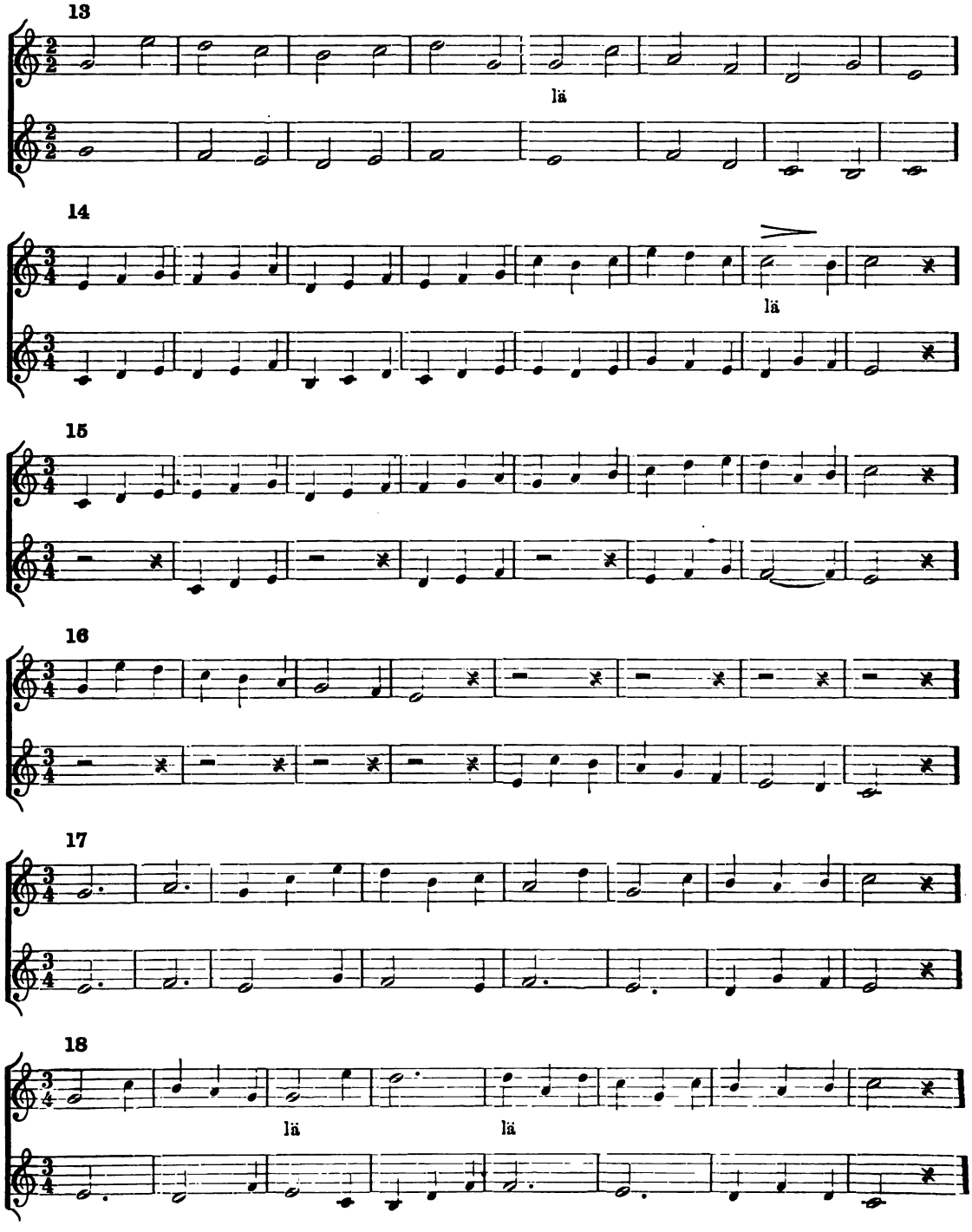
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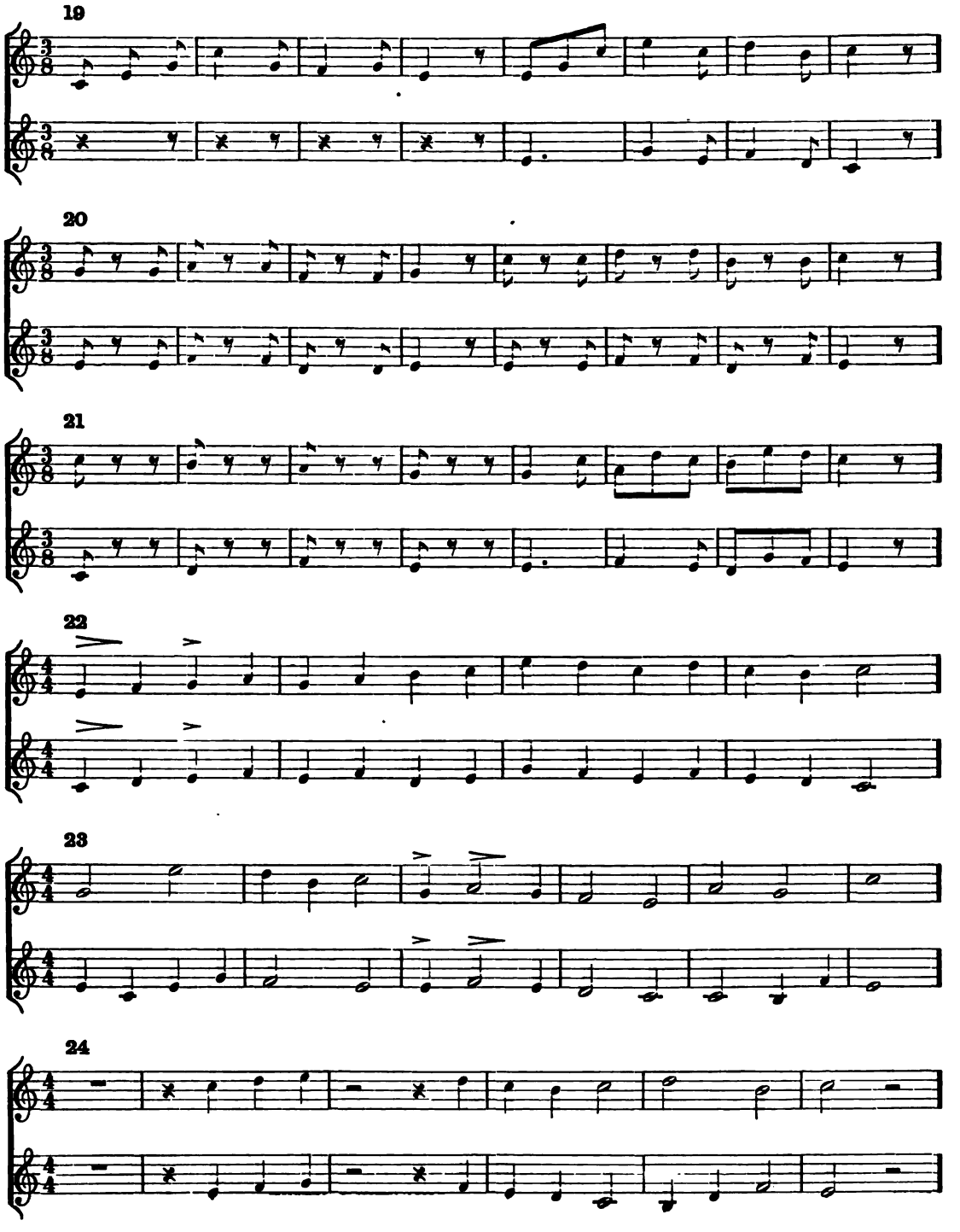
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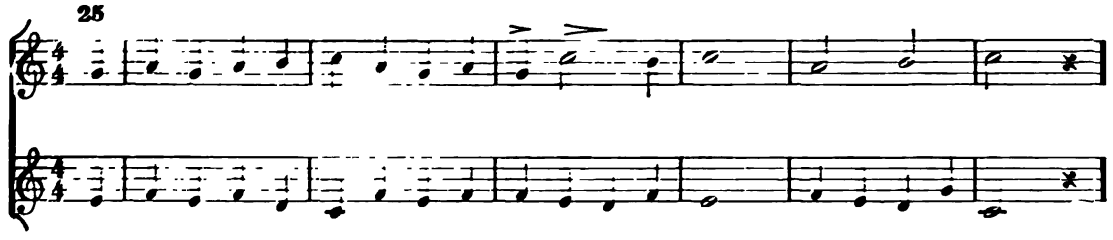
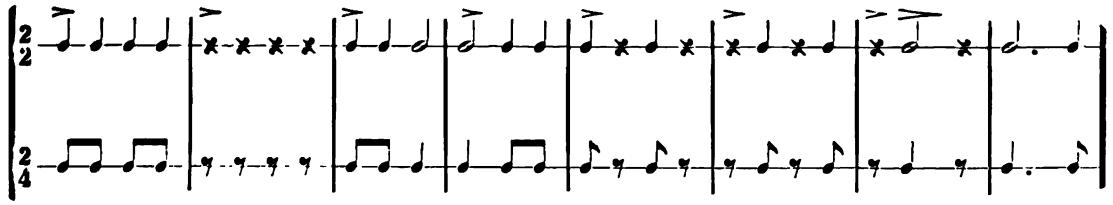
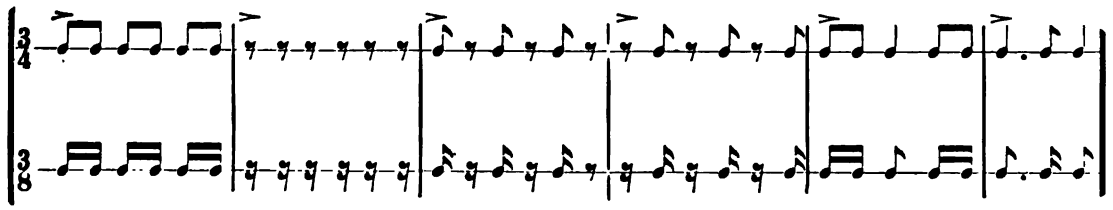
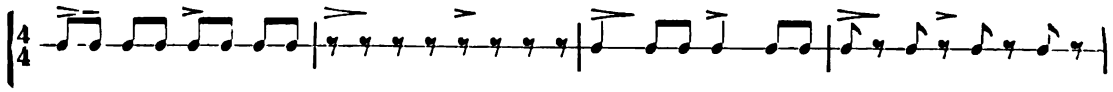
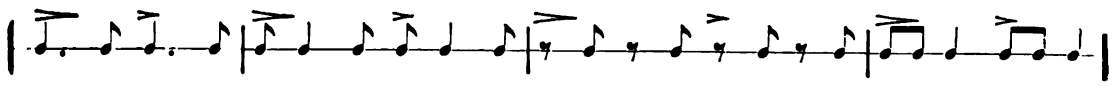
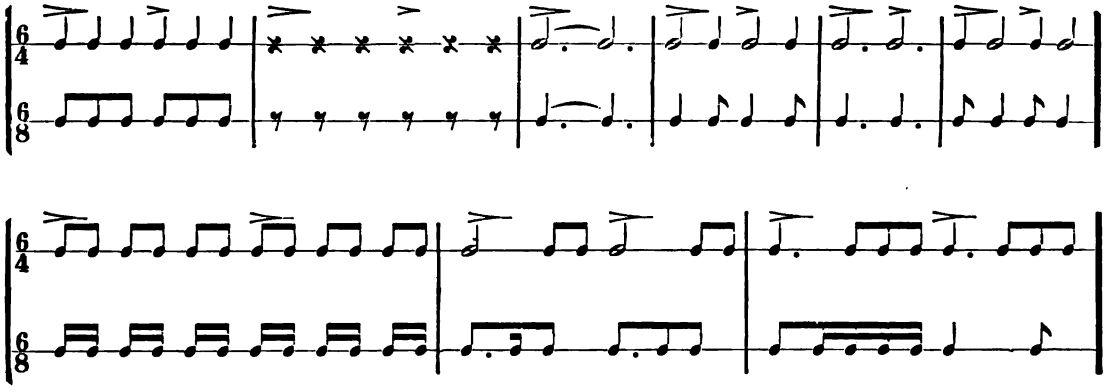

EXERCISES IN TIME.

The Divided (half) Pulsation.









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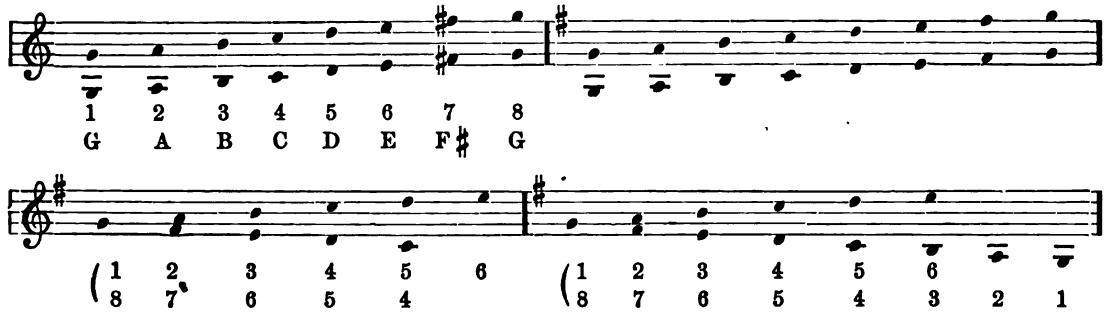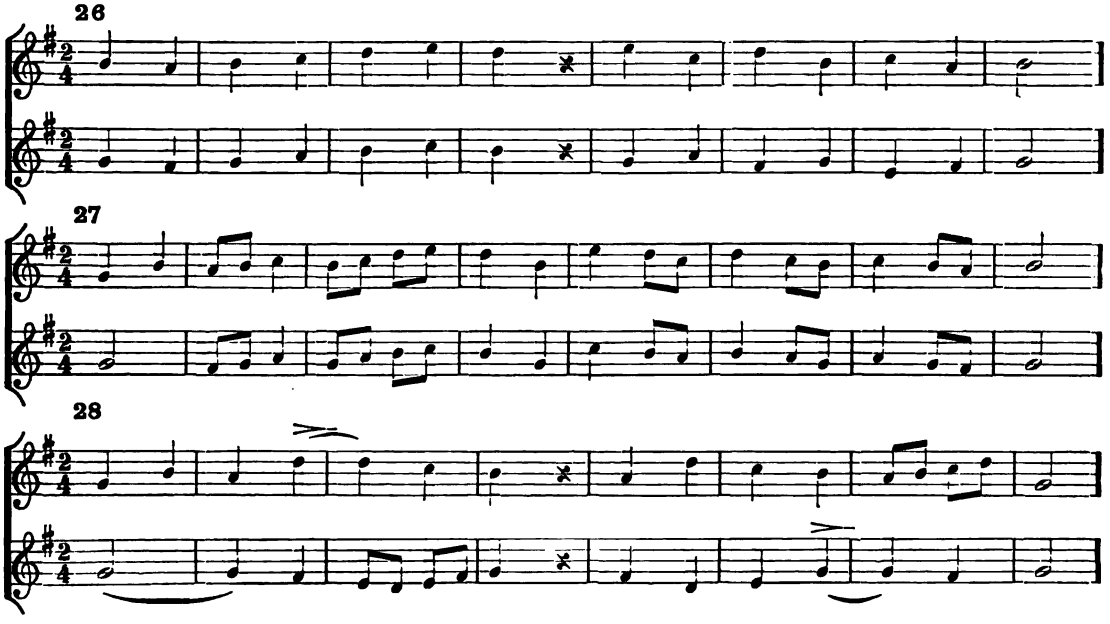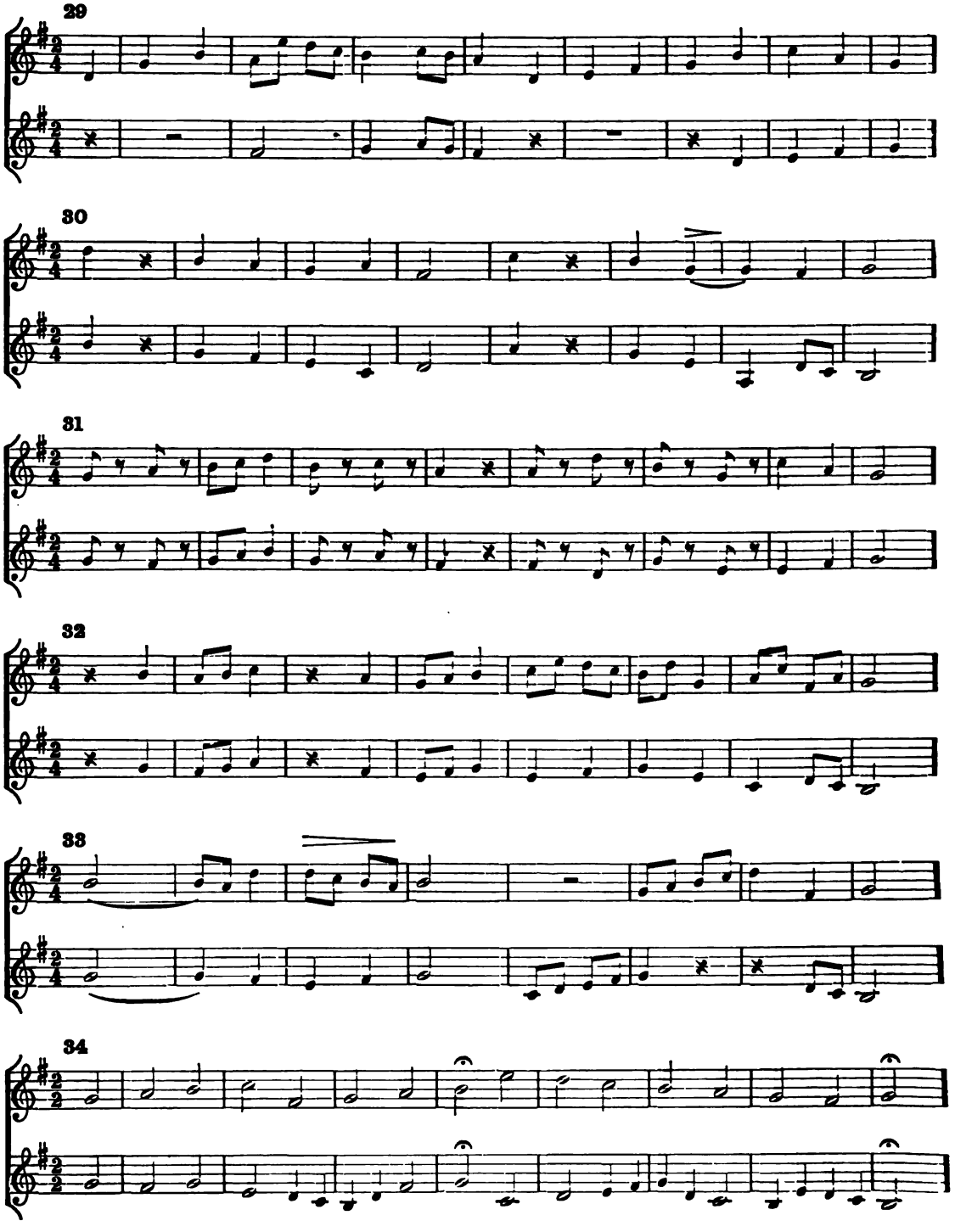

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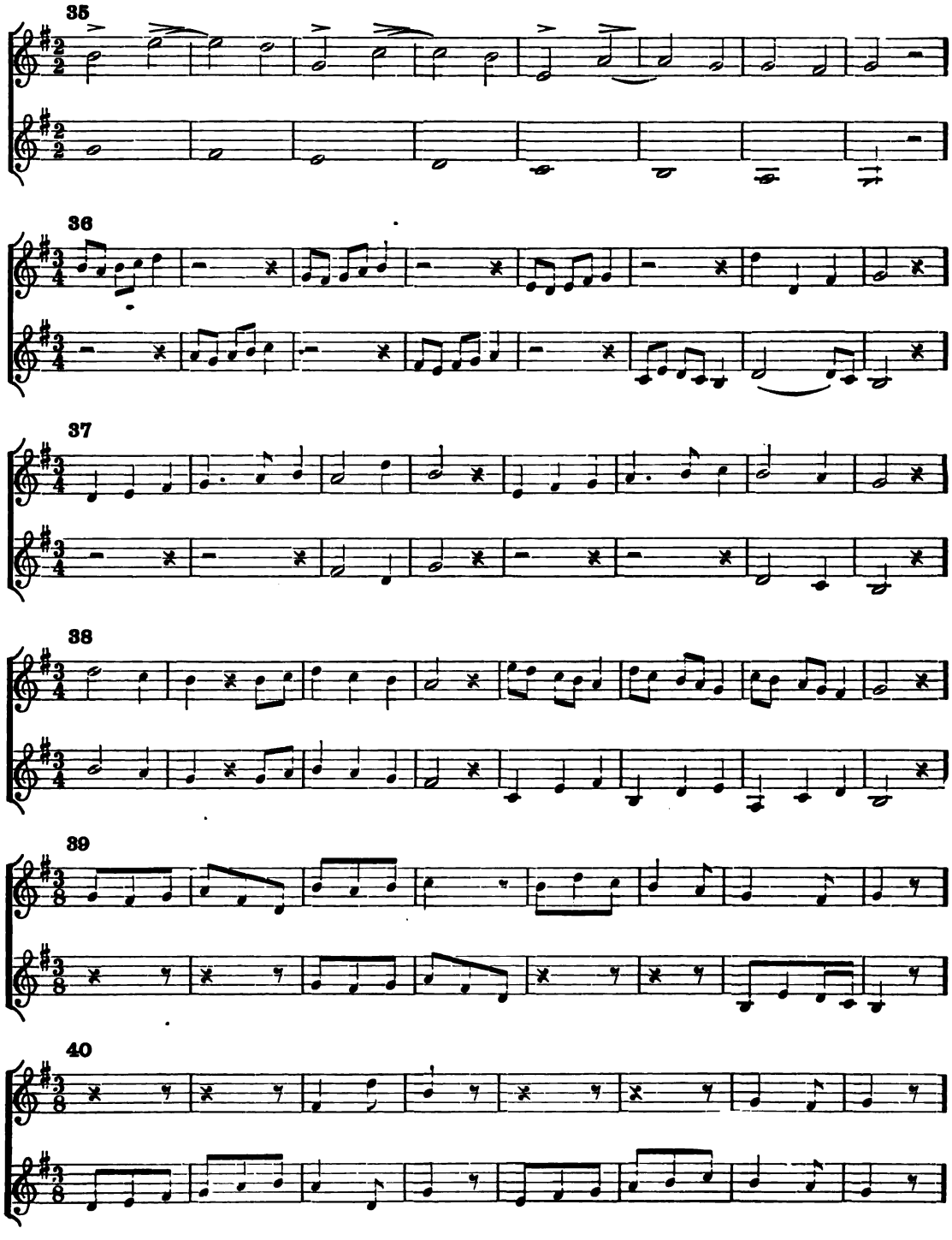
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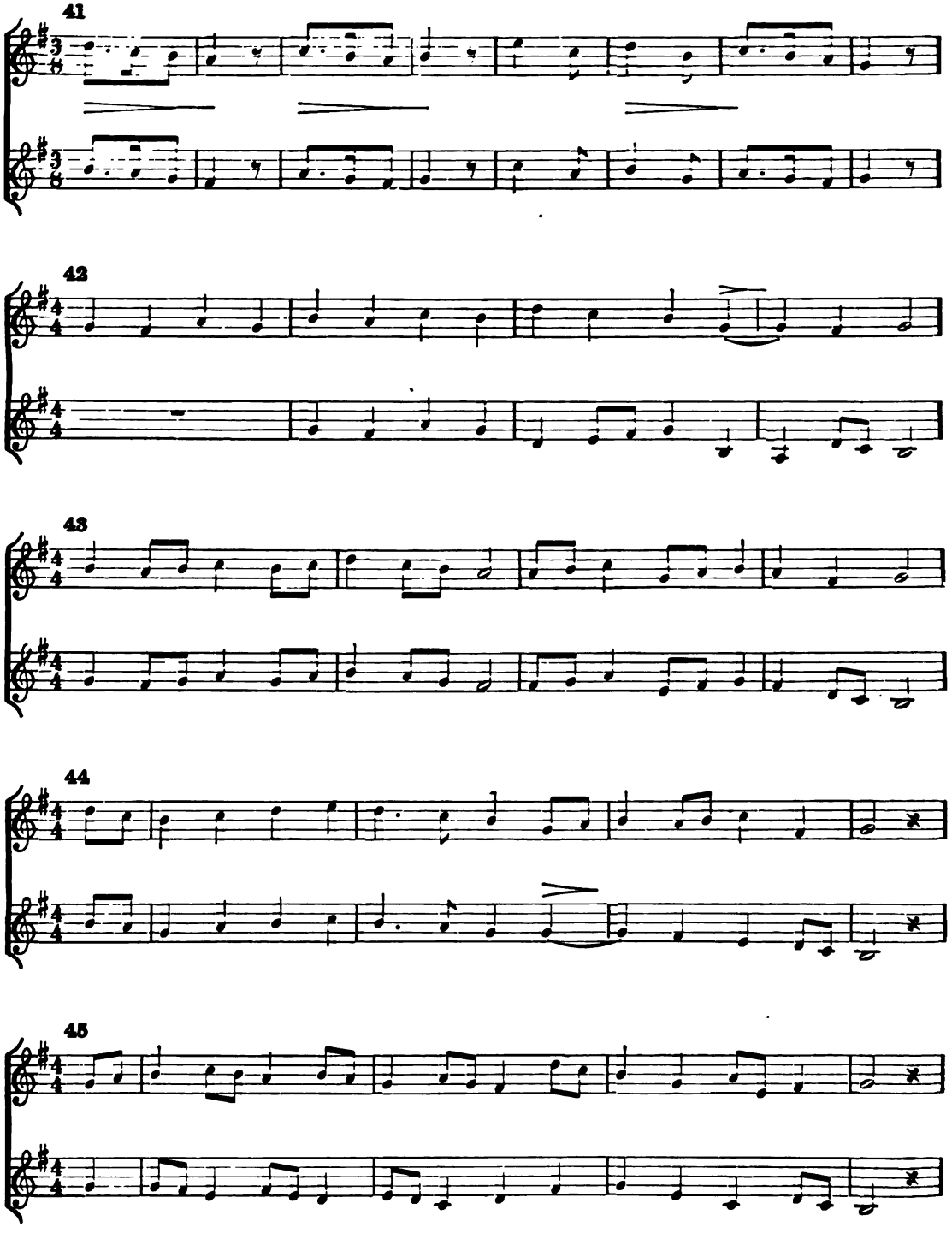
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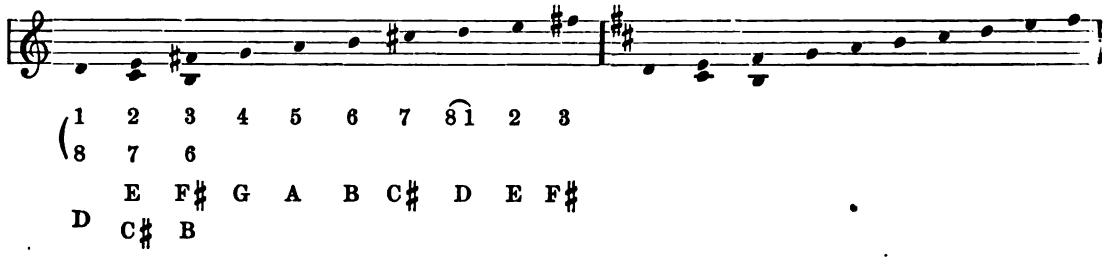
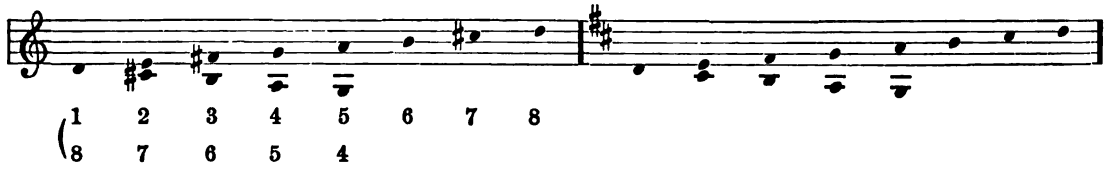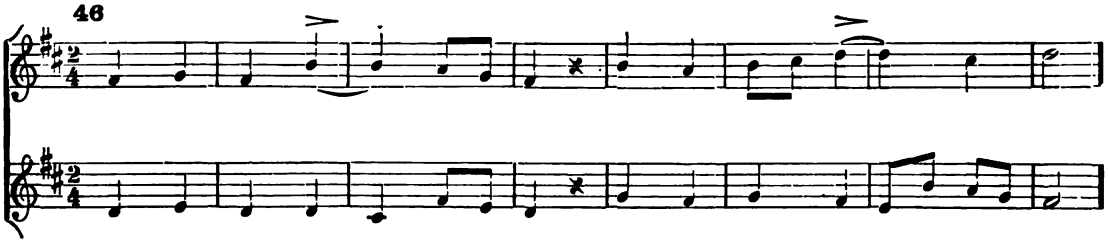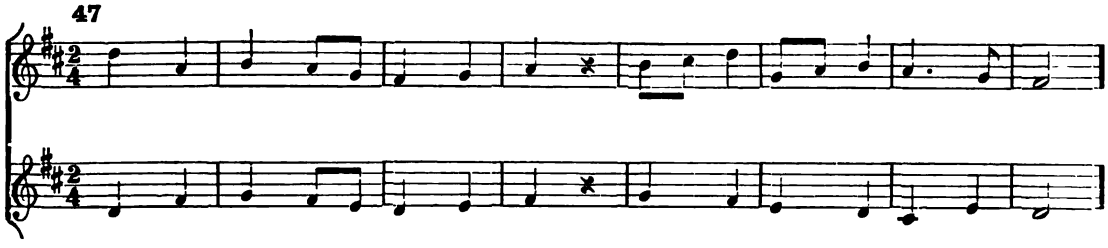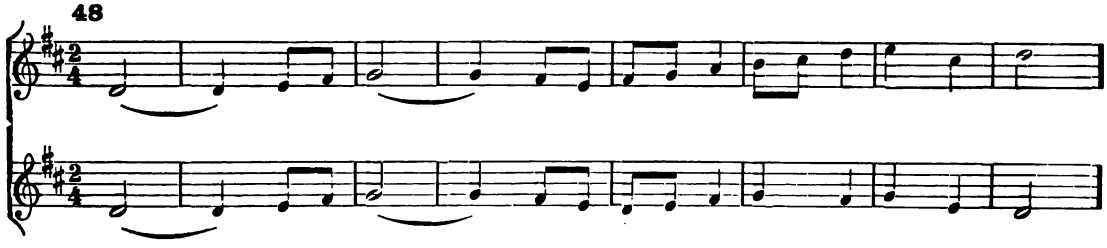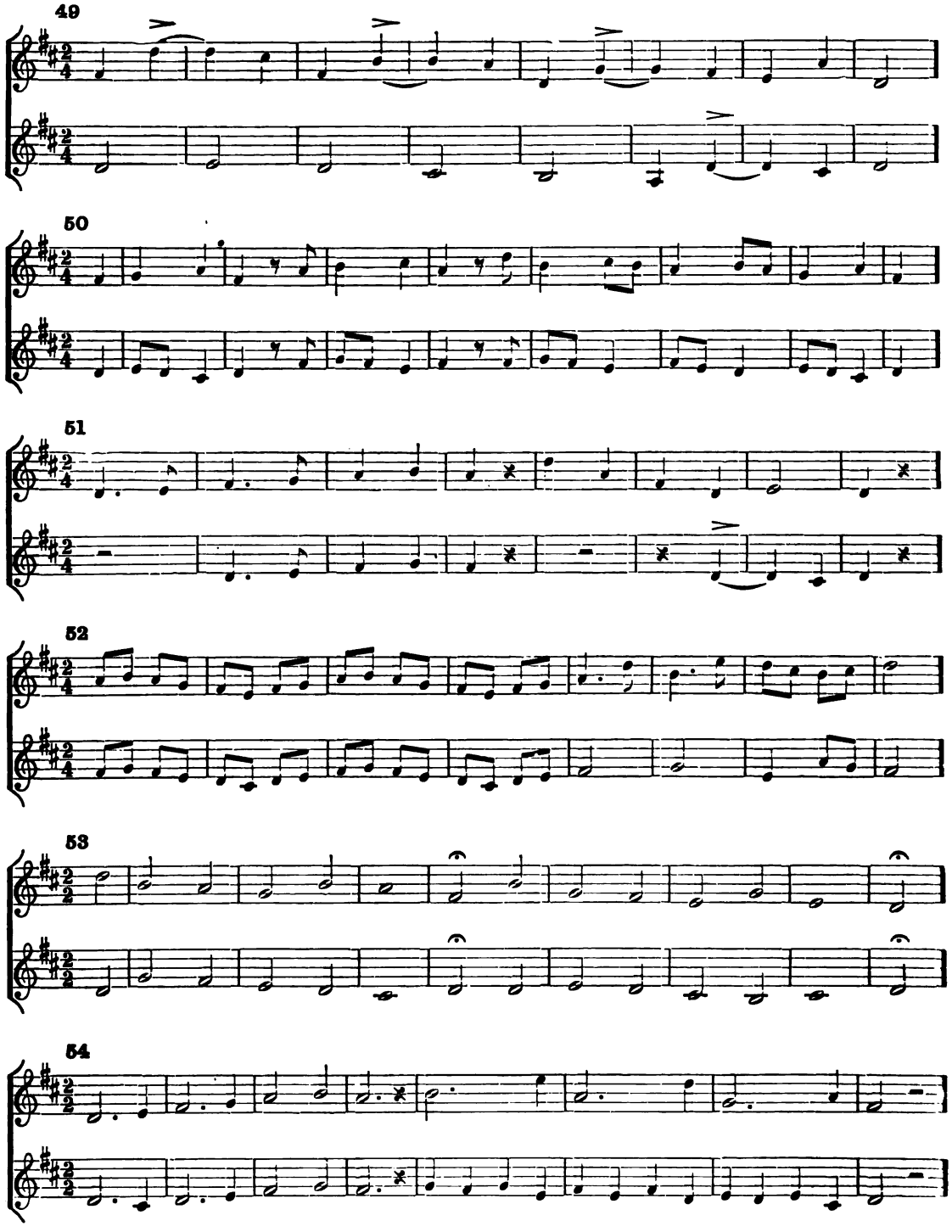

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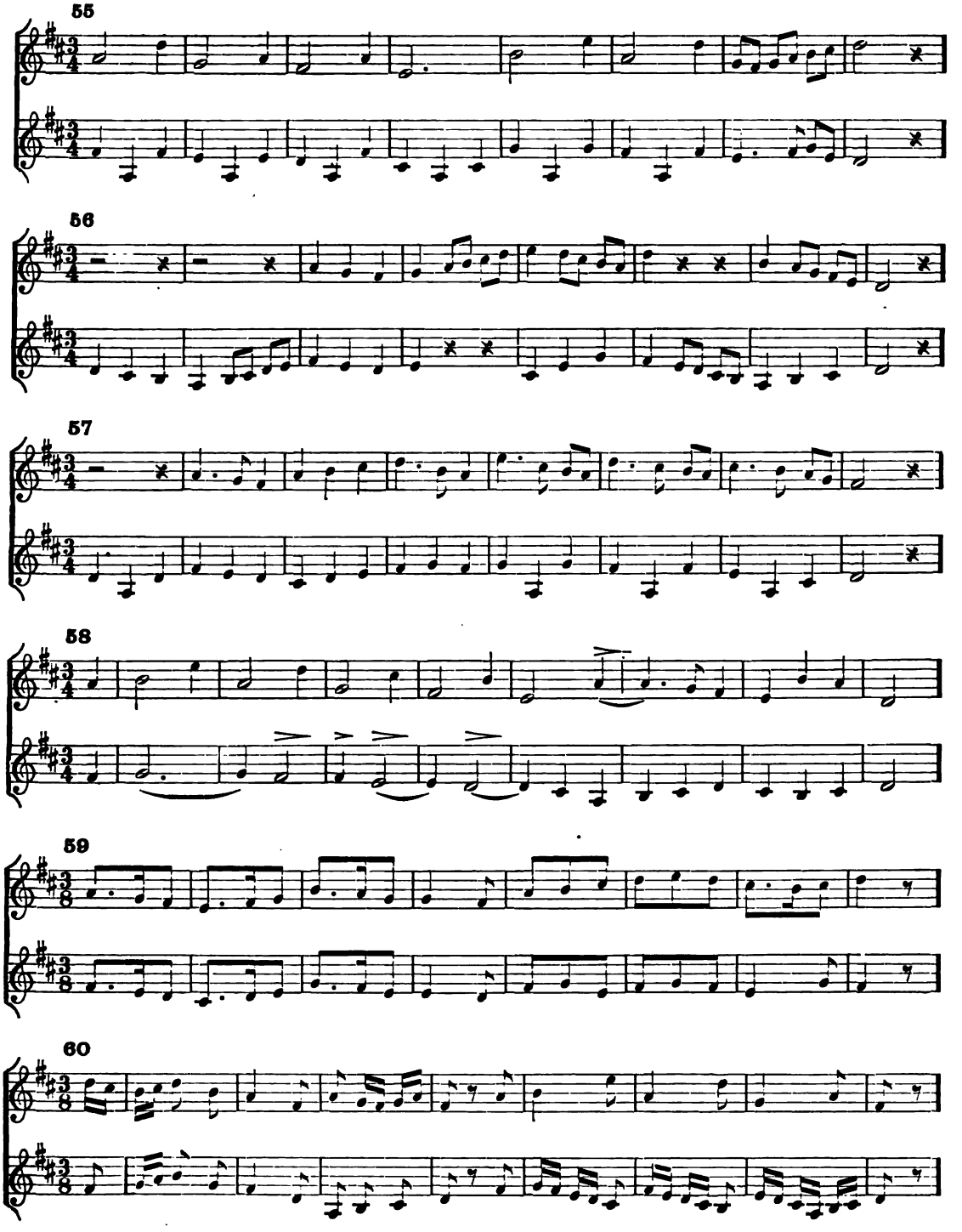
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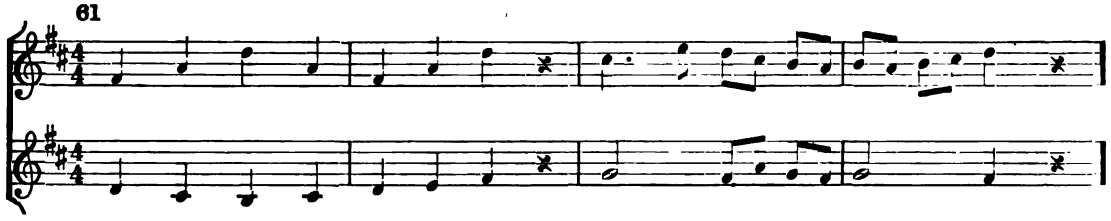
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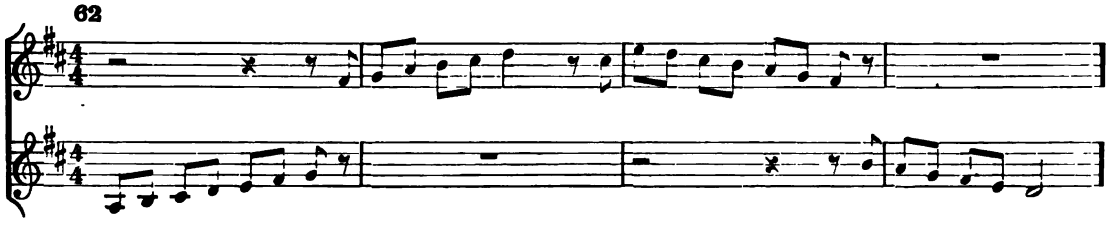
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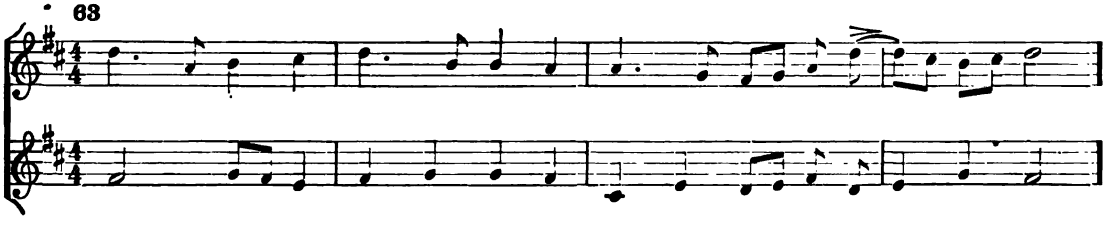
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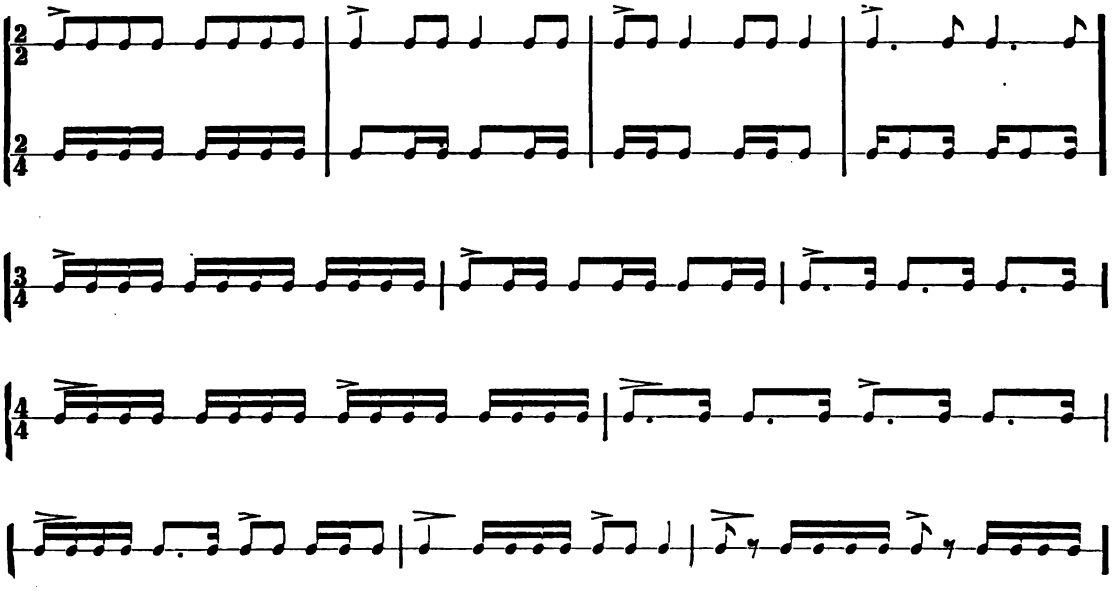
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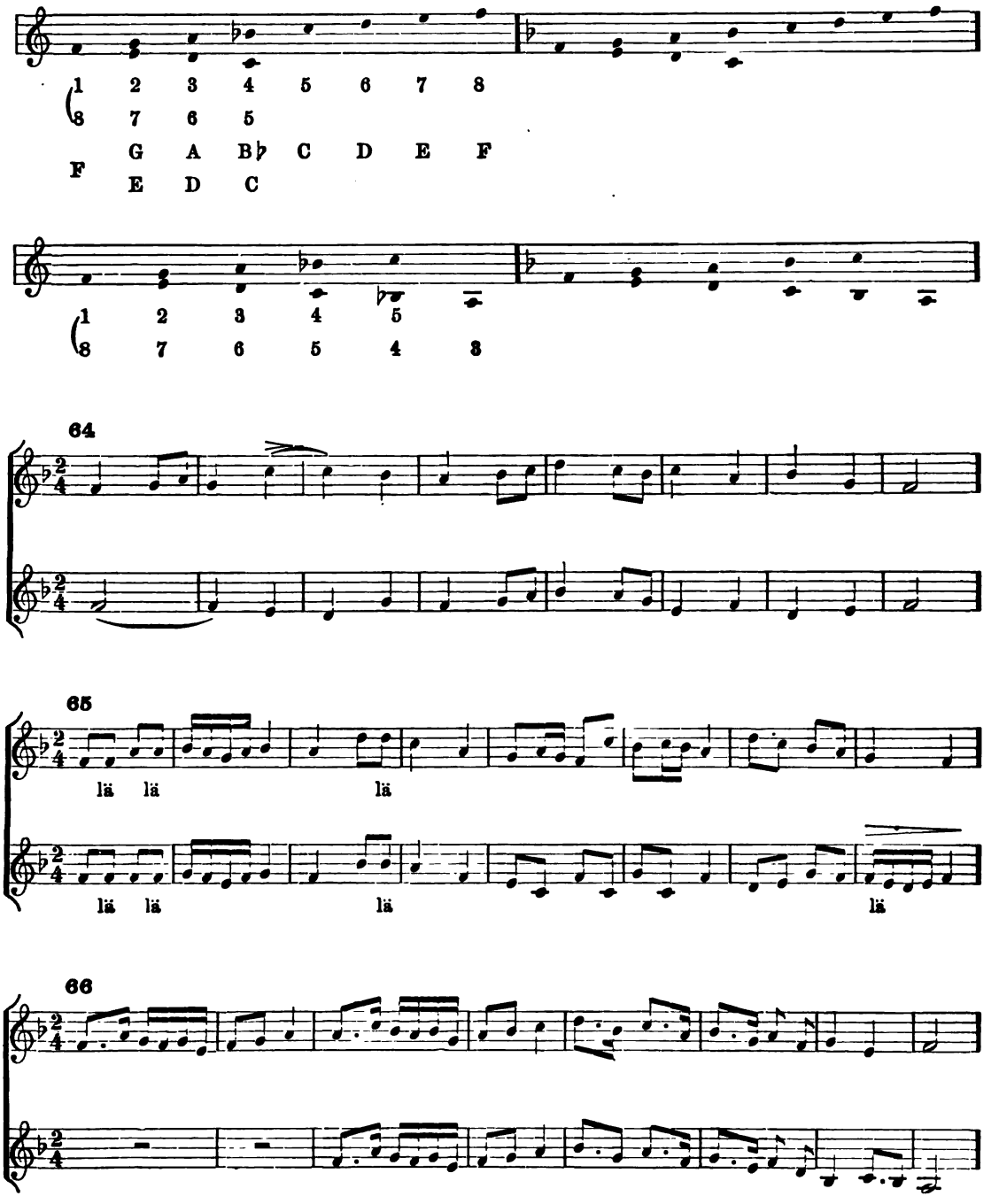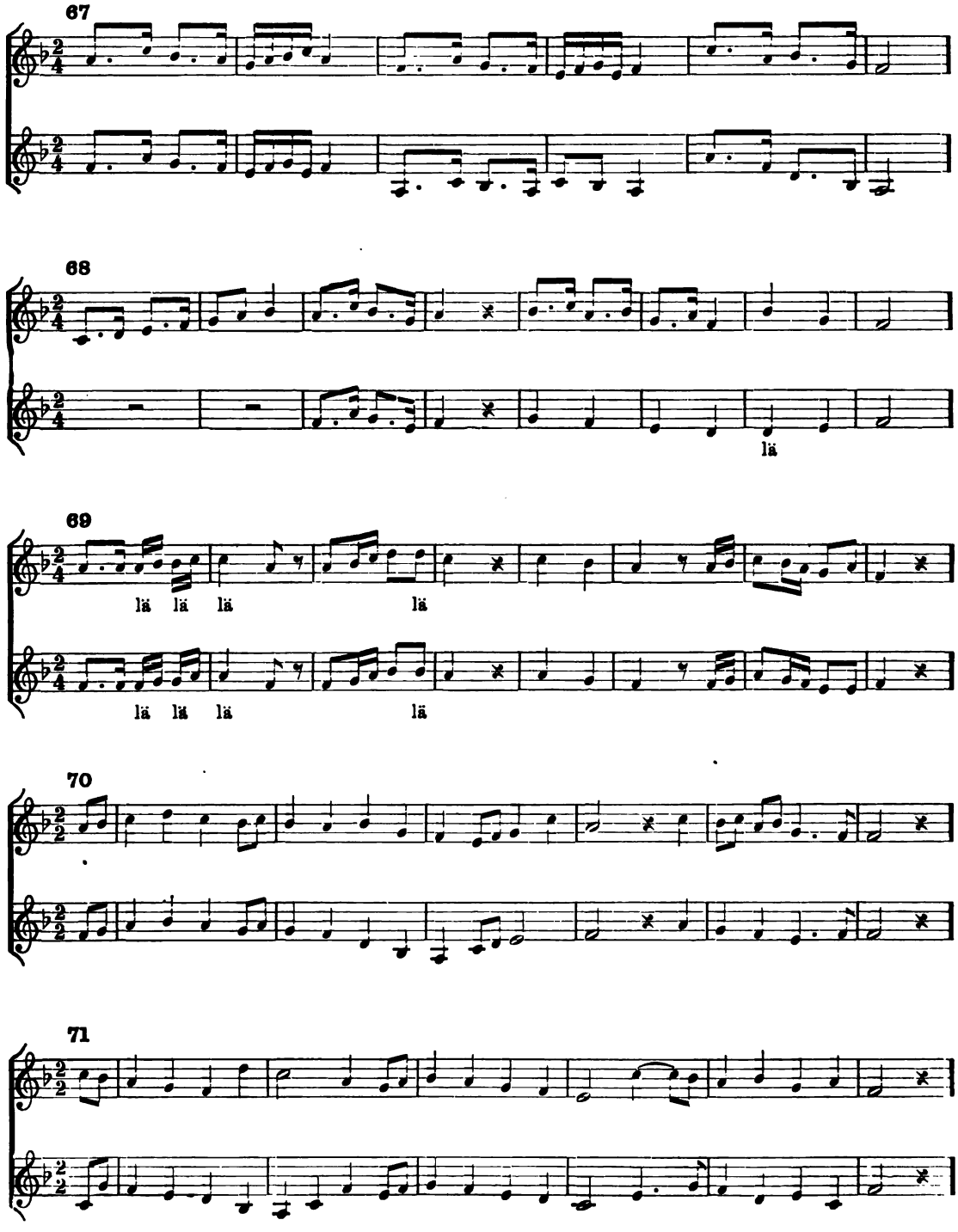
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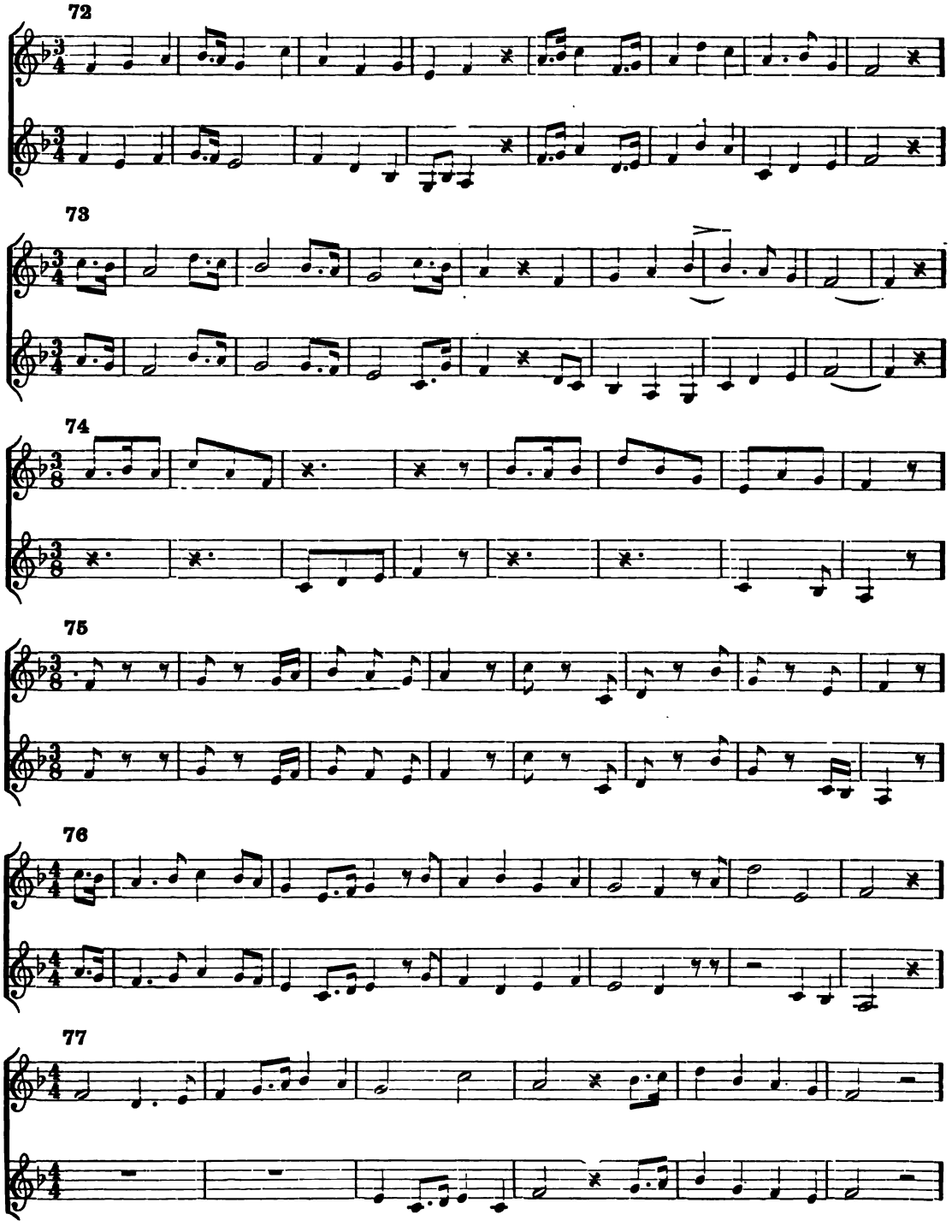
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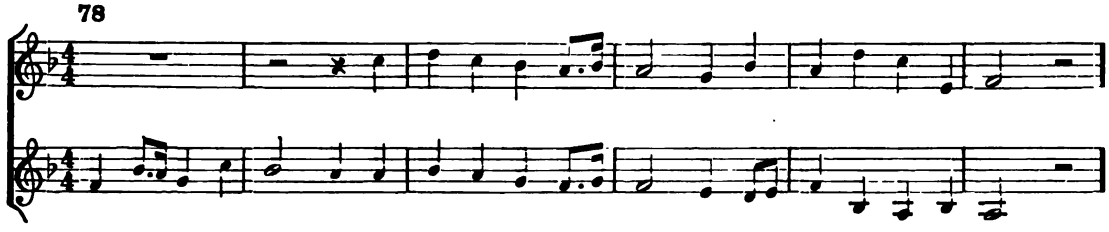
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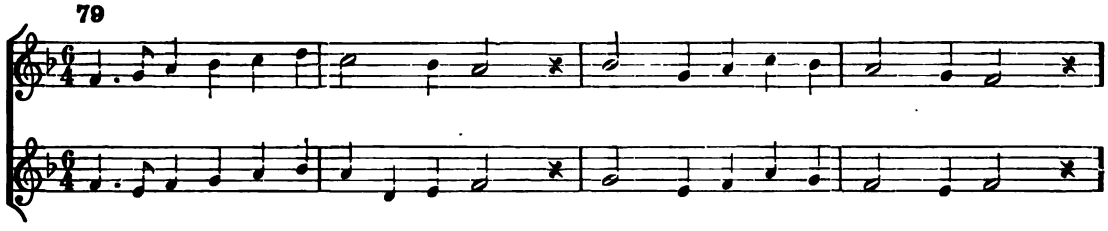
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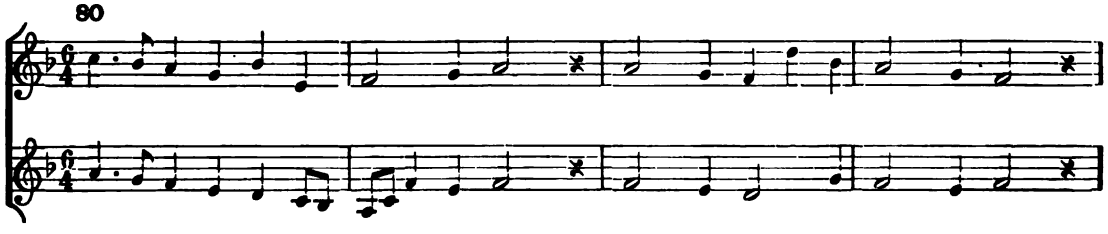
THE CHROMATIC TONES. ♯4, ♭7, AND ♯5.

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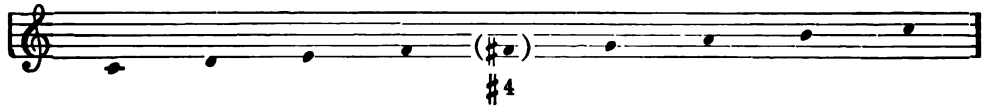
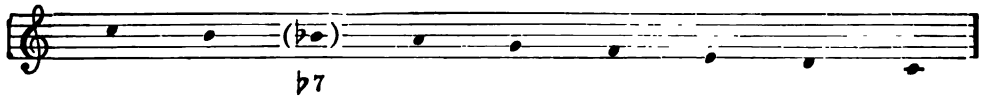

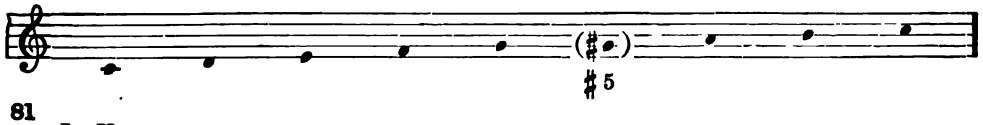

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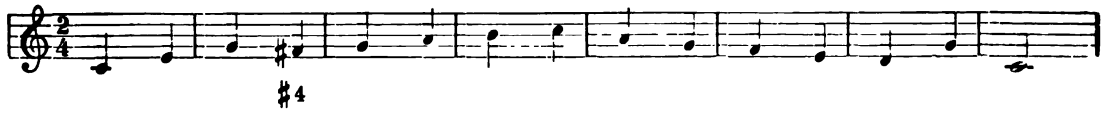
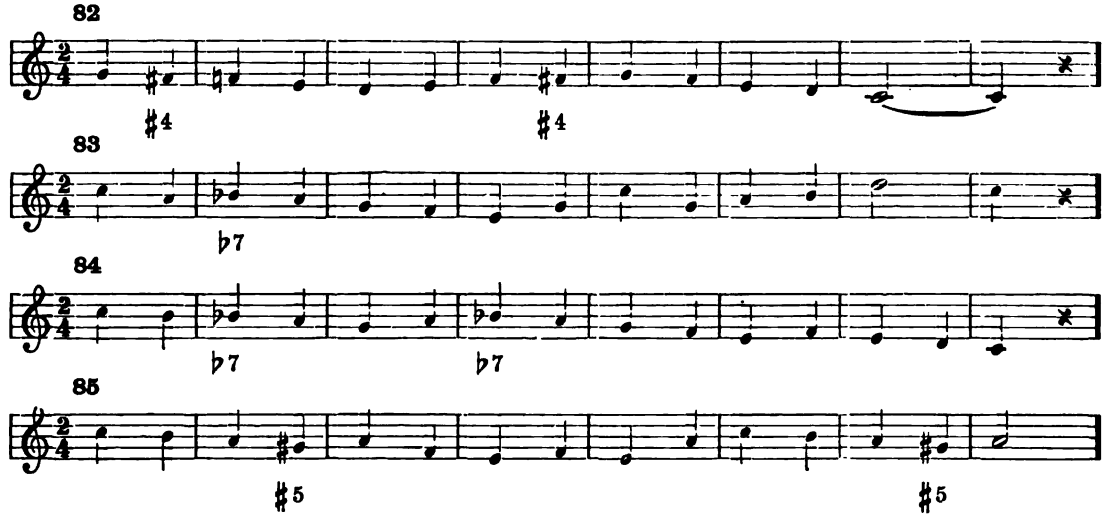
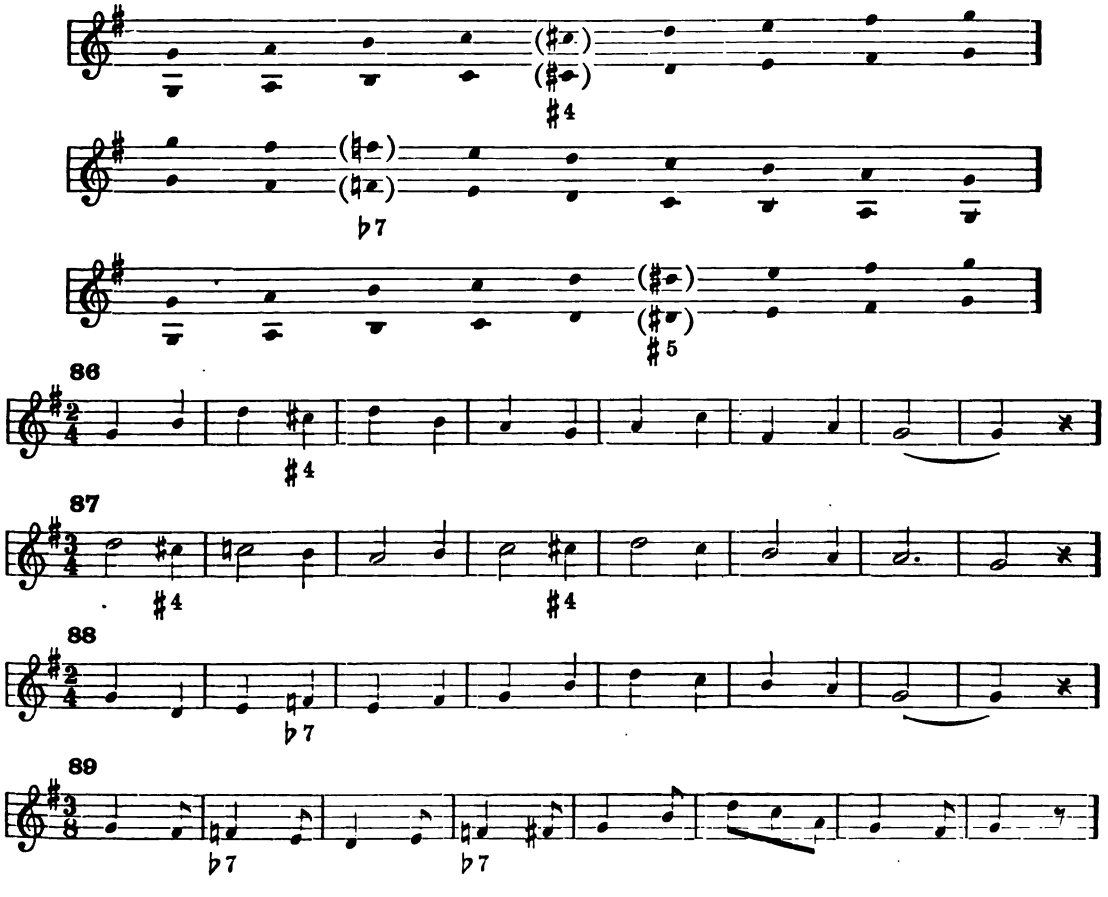



IN THE KEY OF G. ♯4, ♭7, AND ♯5.

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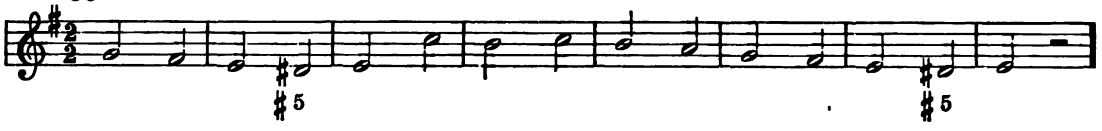
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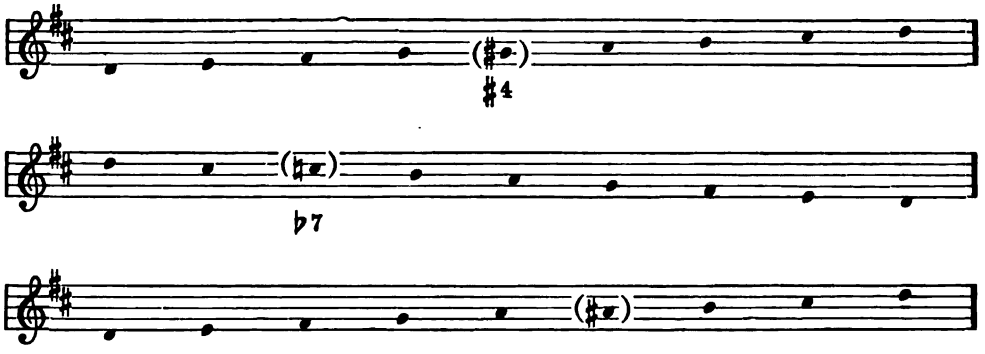

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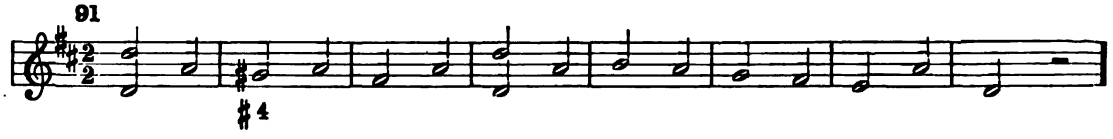
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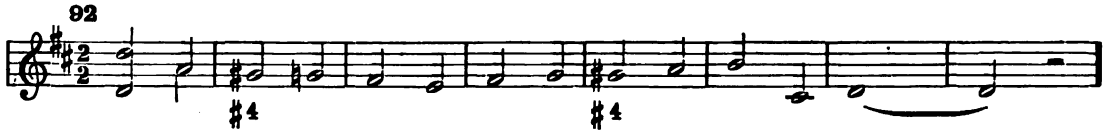
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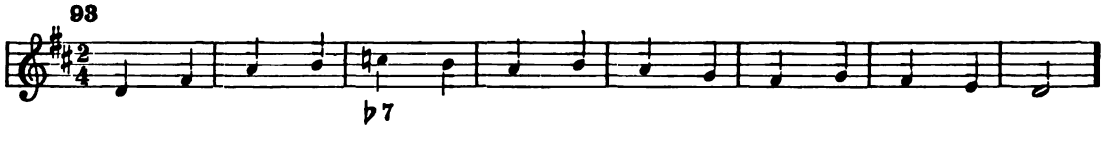
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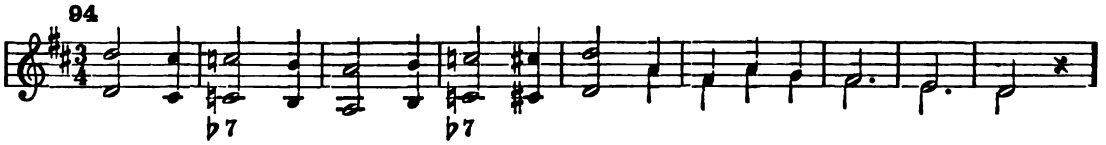
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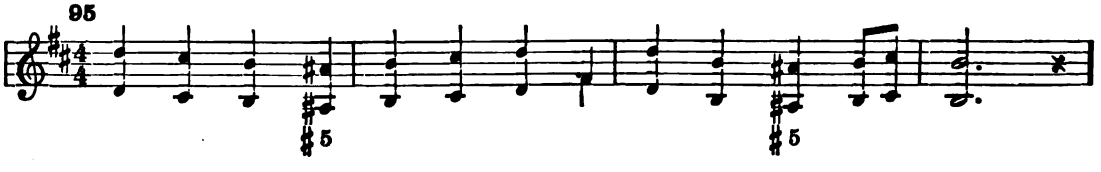
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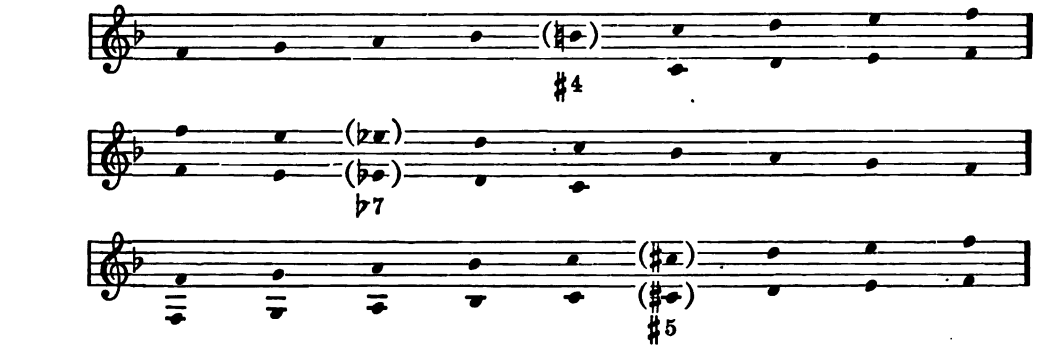
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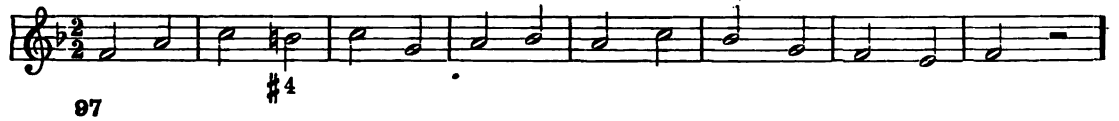
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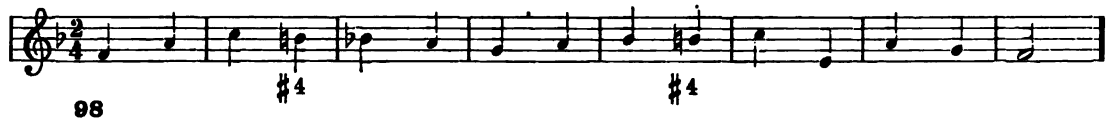
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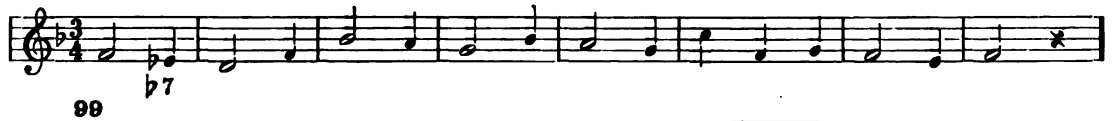
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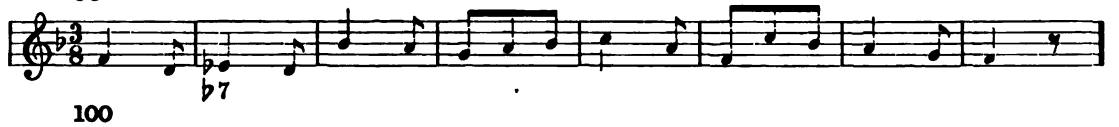
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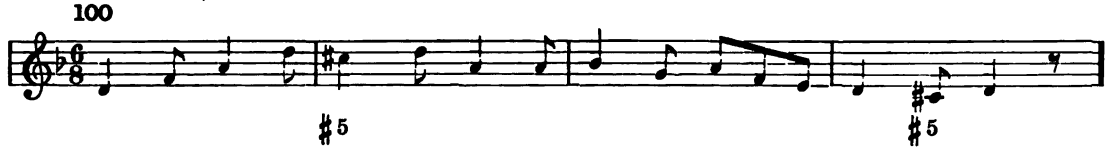
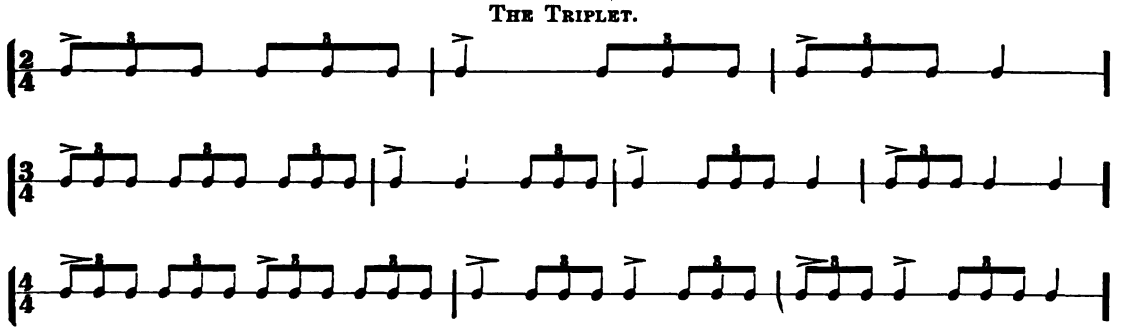
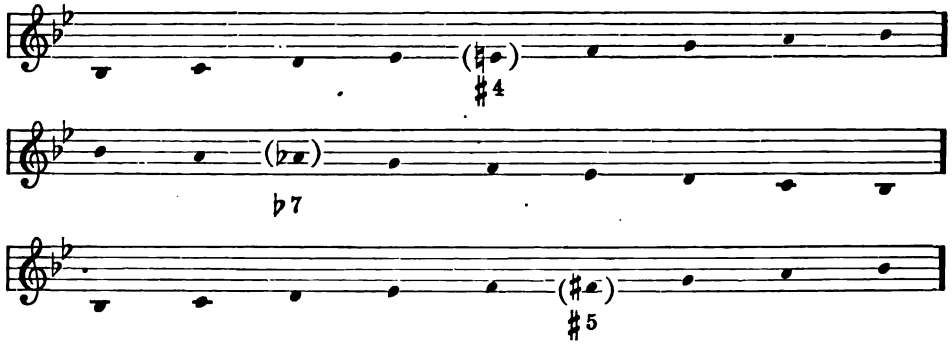

EXERCISES IN TIME.

THE TRIPLET.



IN THE KEY OF B♭. ♯4, ♭7 AND ♯5.

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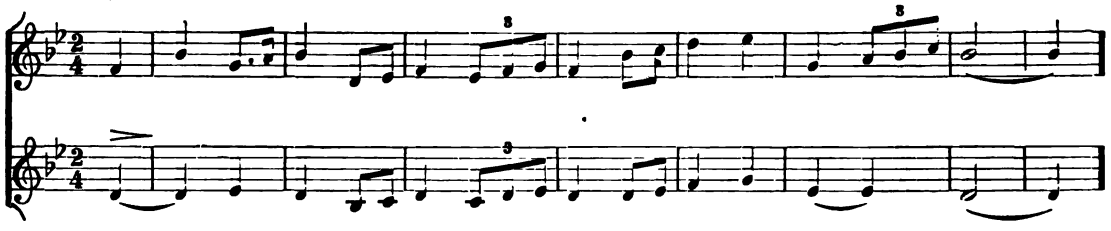
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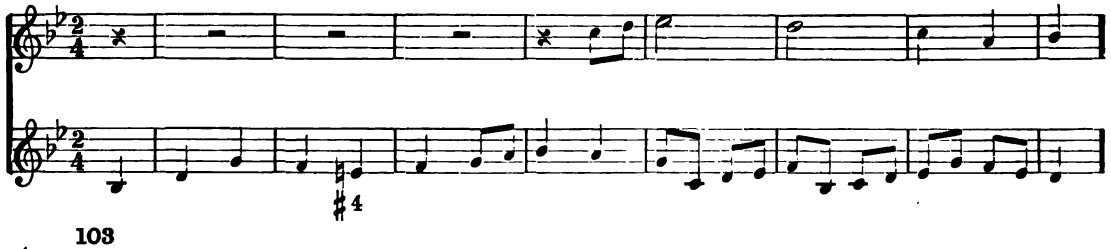
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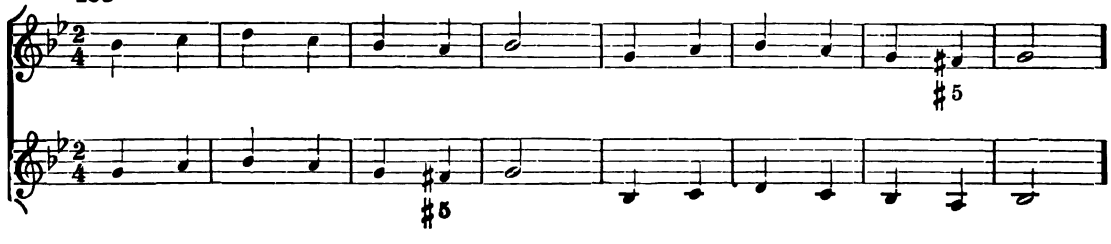
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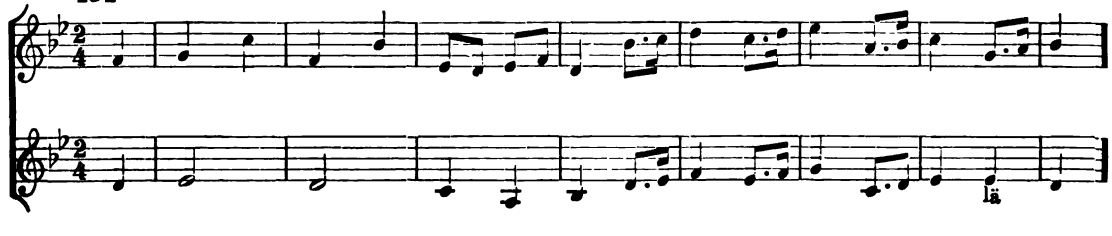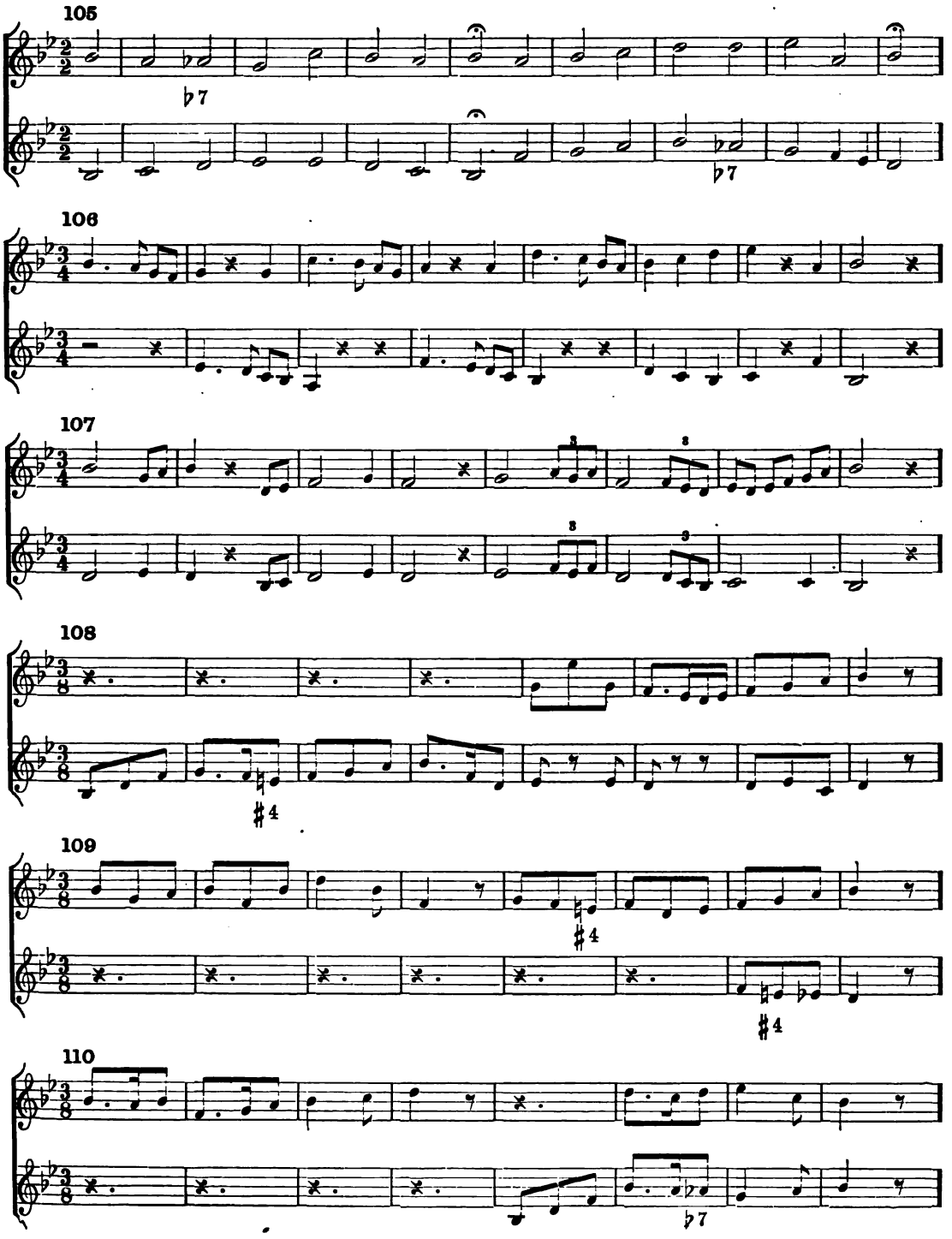
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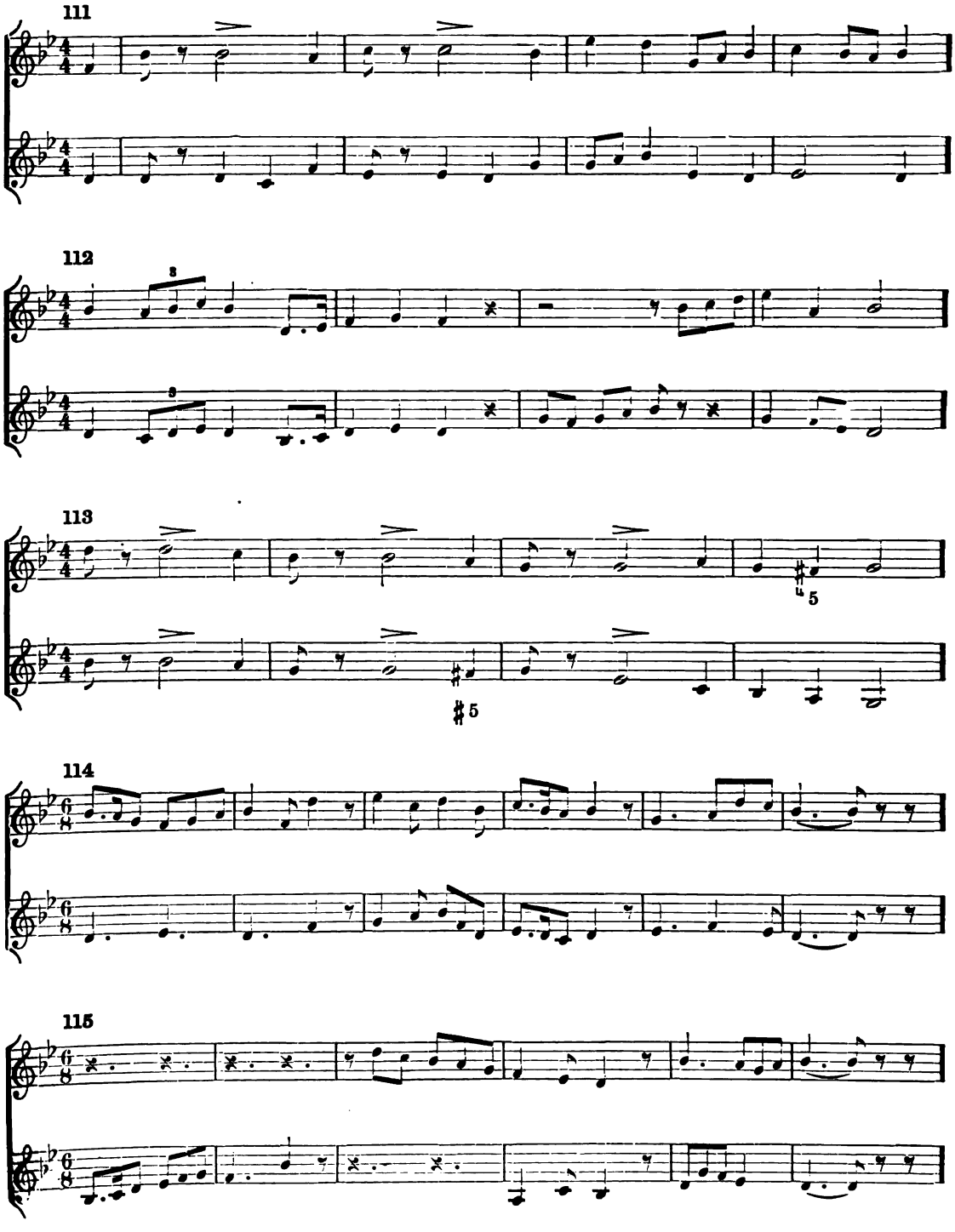
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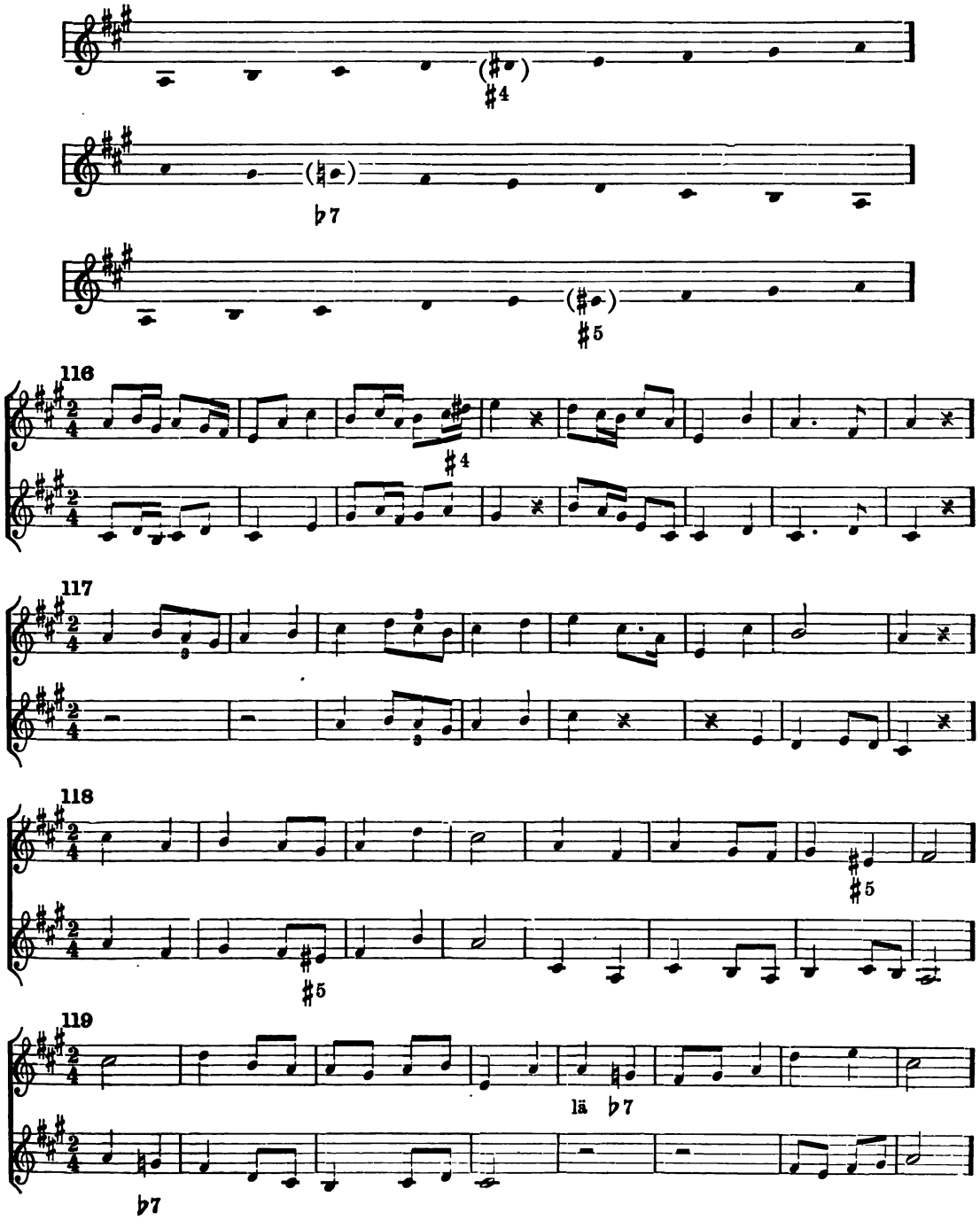
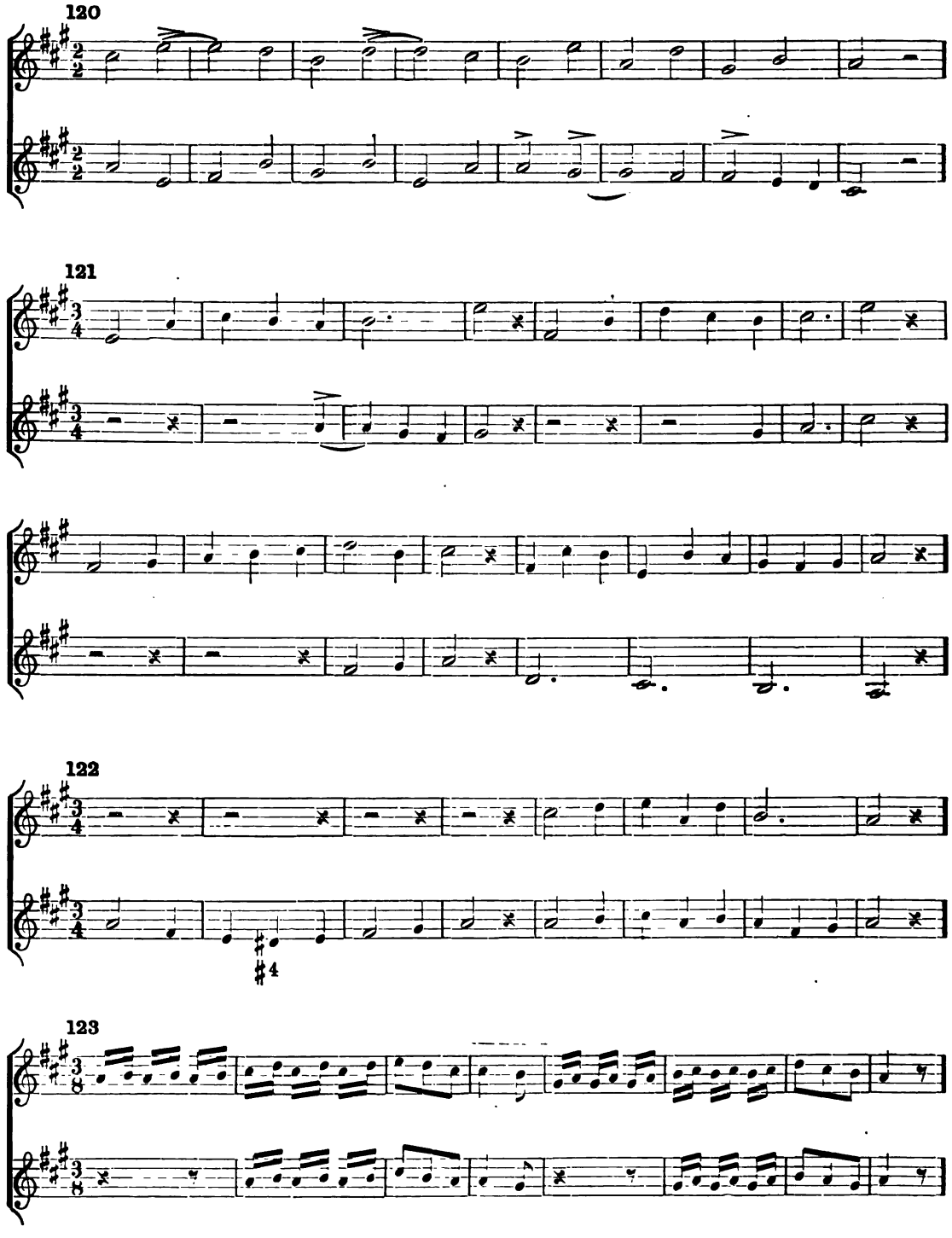
IN THE KEY OF A. ♯4, ♭7, AND ♯5.

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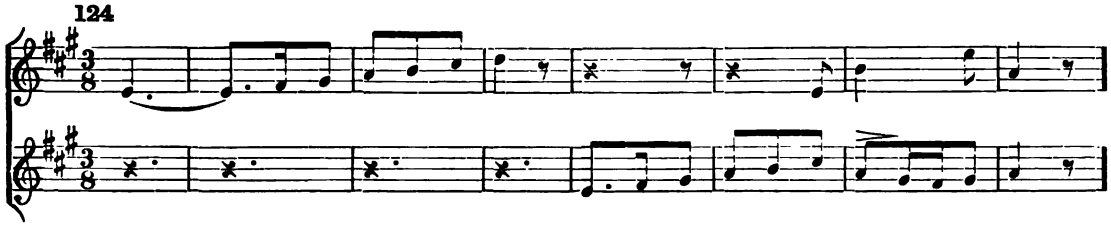
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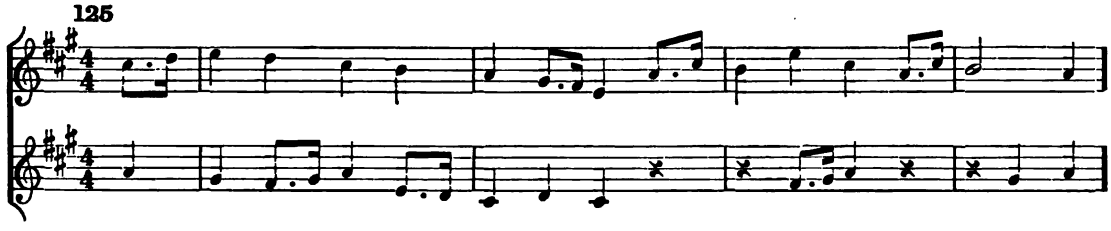
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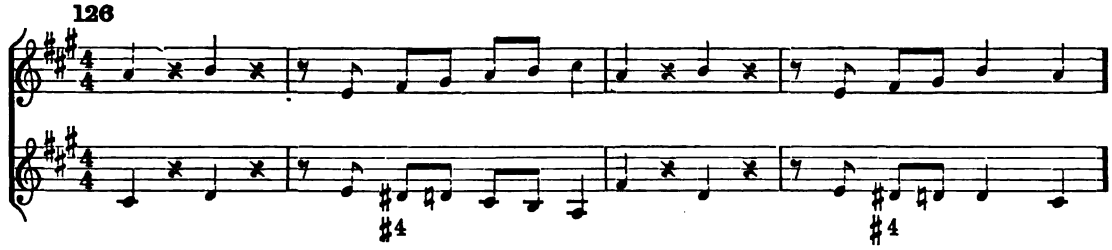
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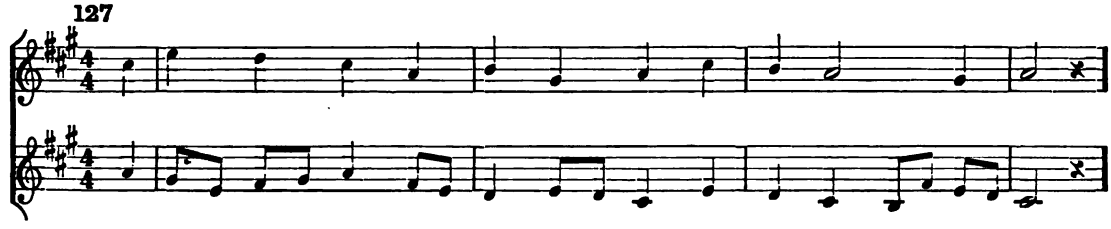
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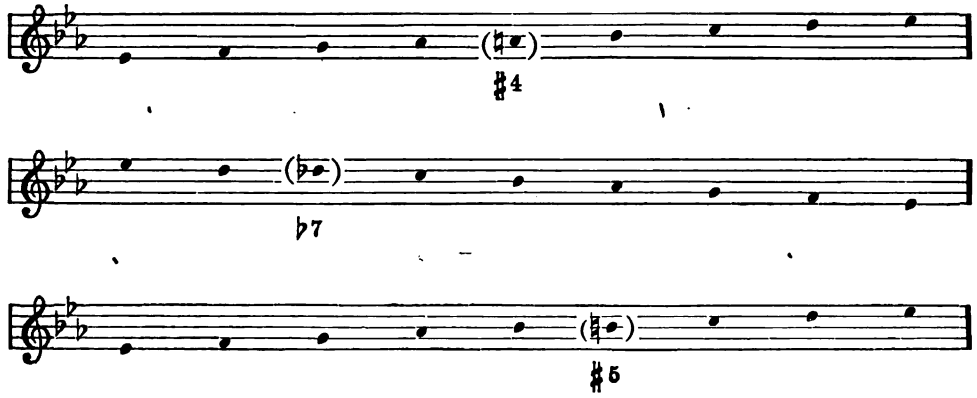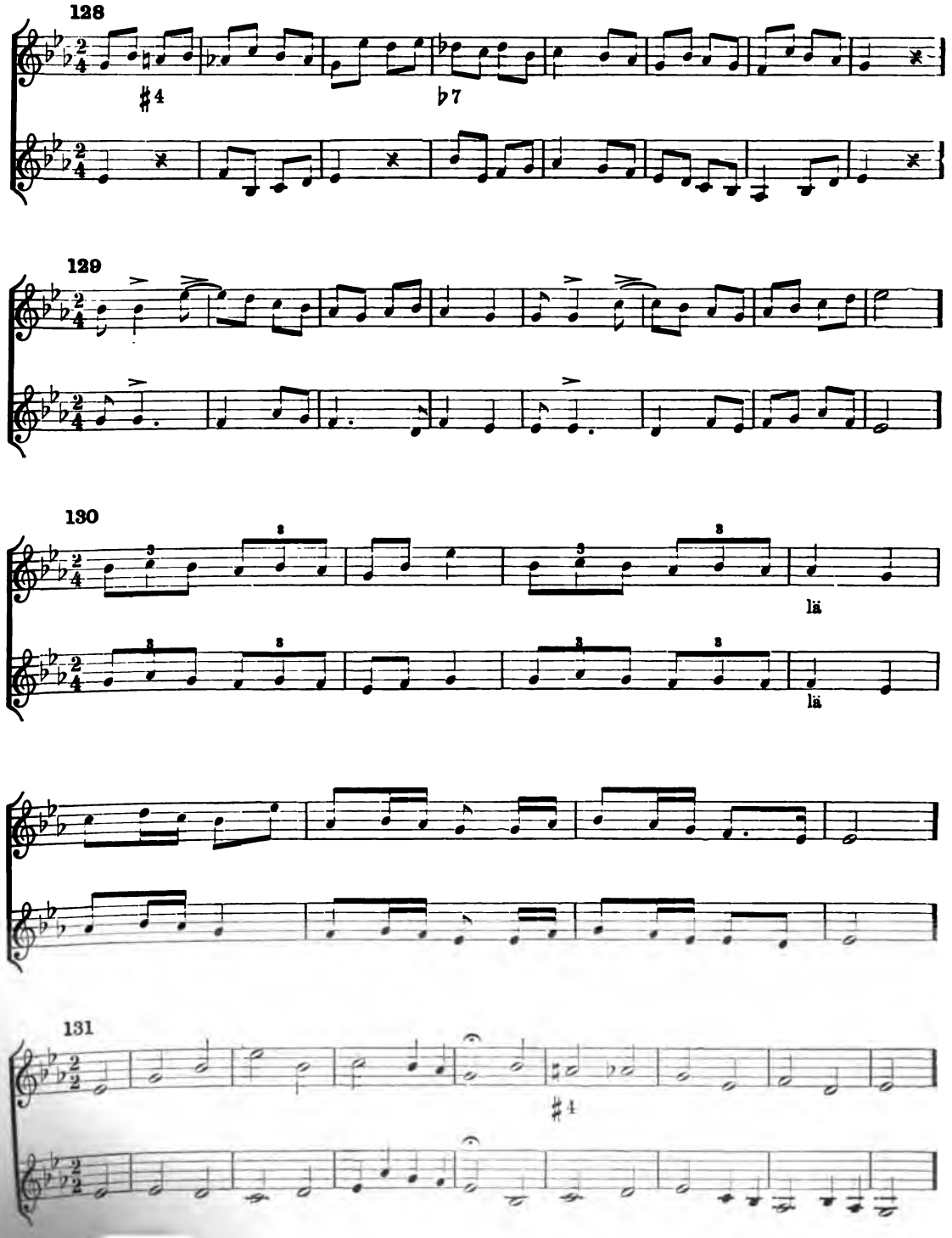
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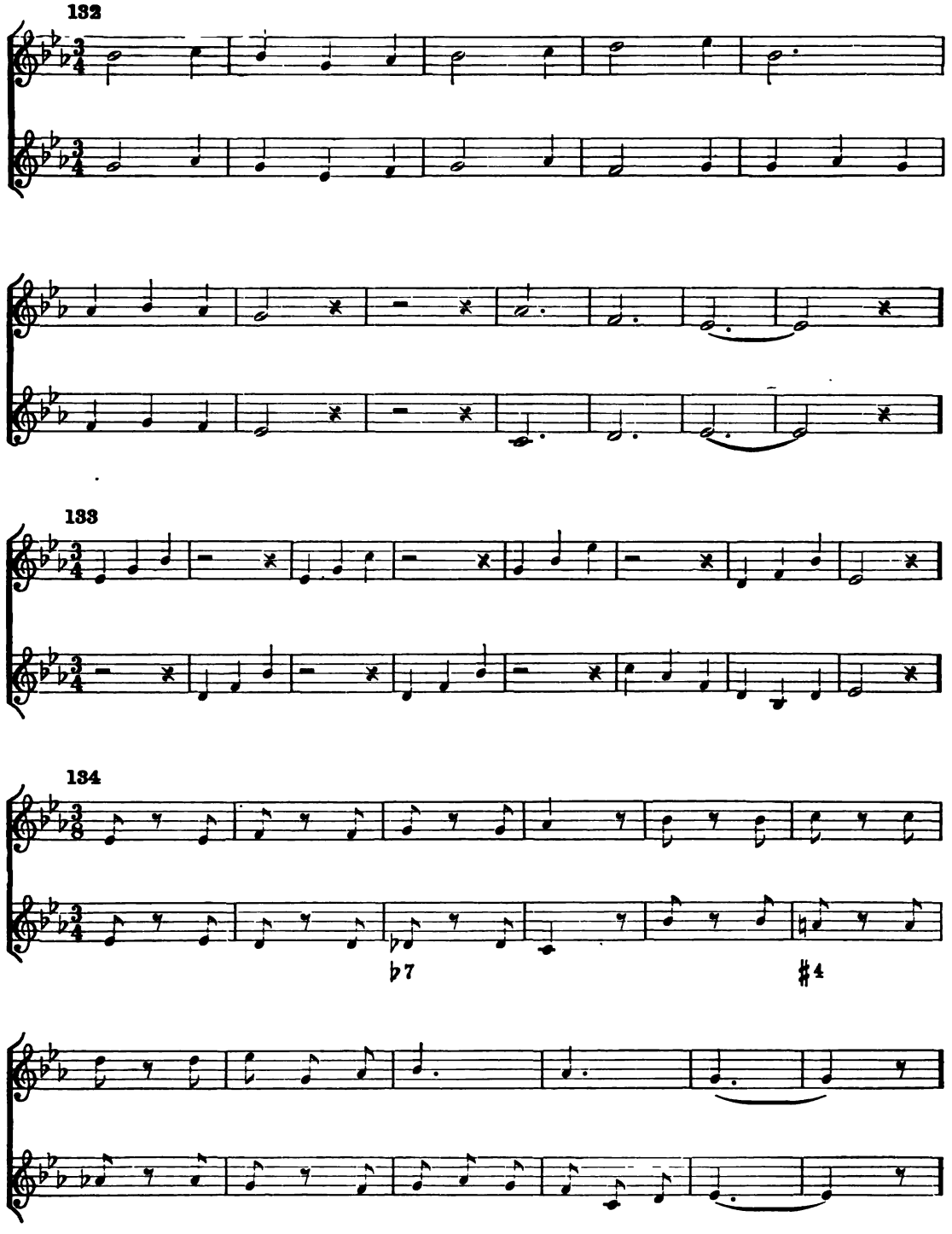
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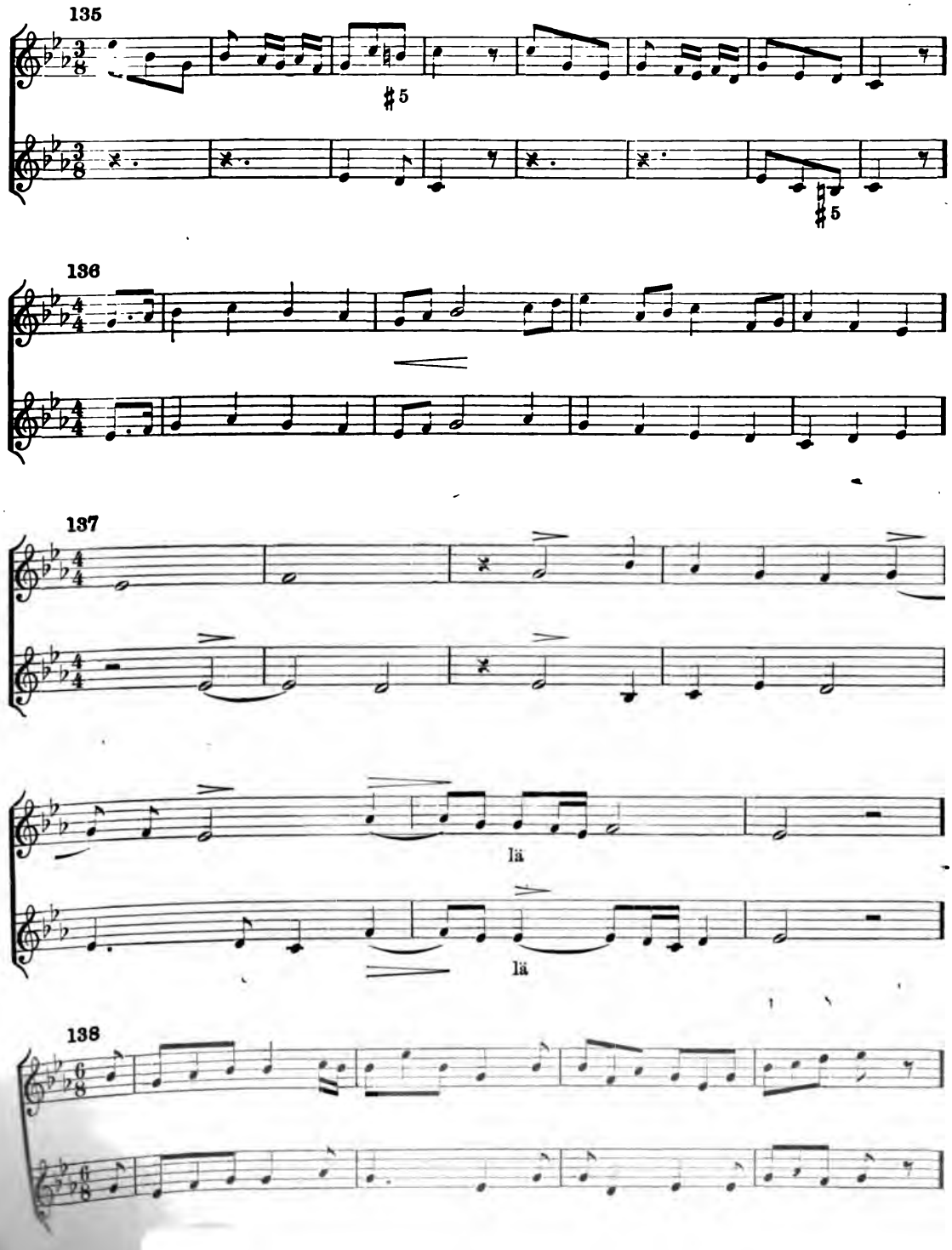
♭7
♯4

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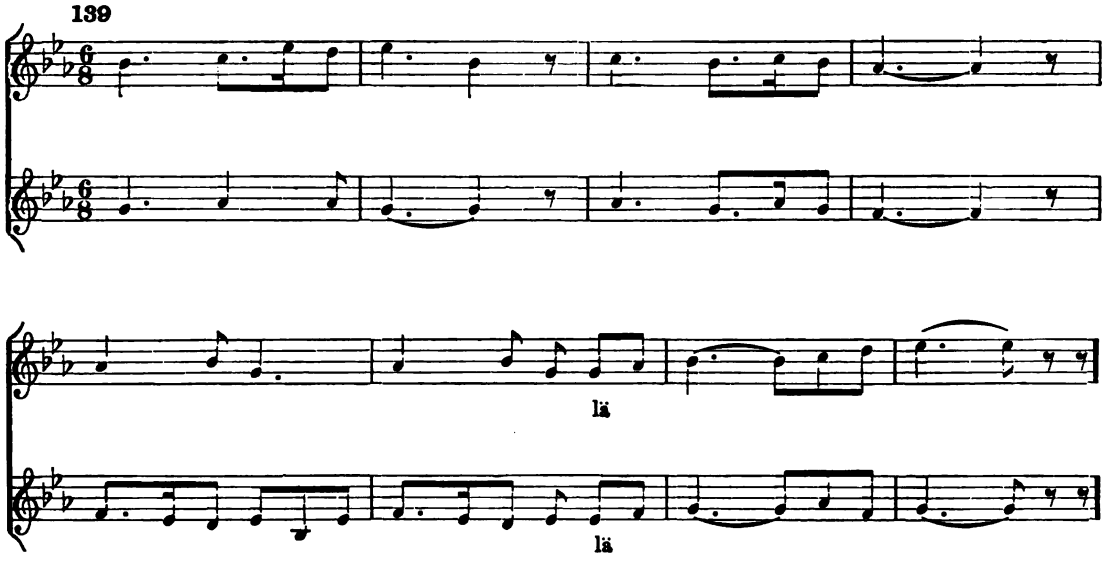
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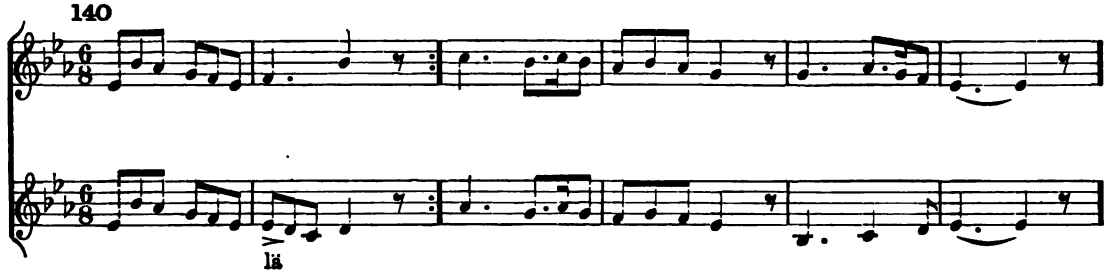
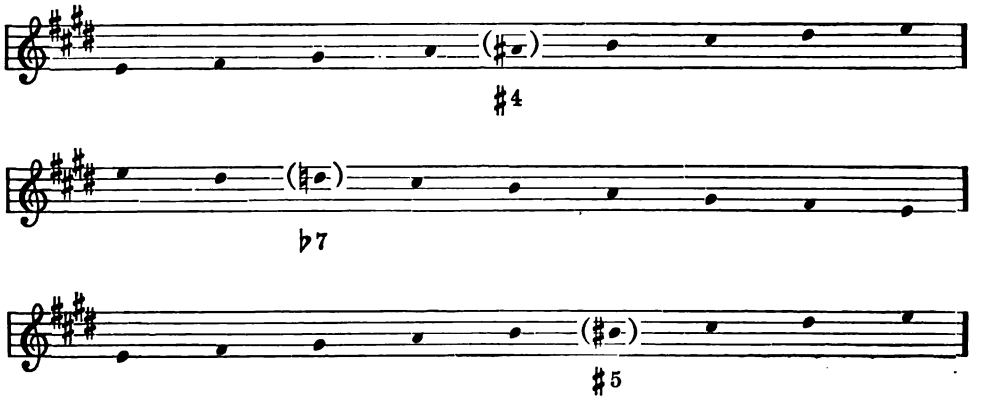

IN THE KEY OF E. ♯4, ♭7 AND ♯5.



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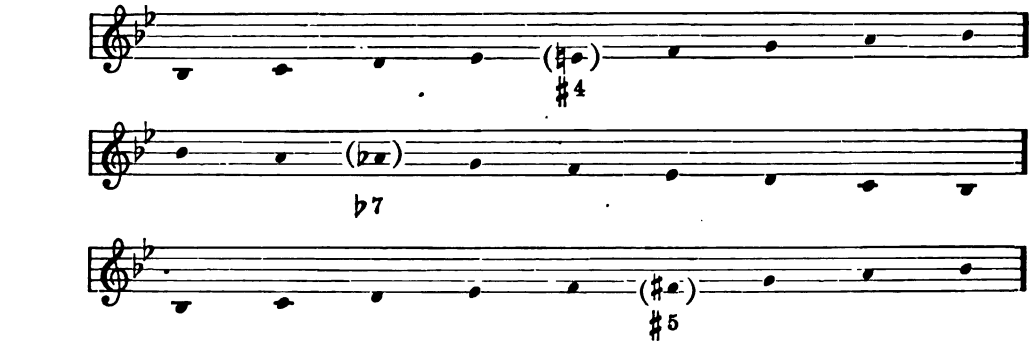
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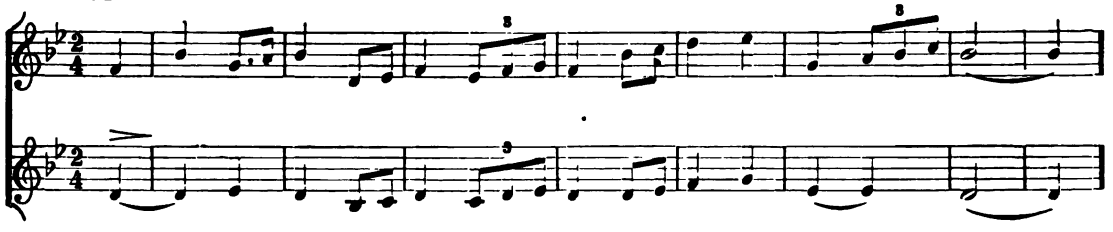
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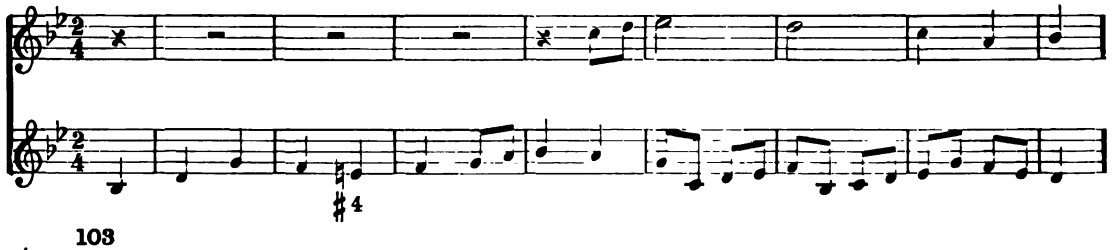
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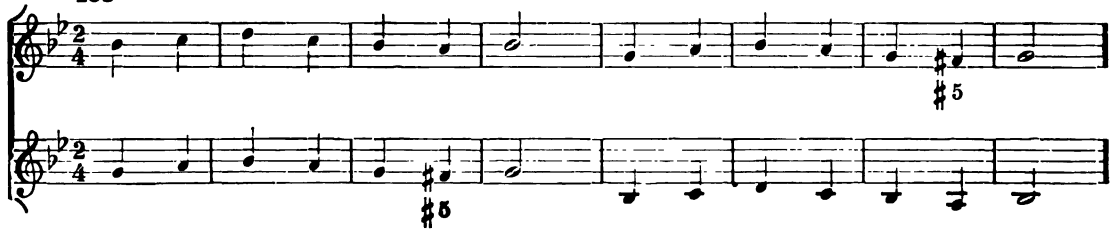

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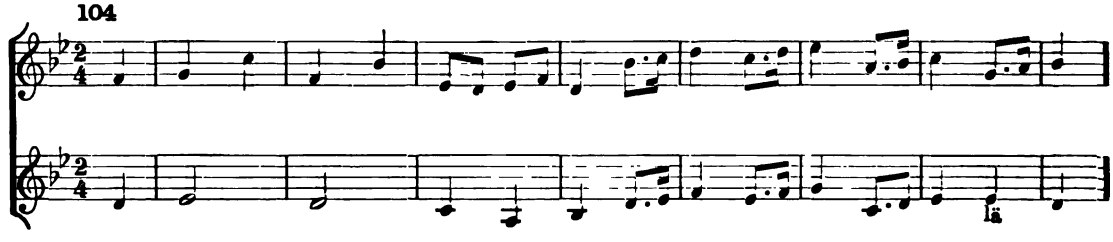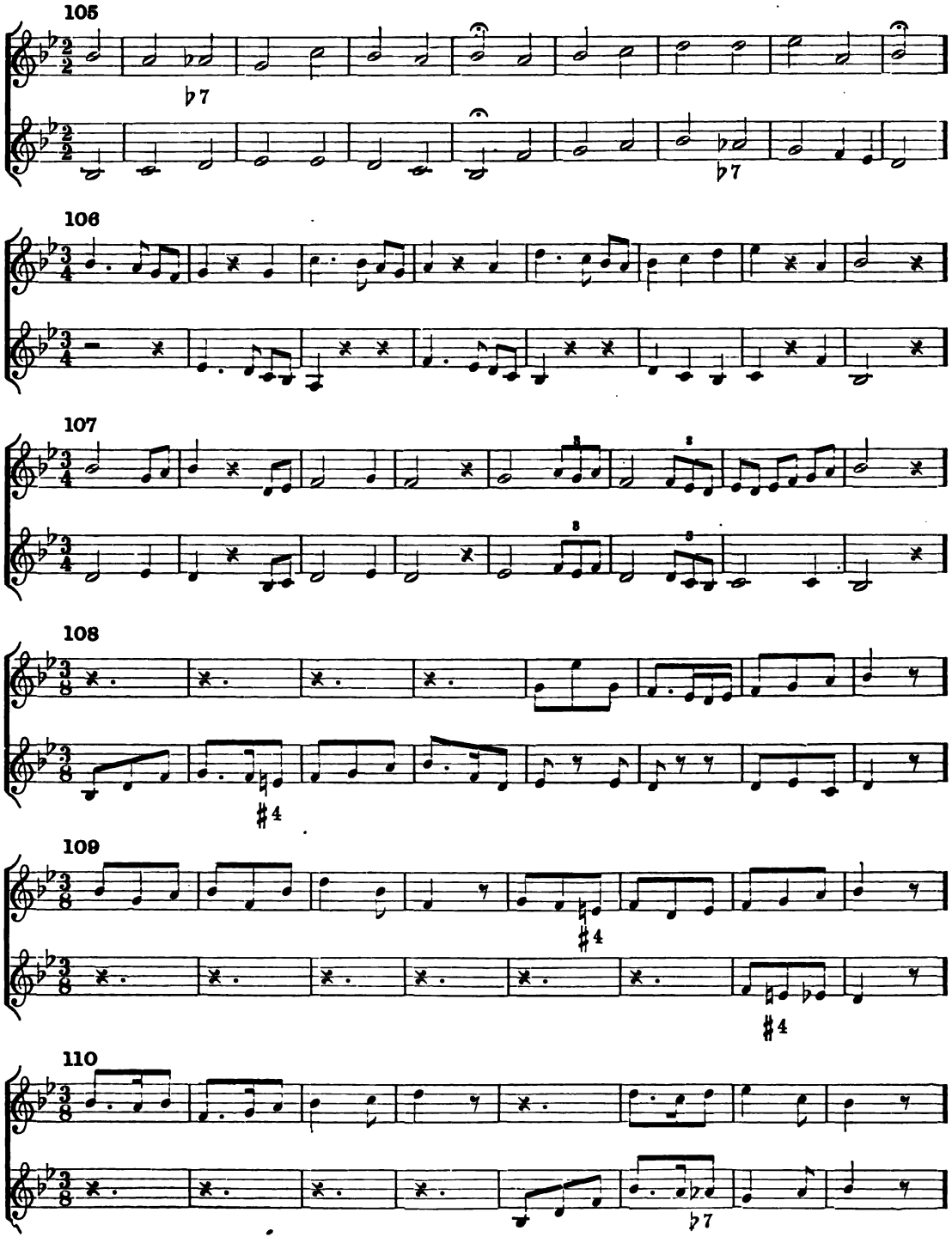
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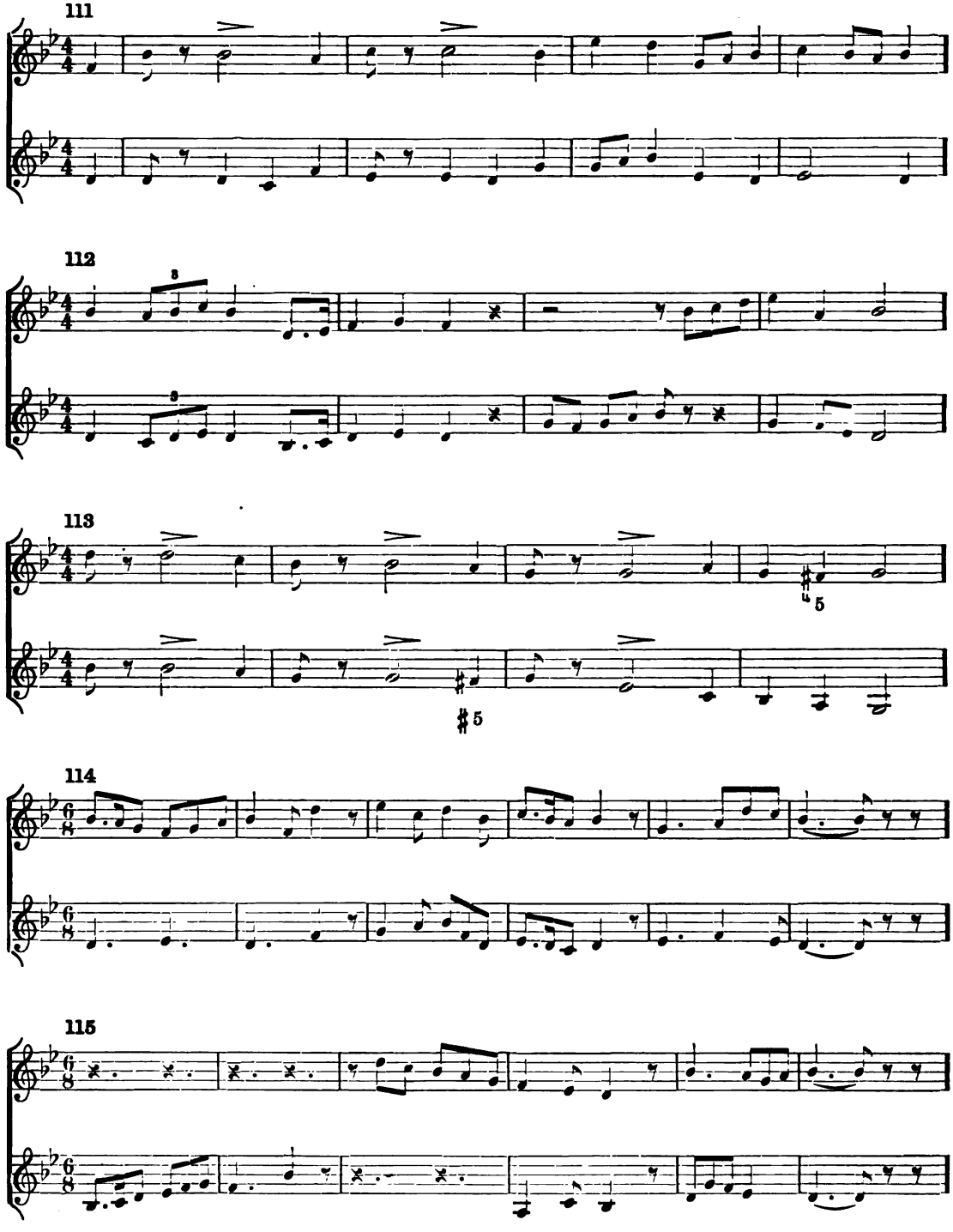
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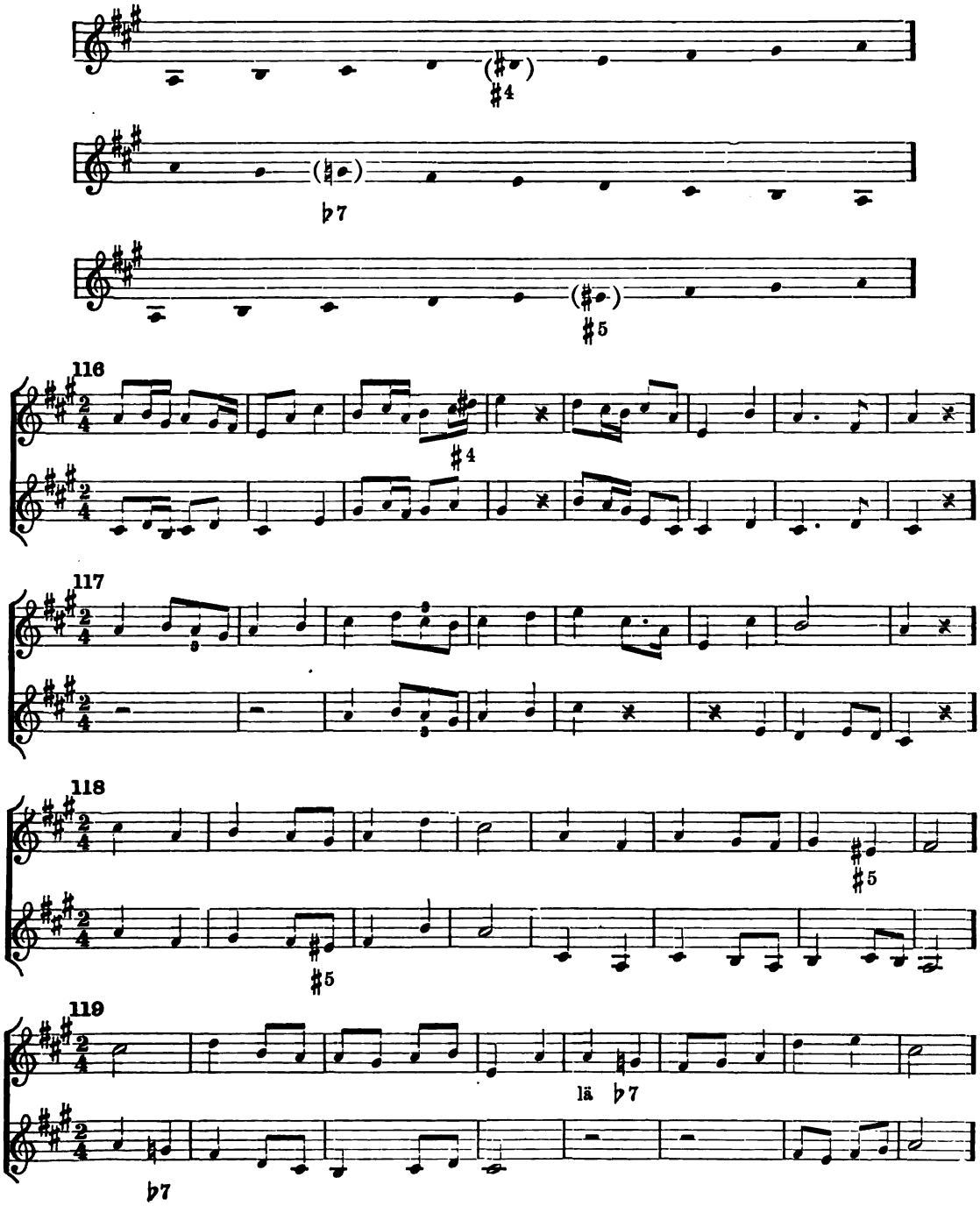
IN THE KEY OF A. ♯4, ♭7, AND ♯5.

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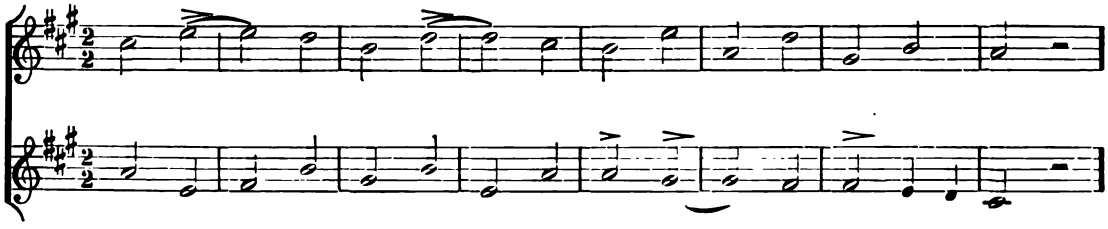
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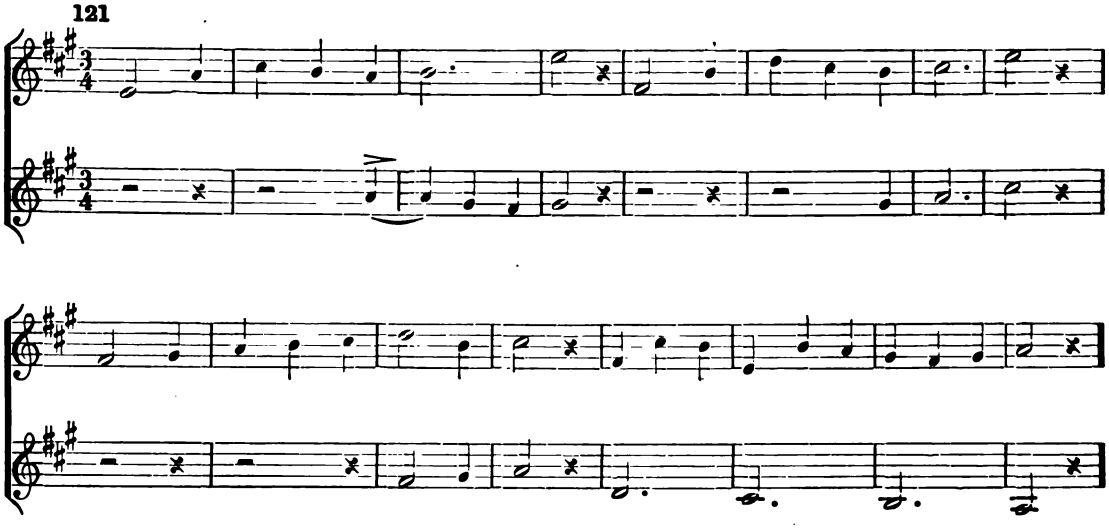
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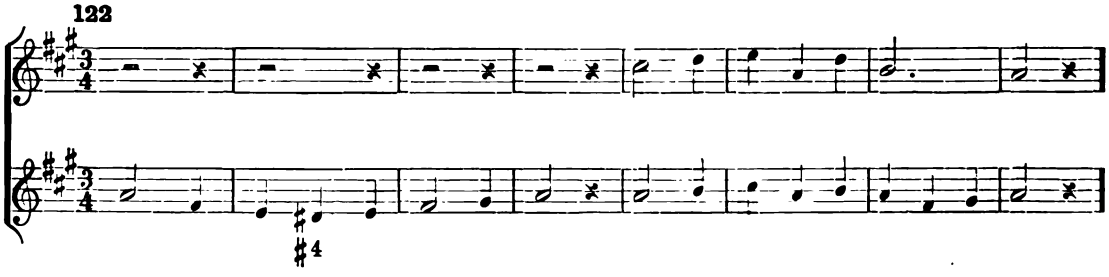
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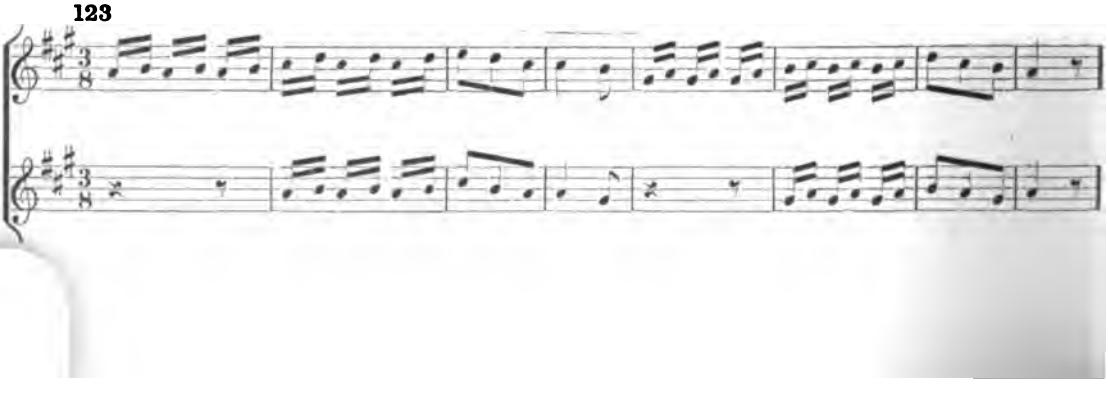
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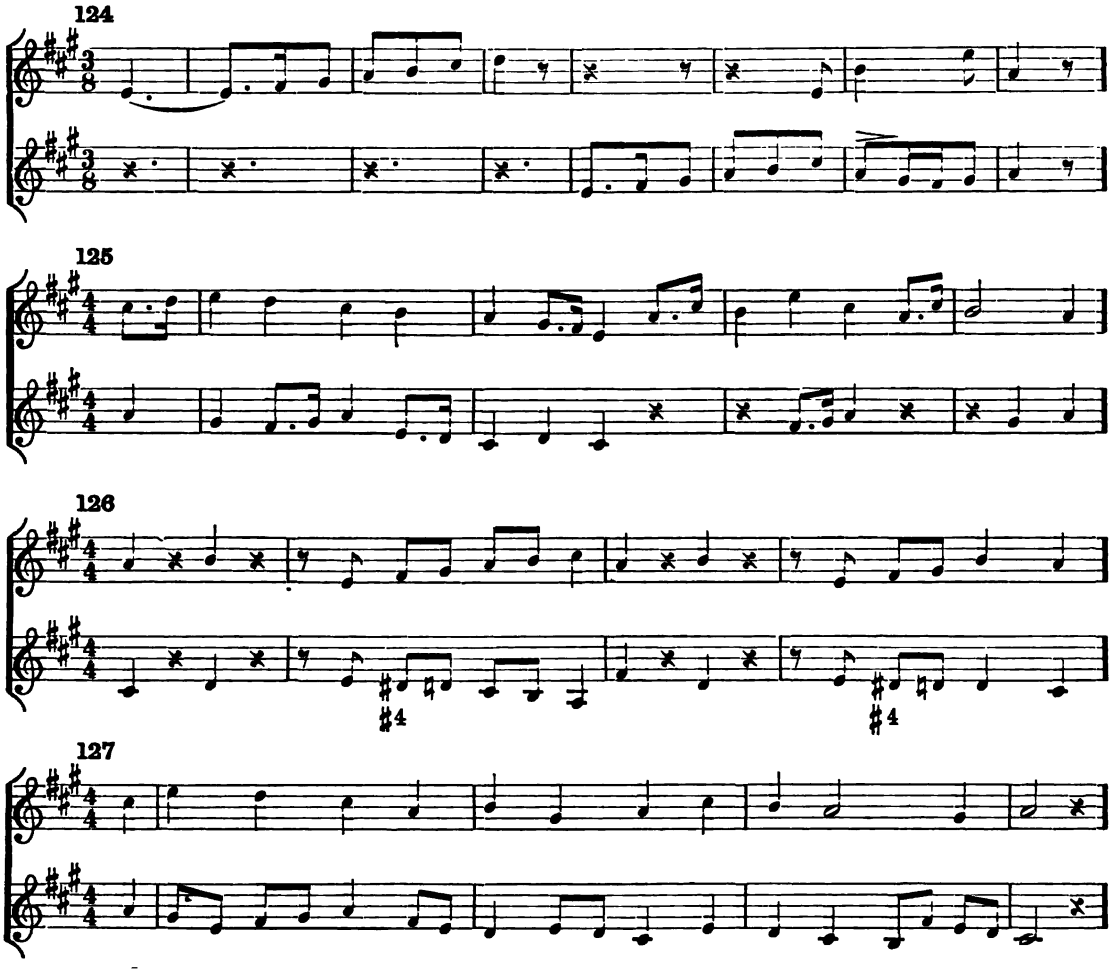
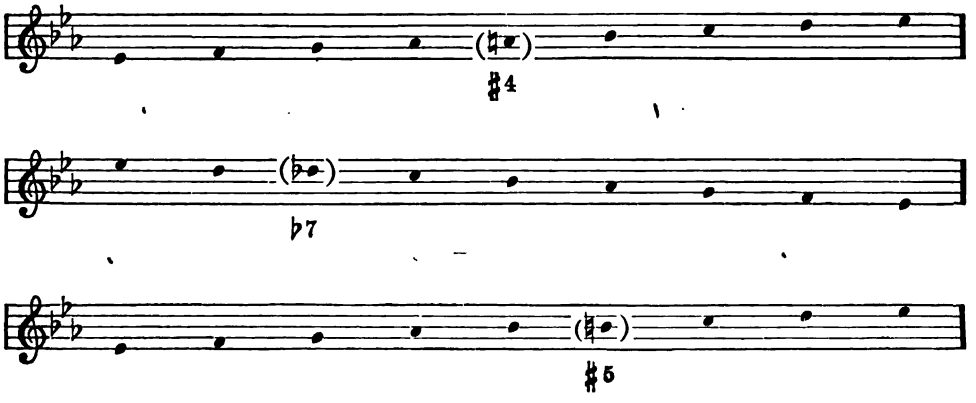
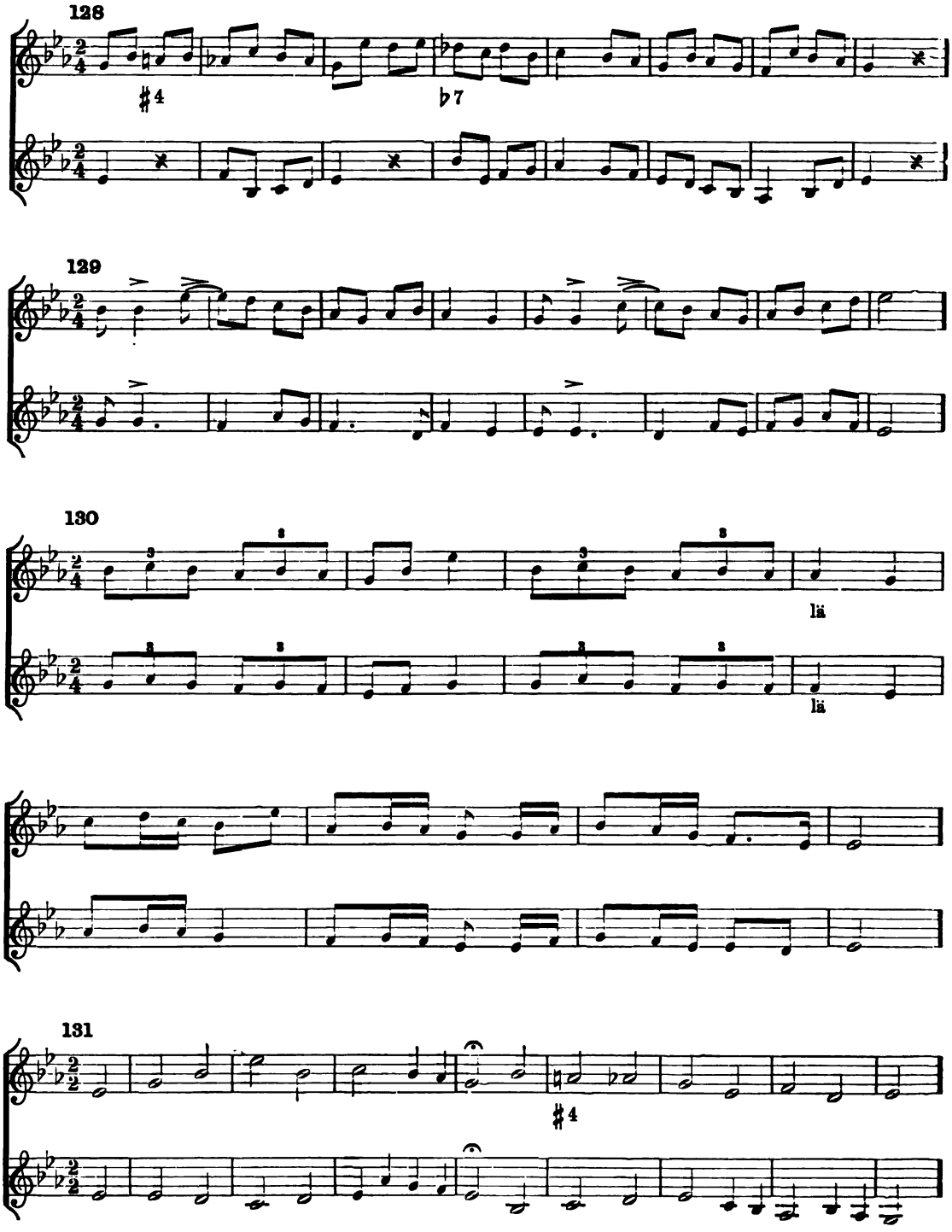

IN THE KEY OF E♭. ♯4, ♭7, AND ♯5.



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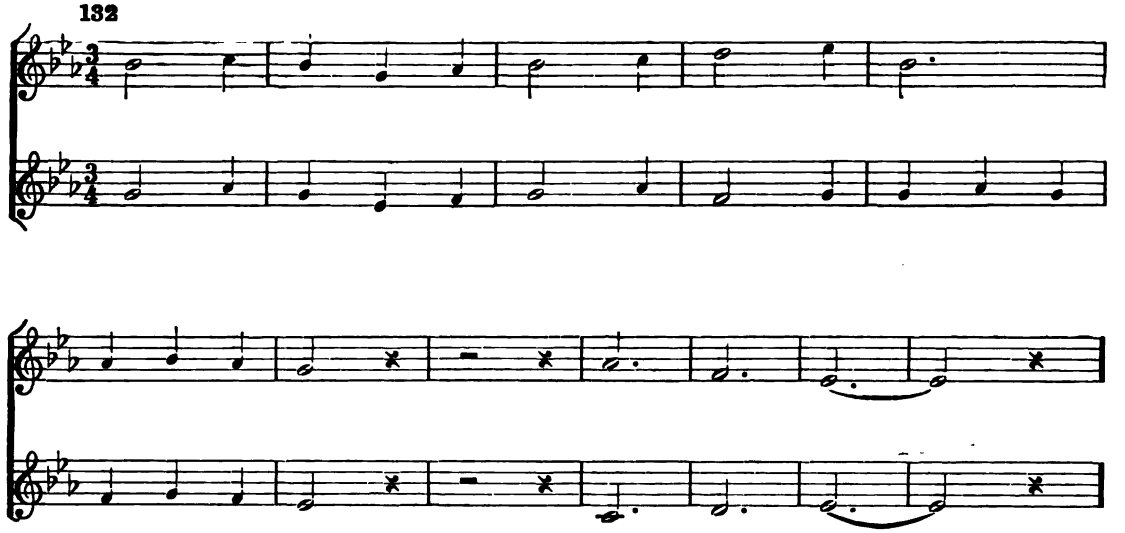
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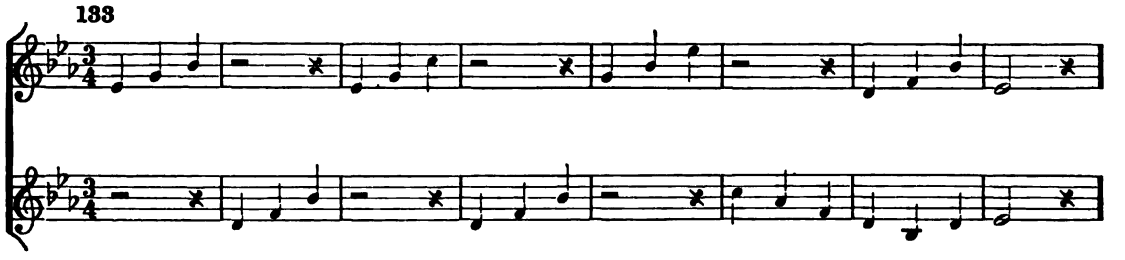
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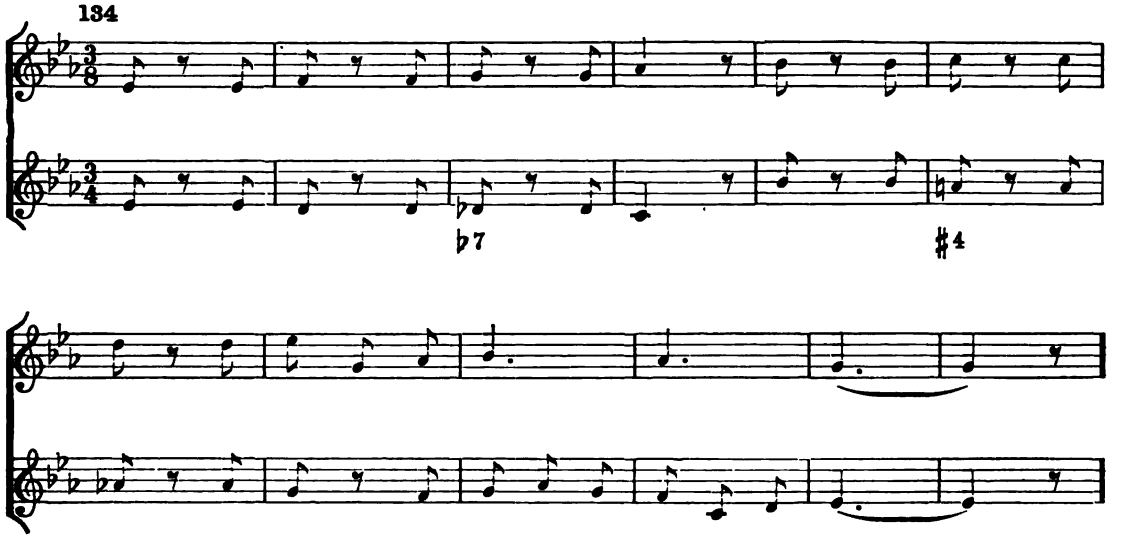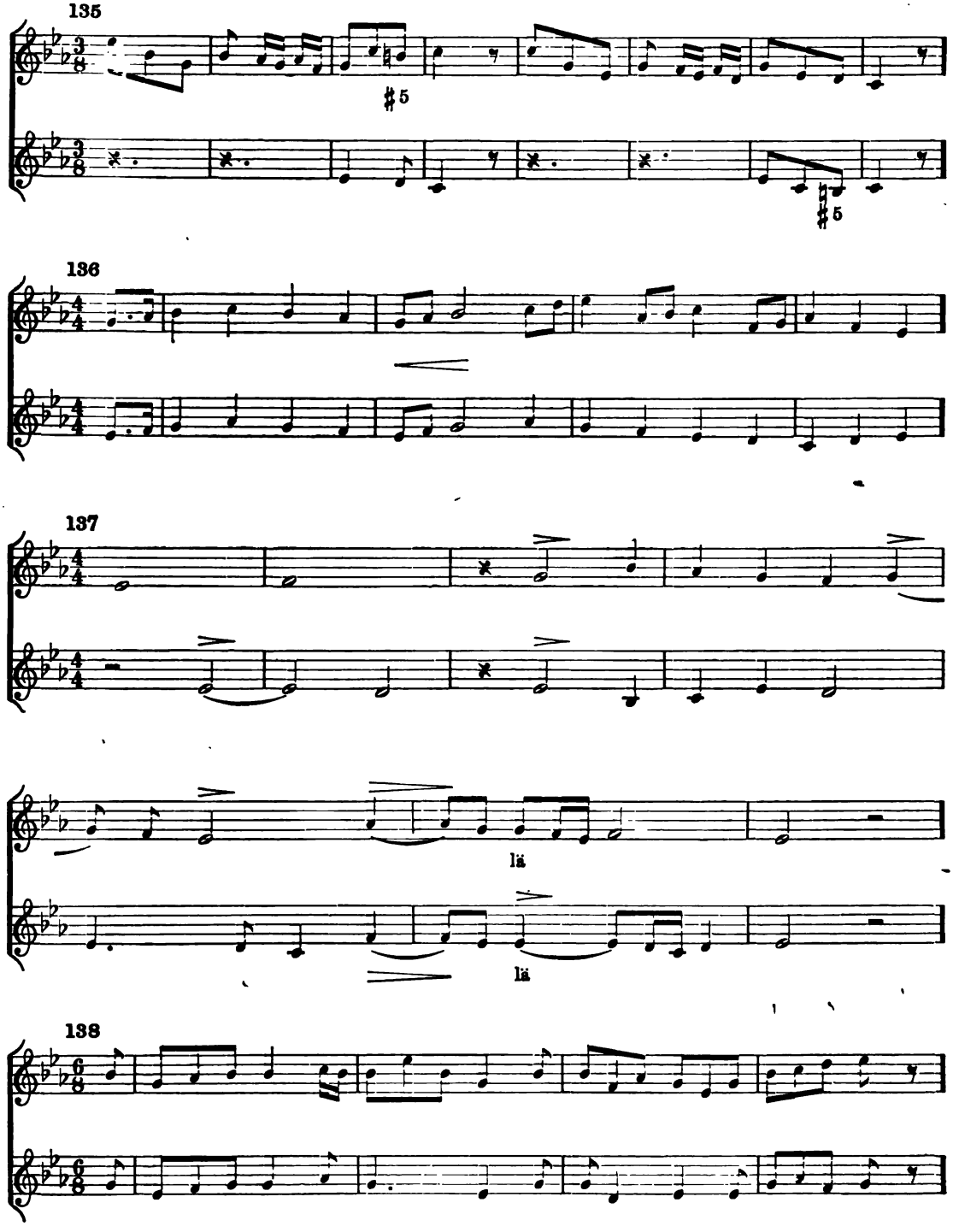
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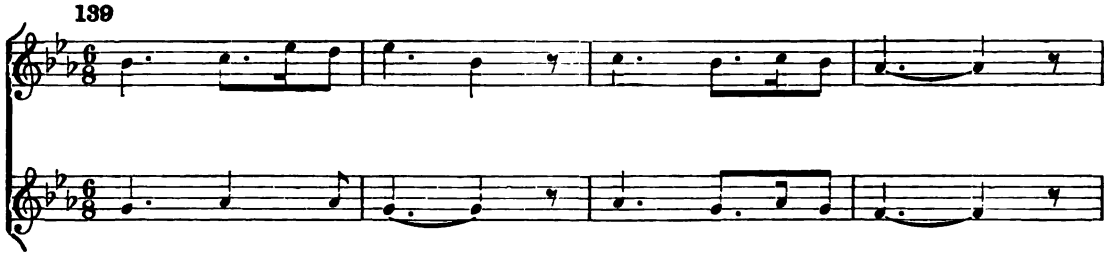
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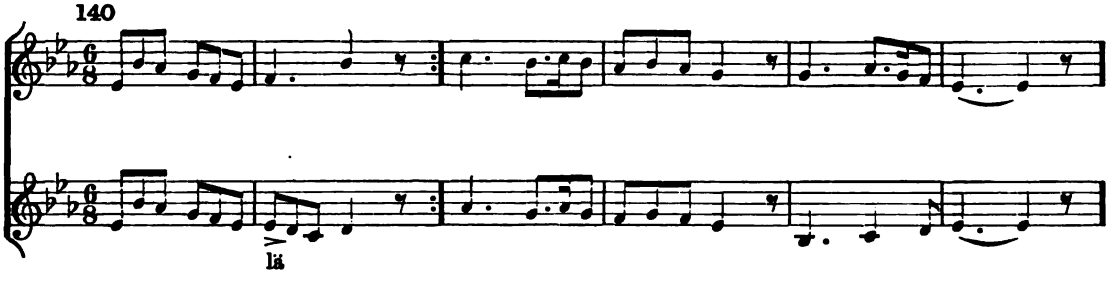
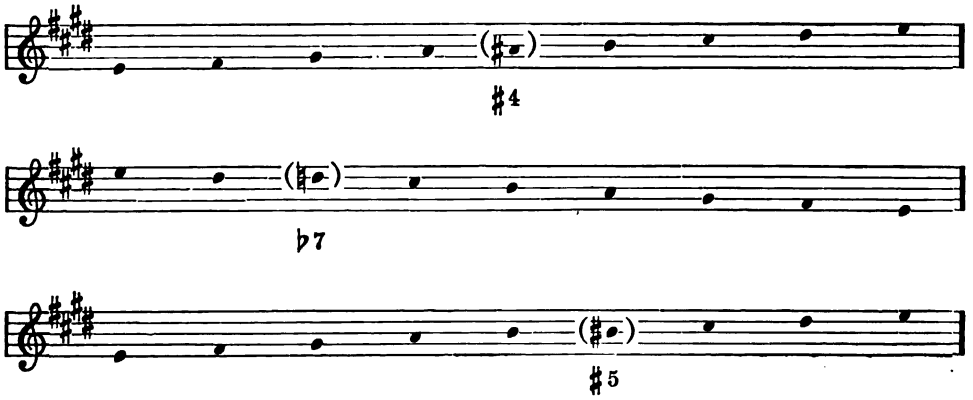
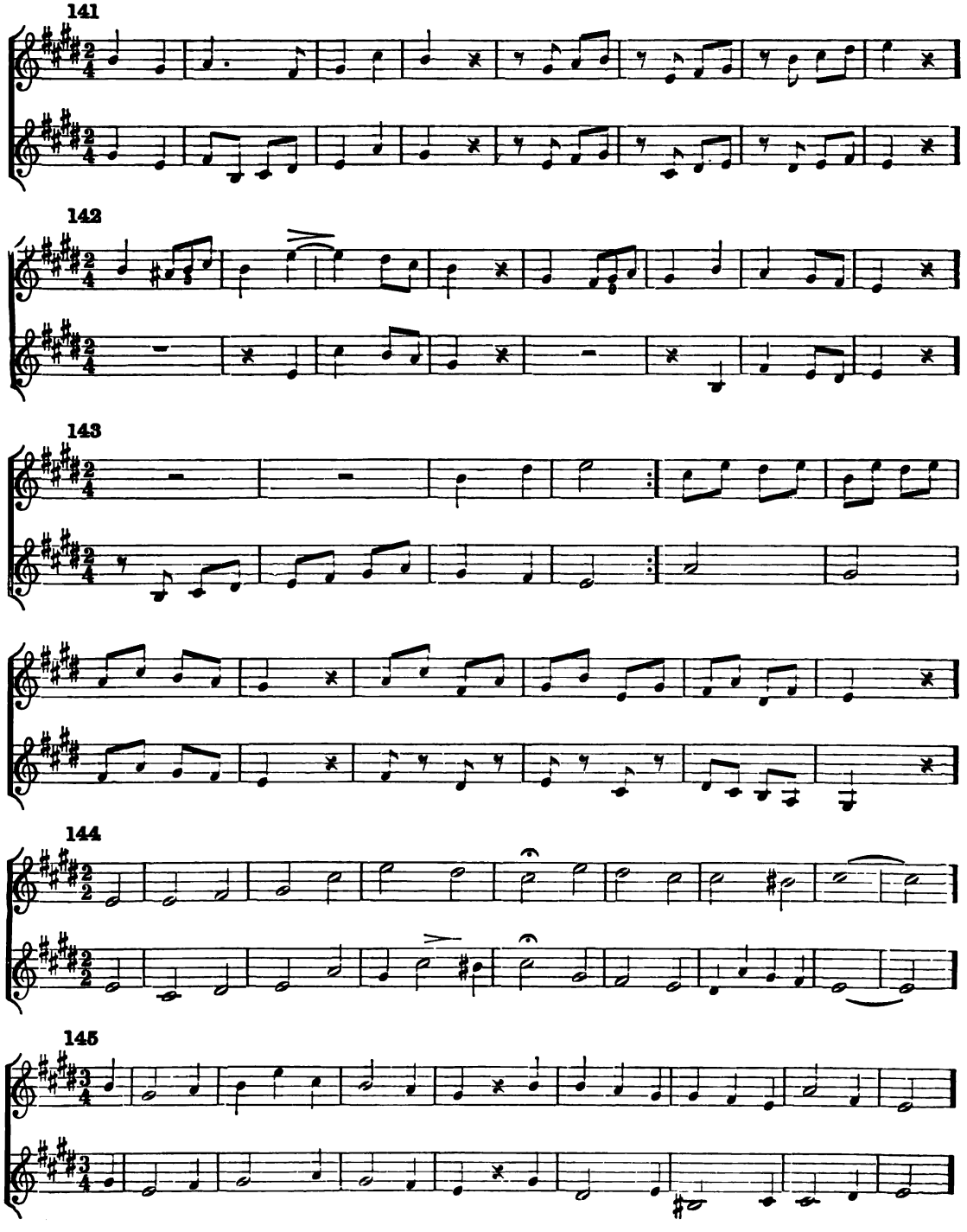

IN THE KEY OF E. ♯4, ♭7 AND ♯5.



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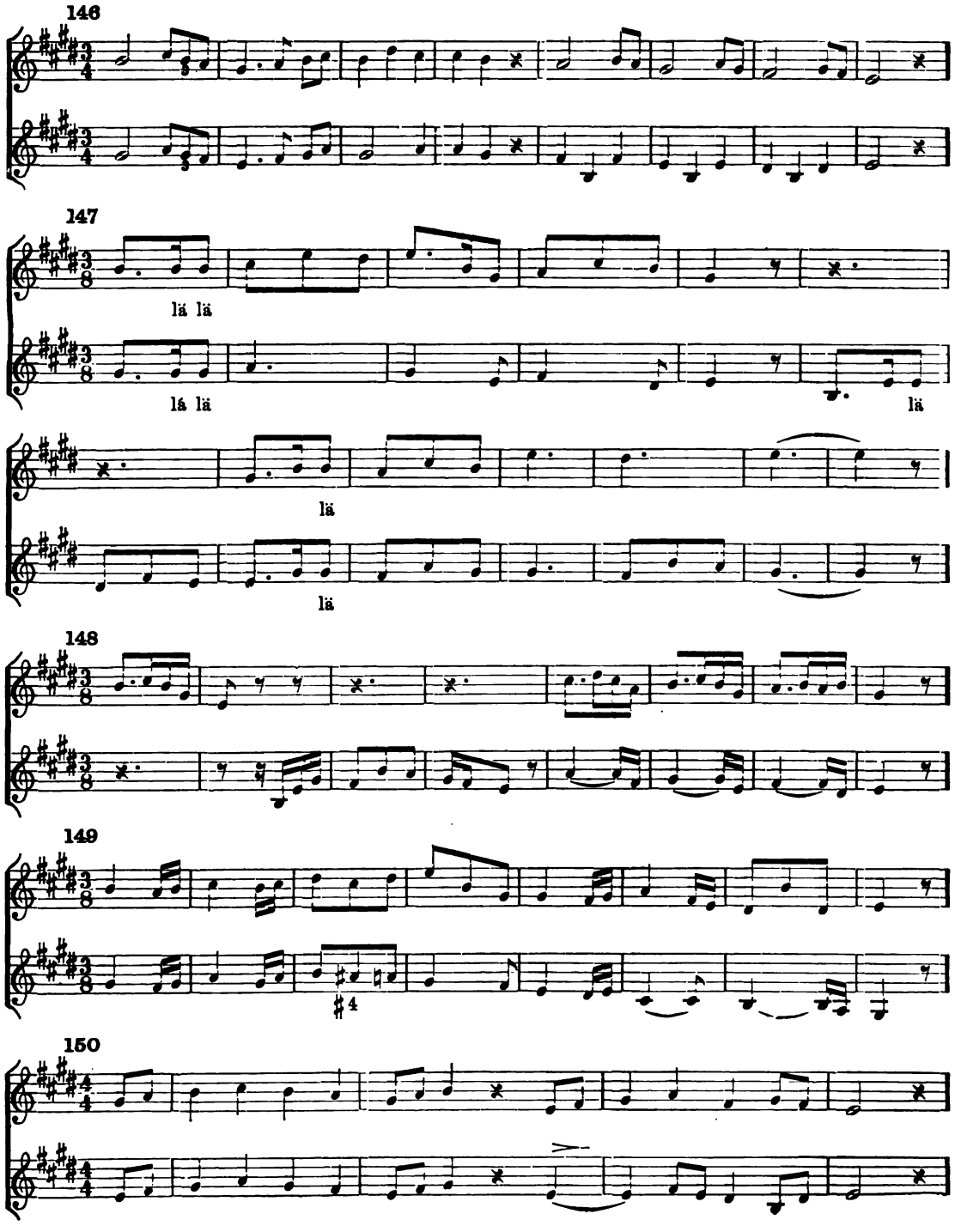
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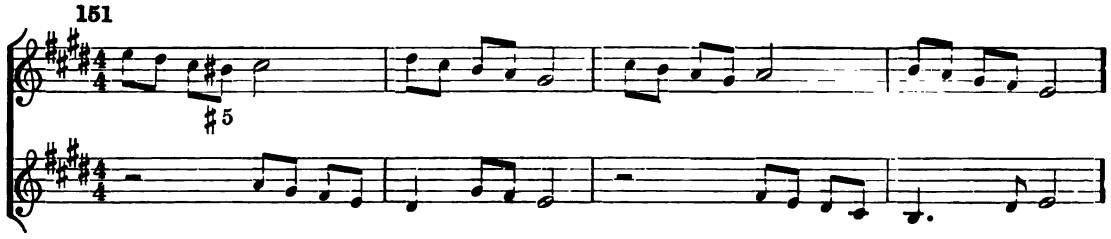
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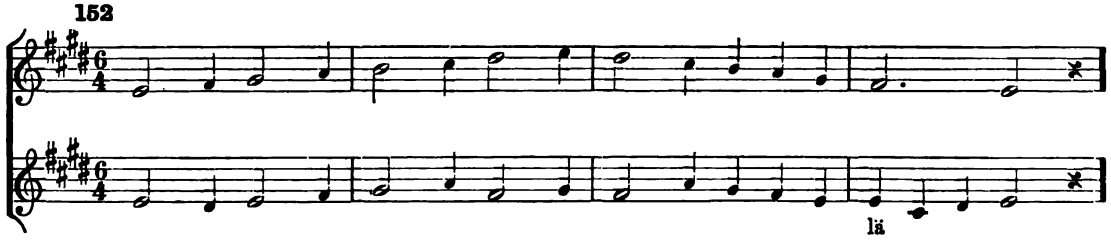
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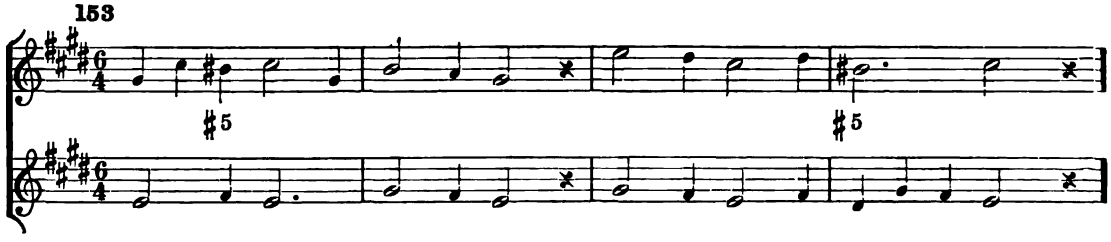
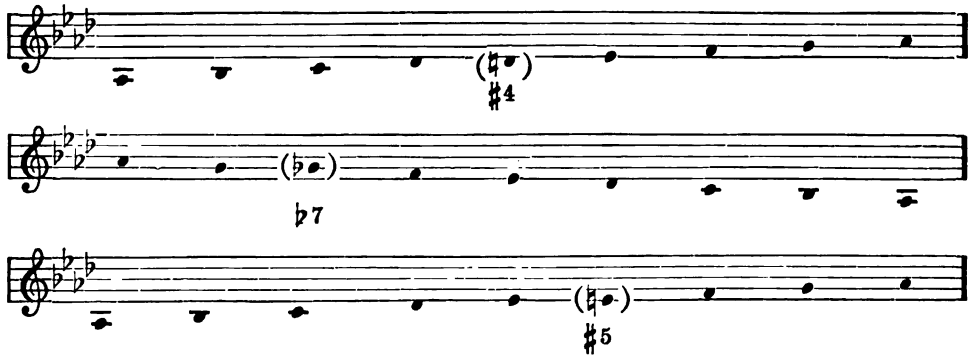

In the Key of A♭. ♯4, ♭7, and ♯5.



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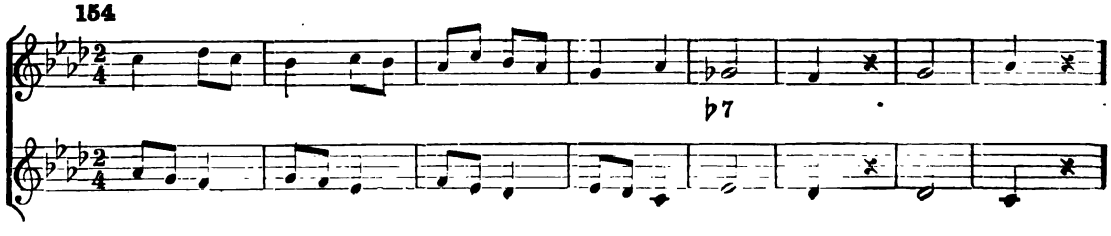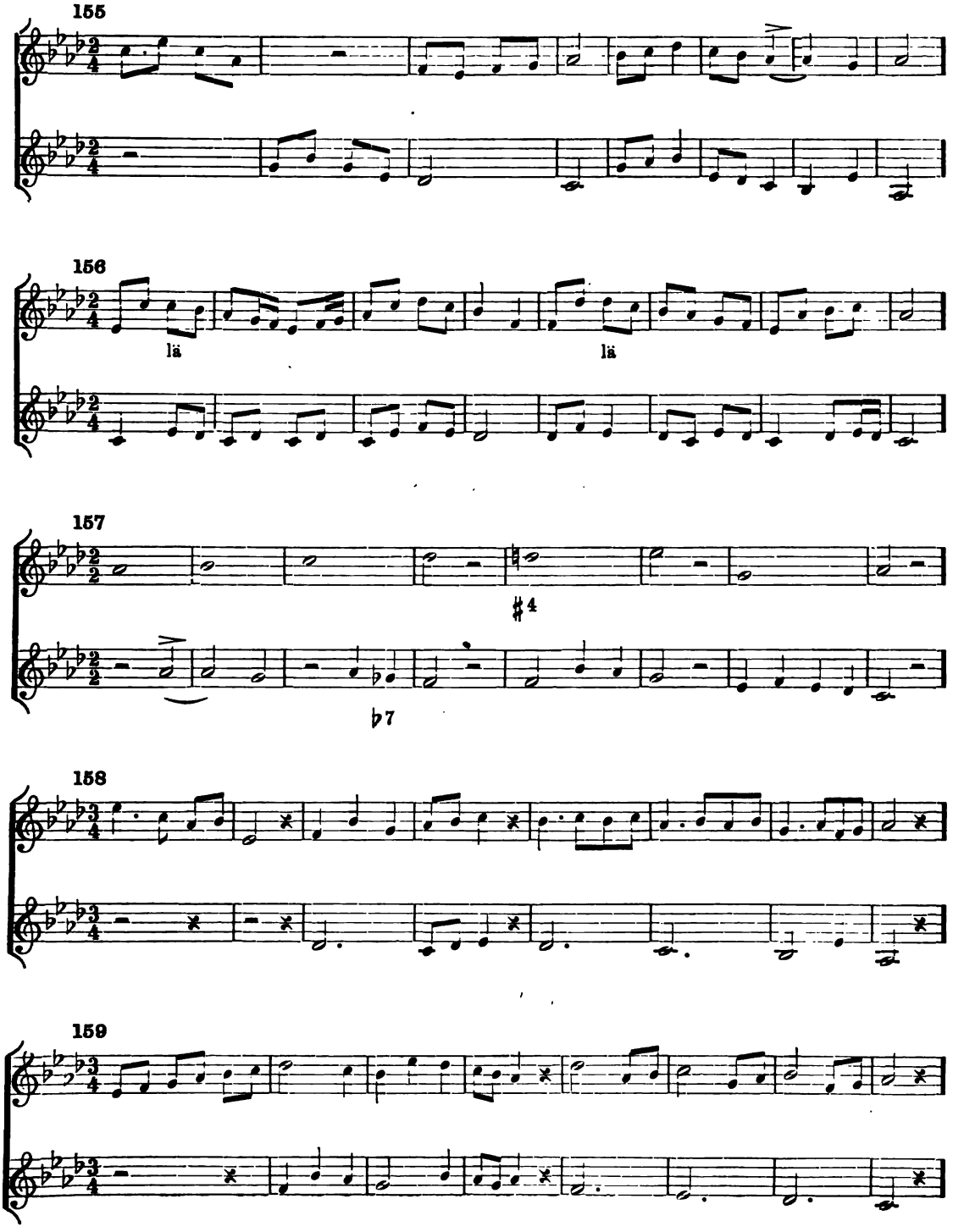
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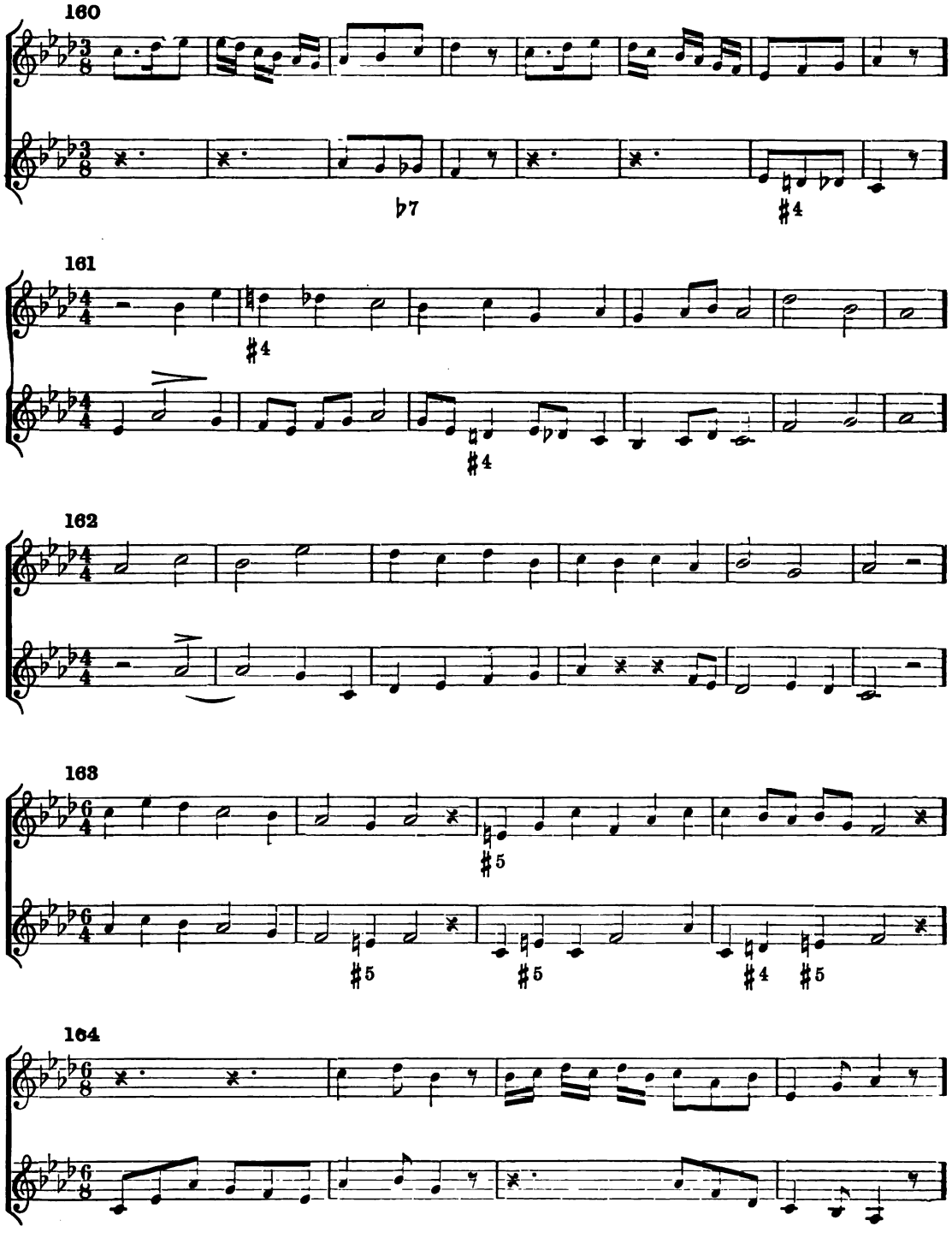
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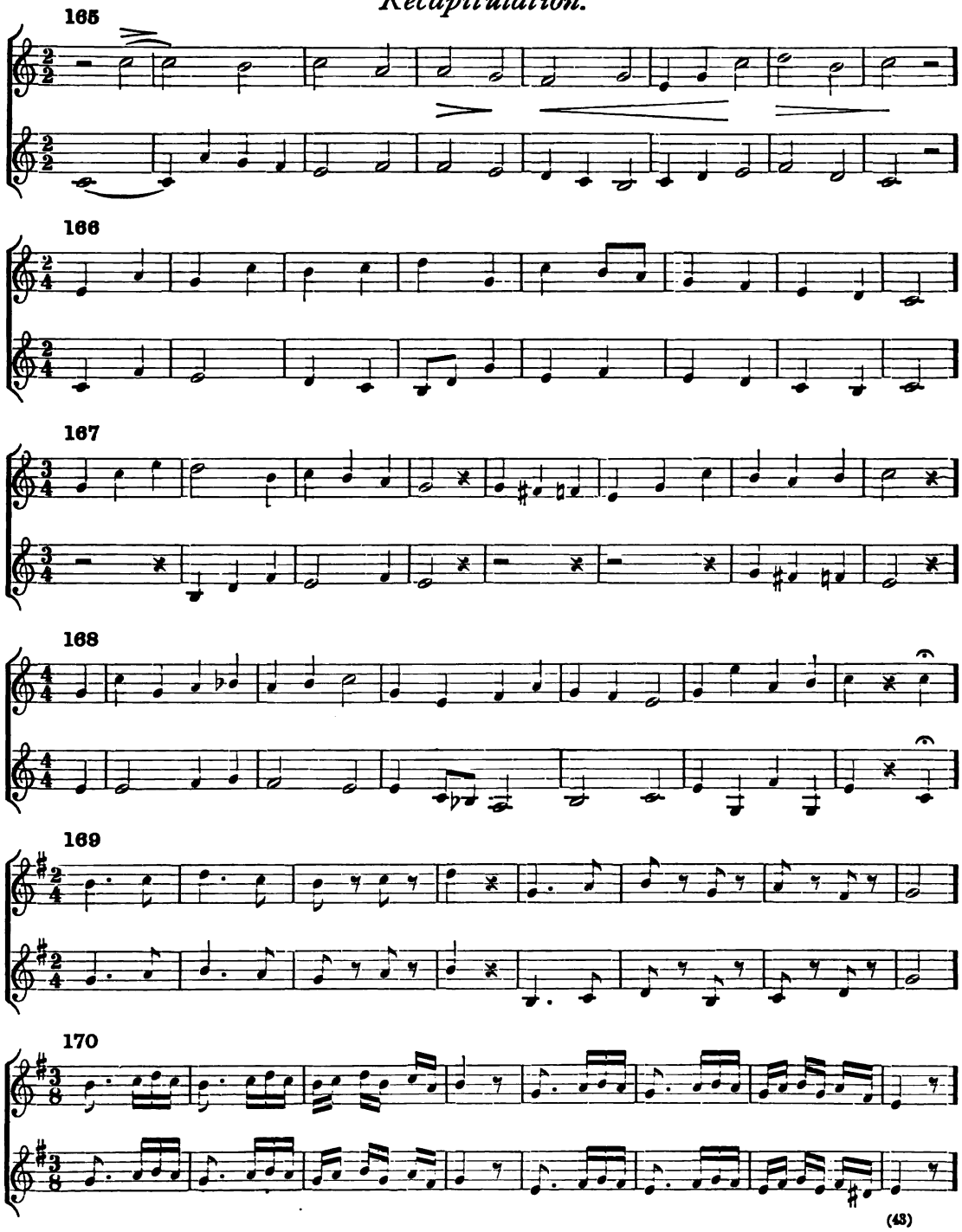
Recapitulation.

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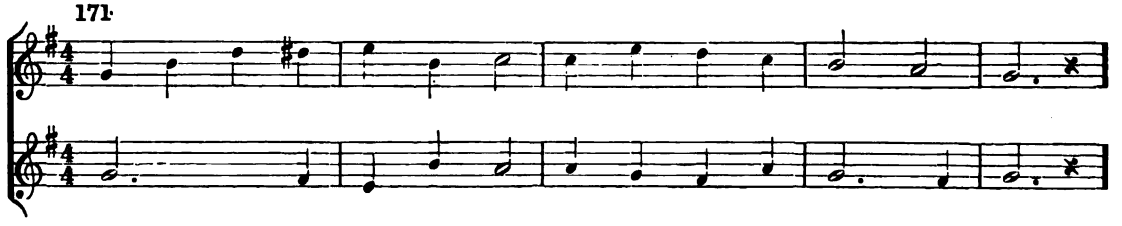
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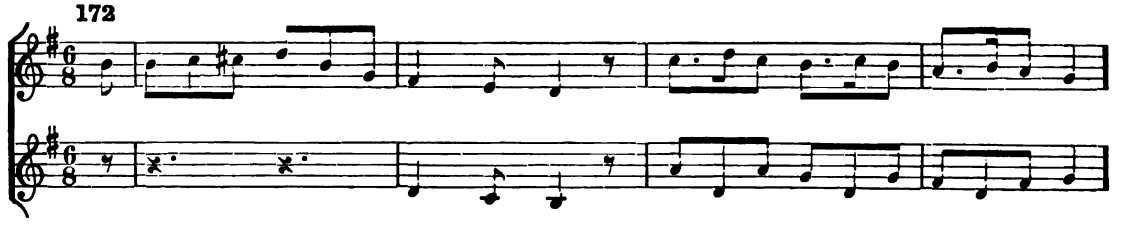
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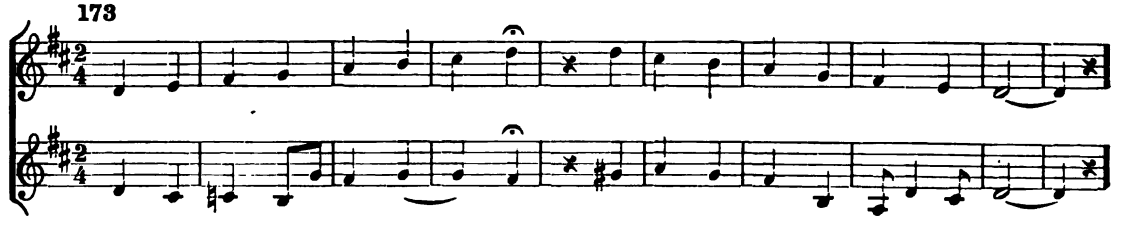
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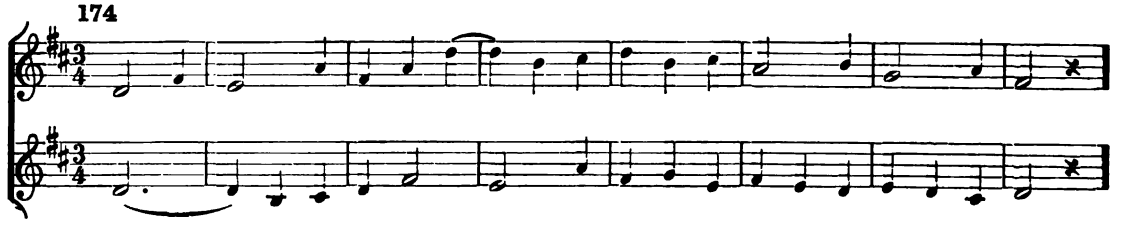
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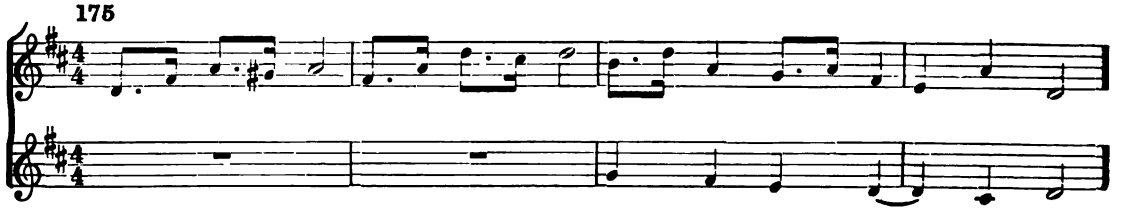
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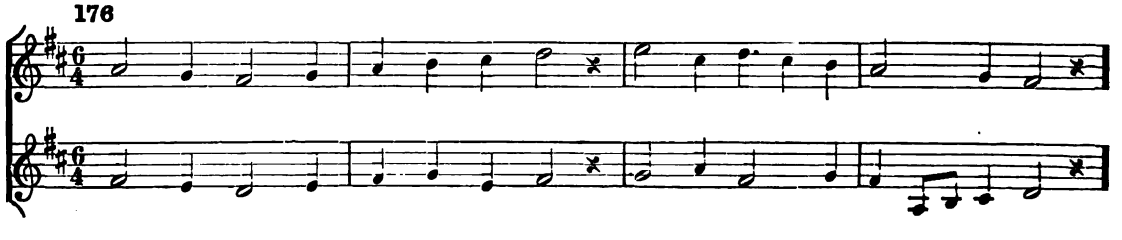
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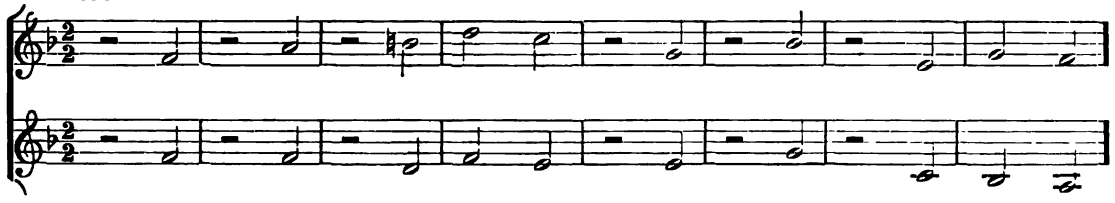
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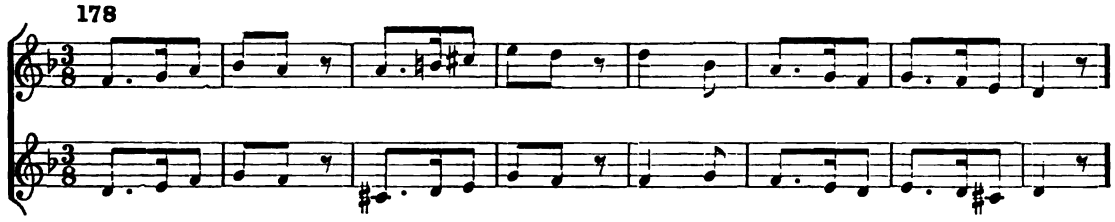
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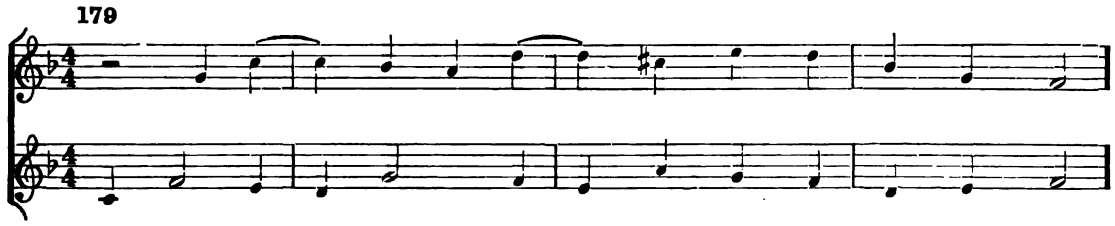
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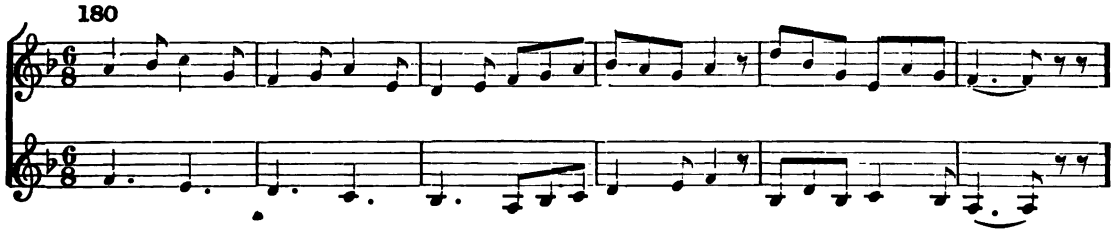
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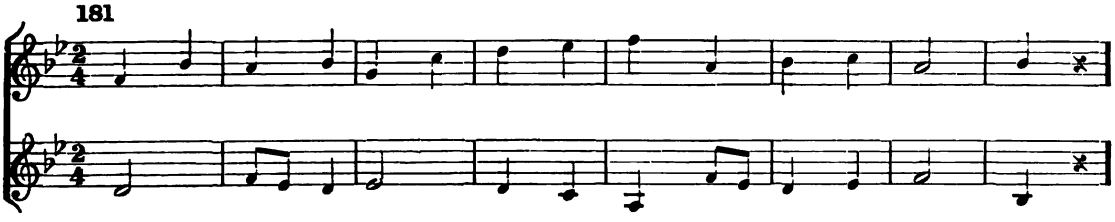
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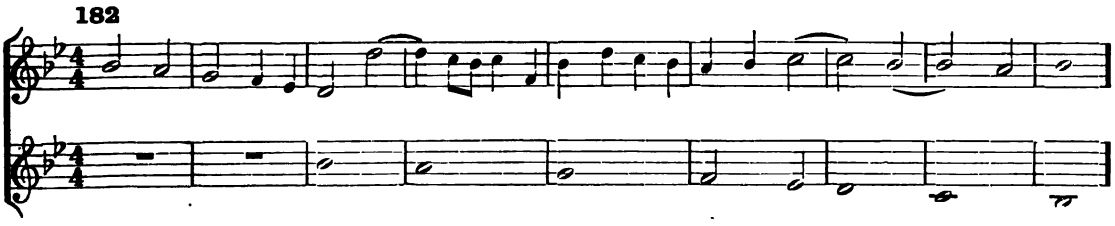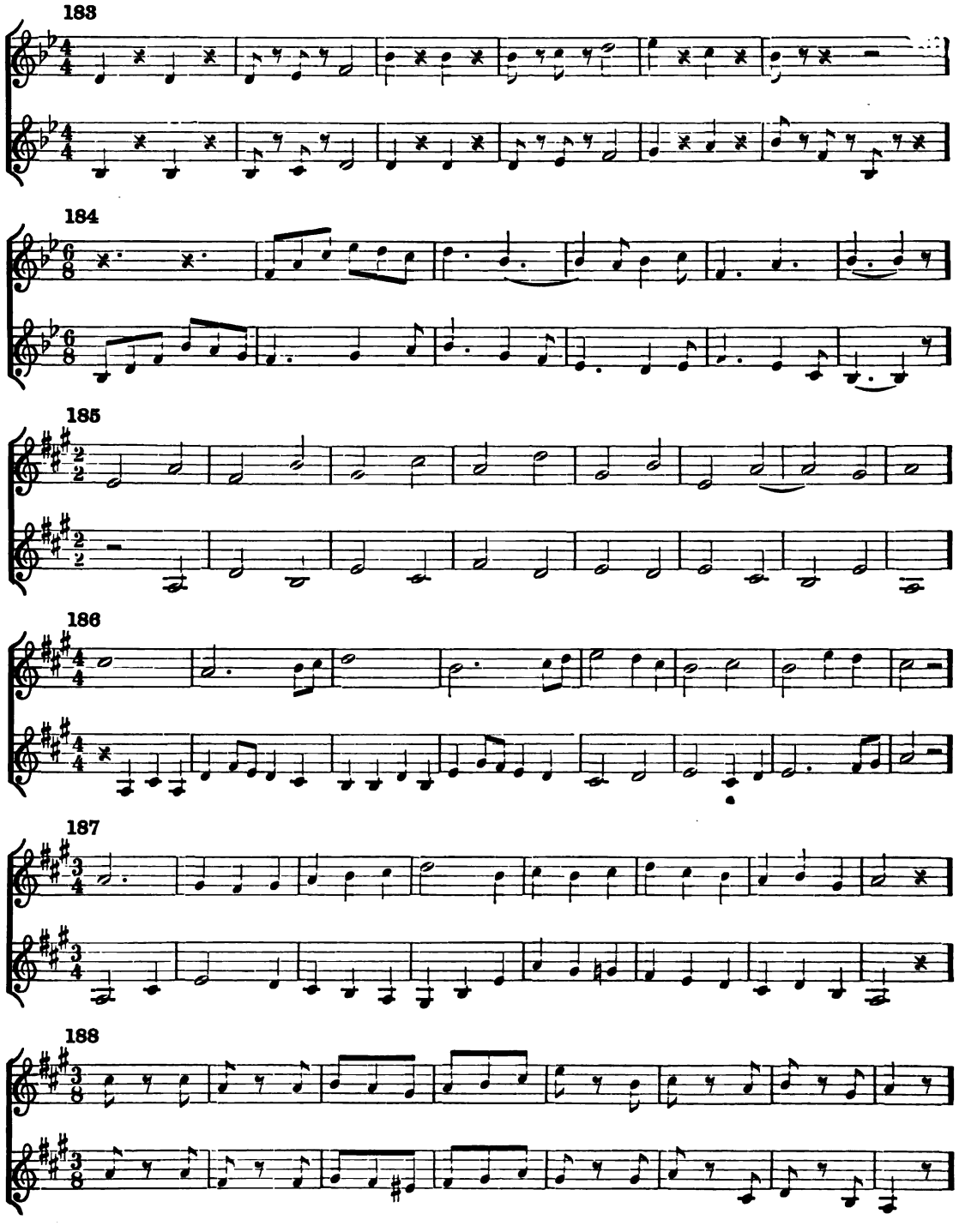
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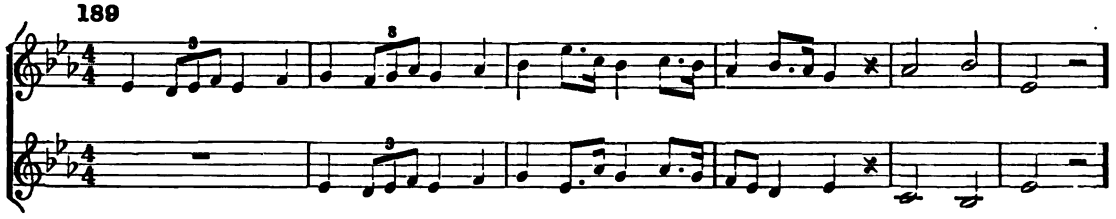
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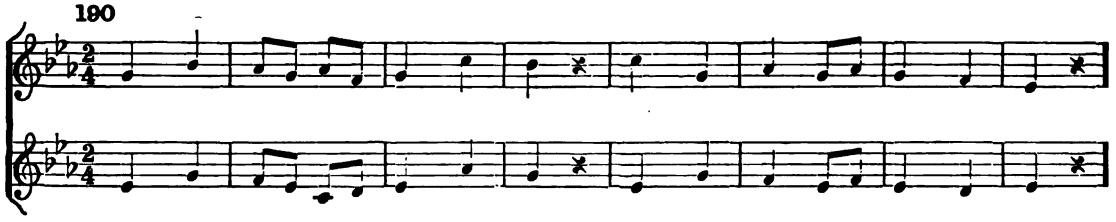
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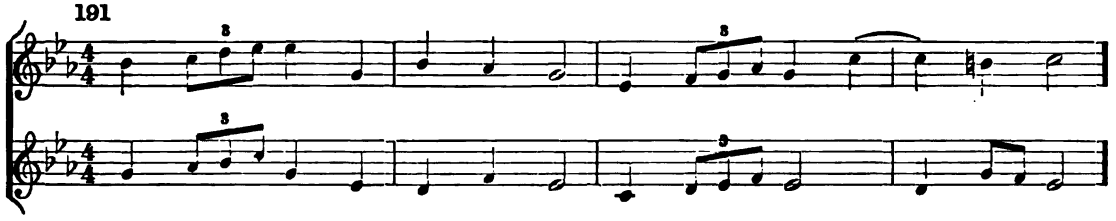
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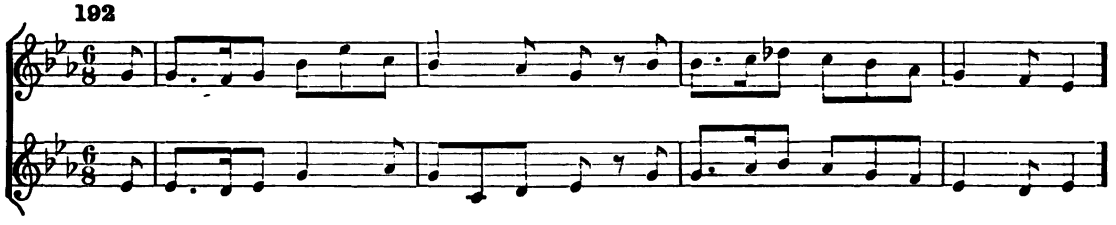
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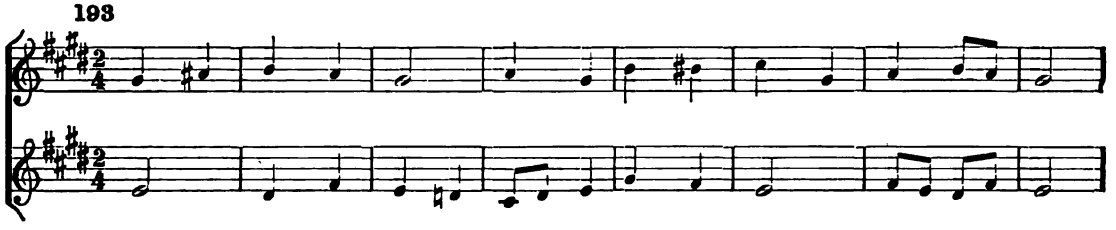
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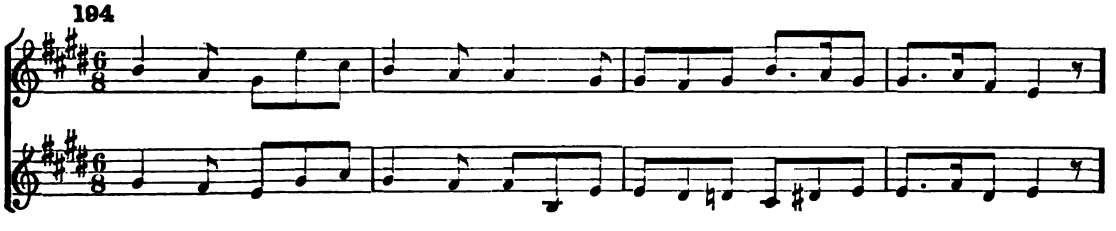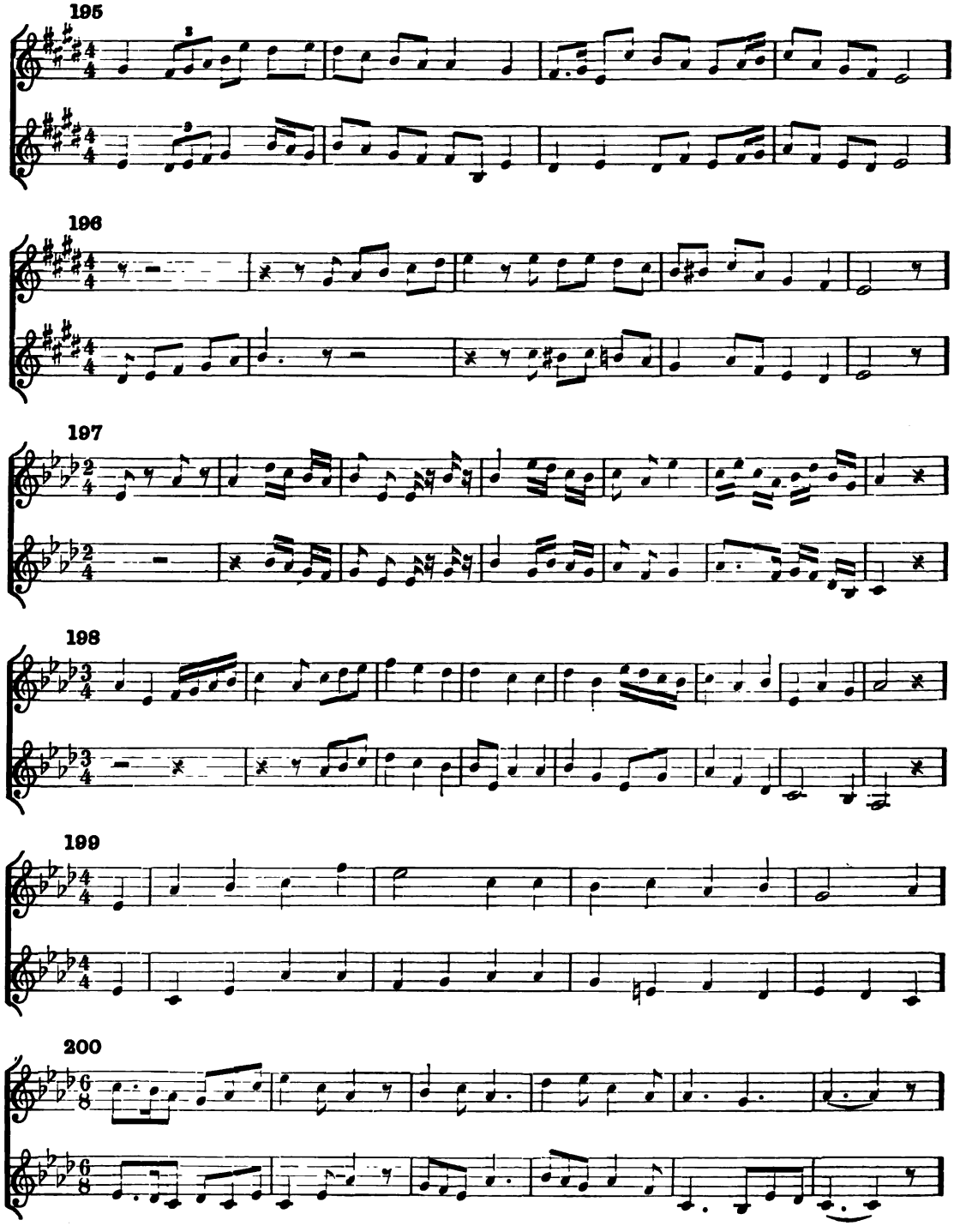
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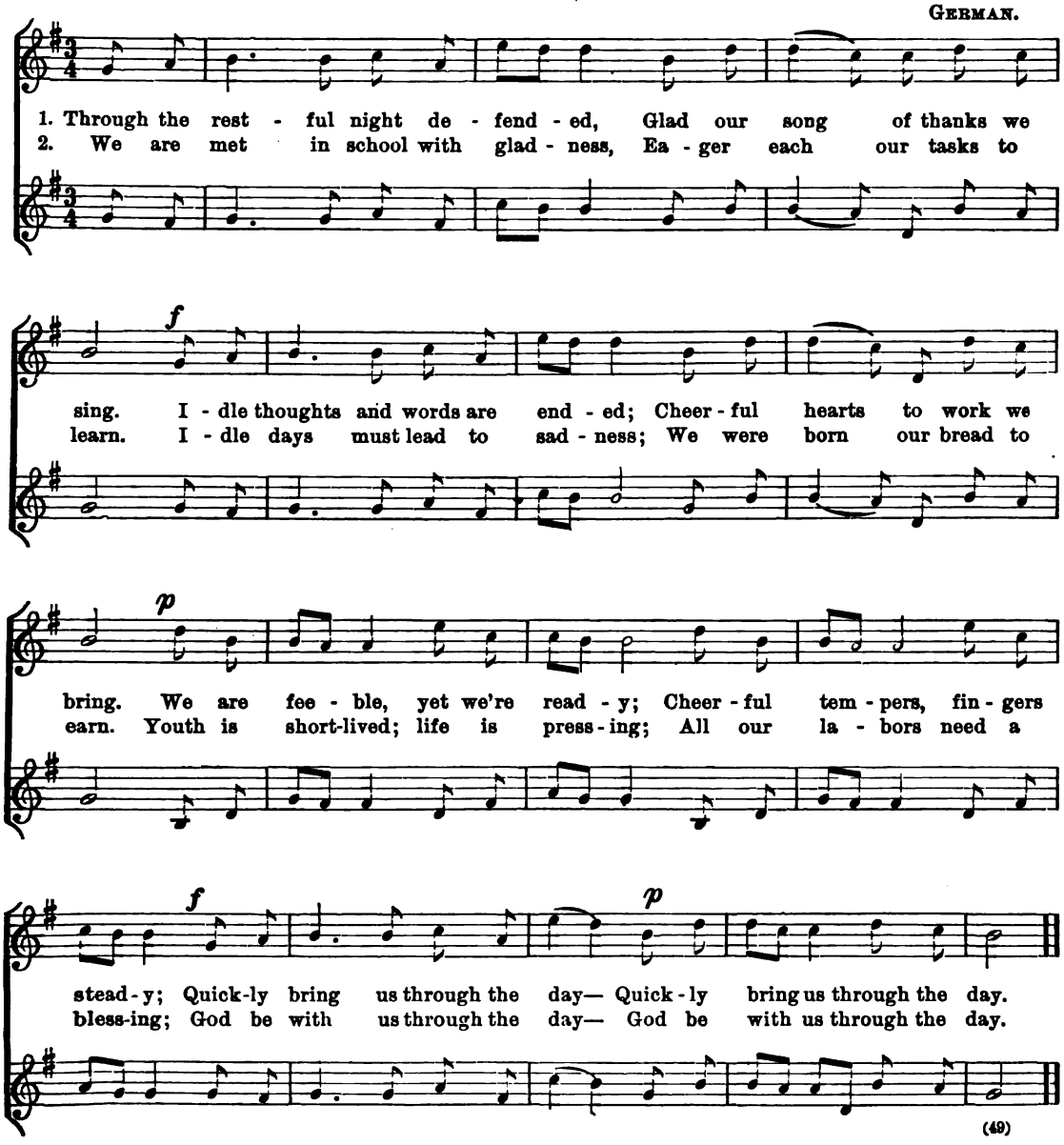
Part-Songs.

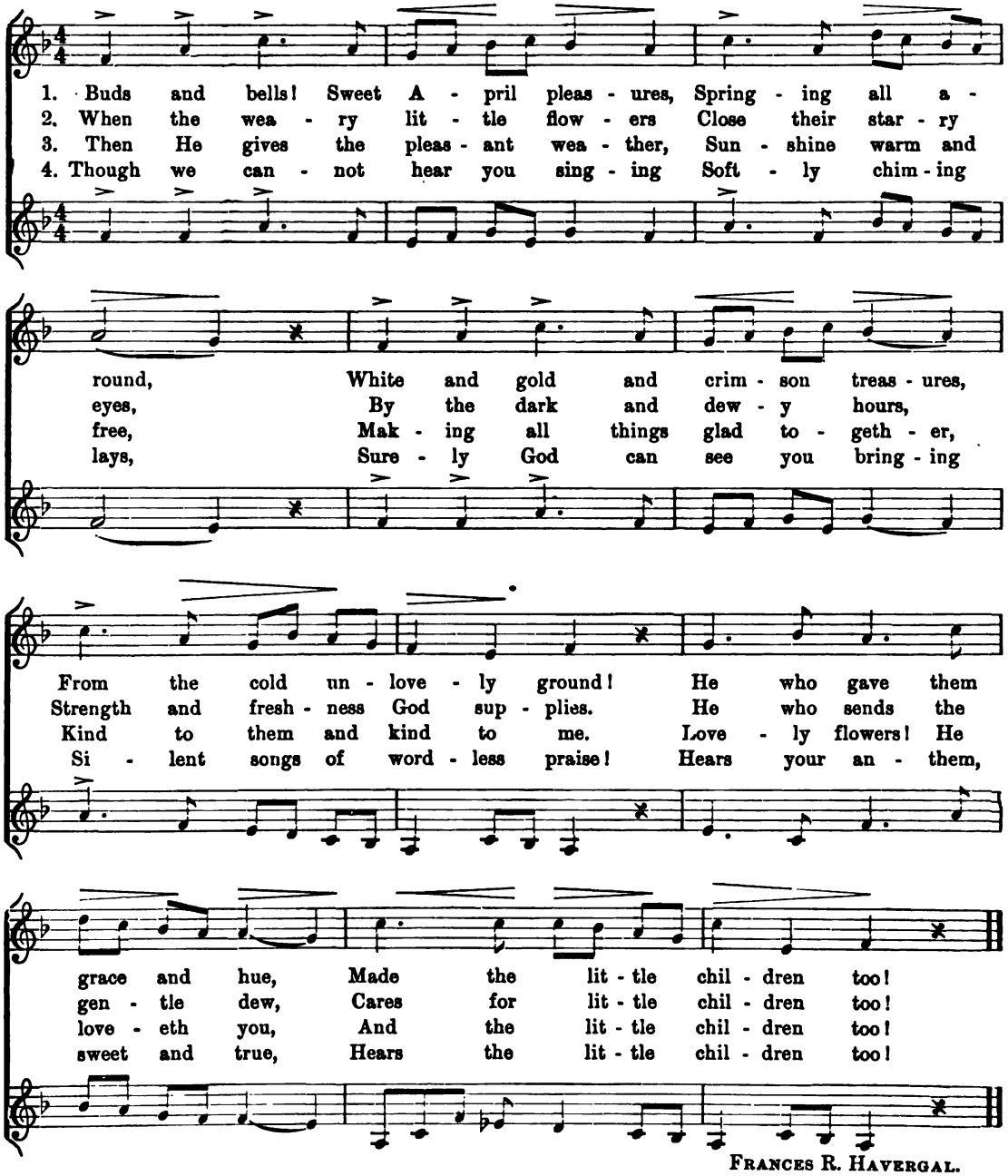
BOOK II. PART II.

SONG ON BEGINING SCHOOL.

GERMAN.

1. Through the rest - ful night de - fend - ed, Glad our song of thanks we
2. We are met in school with glad - ness, Ea - ger each our tasks to
f
sing. I - dle thoughts and words are end - ed; Cheer - ful hearts to work we
learn. I - dle days must lead to sad - ness; We were born our bread to
p
bring. We are fee - ble, yet we're read - y; Cheer - ful tem - pers, fin - gers
earn. Youth is short-lived; life is press - ing; All our la - bors need a
f
p
stead - y; Quick-ly bring us through the day— Quick - ly bring us through the day.
bless-ing; God be with us through the day— God be with us through the day.

FLOWERS.

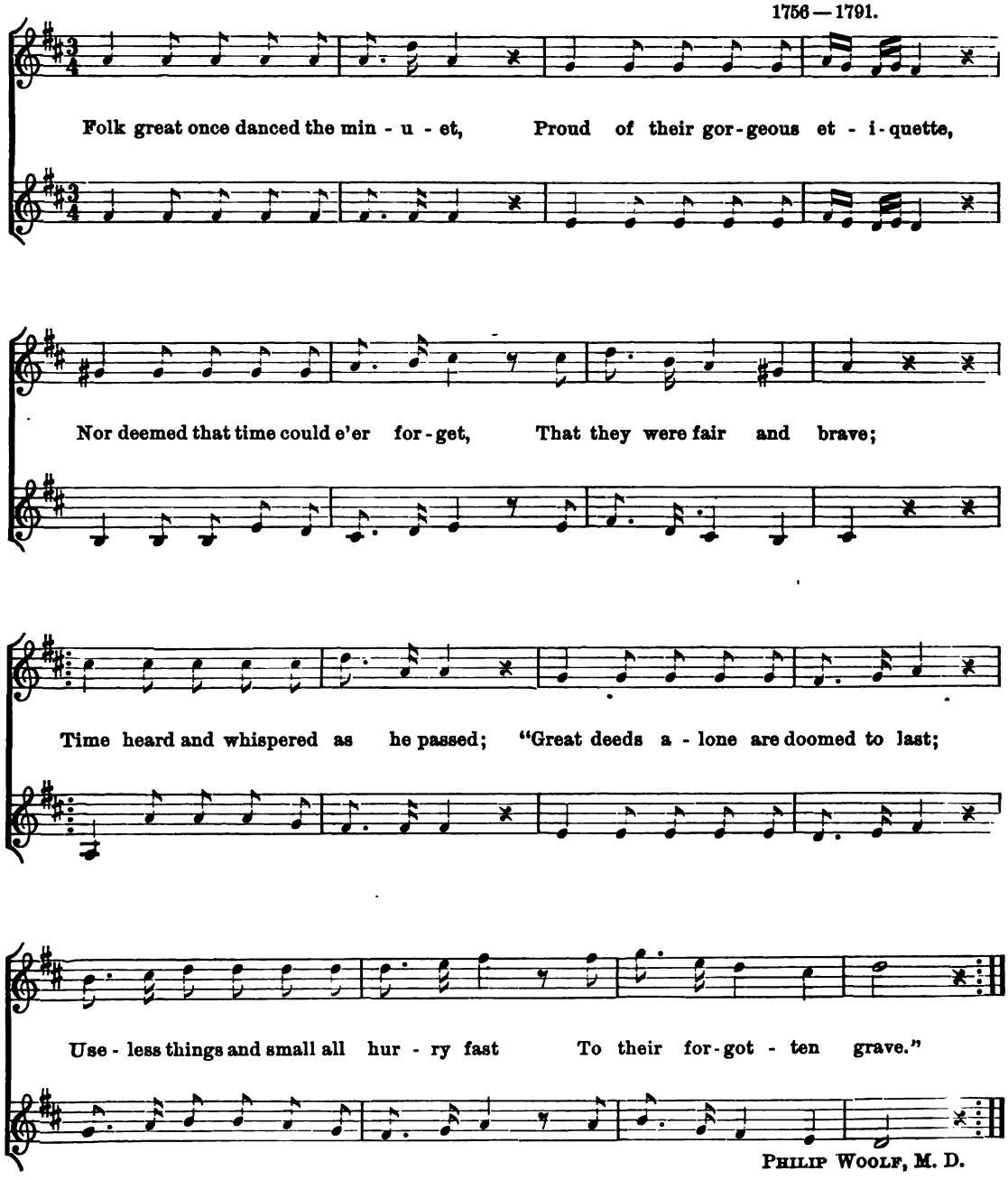
A. RANDEGGER, ART.


1. Buds and bells! Sweet A - pril pleas - ures, Spring - ing all a -
2. When the wea - ry lit - tle flow - ers Close their star - ry
3. Then He gives the pleas - ant wea - ther, Sun - shine warm and
4. Though we can - not hear you sing - ing Soft - ly chim - ing
round, White and gold and crim - son treas - ures,
eyes, By the dark and dew - y hours,
free, Mak - ing all things glad to - geth - er,
lays, Sure - ly God can see you bring - ing
From the cold un - love - ly ground! He who gave them
Strength and fresh - ness God sup - plies. He who sends the
Kind to them and kind to me. Love - ly flowers! He
Si - lent songs of word - less praise! Hears your an - them,
grace and hue, Made the lit - tle chil - dren too!
gen - tle dew, Cares for lit - tle chil - dren too!
love - eth you, And the lit - tle chil - dren too!
sweet and true, Hears the lit - tle chil - dren too!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.
1836—1879.

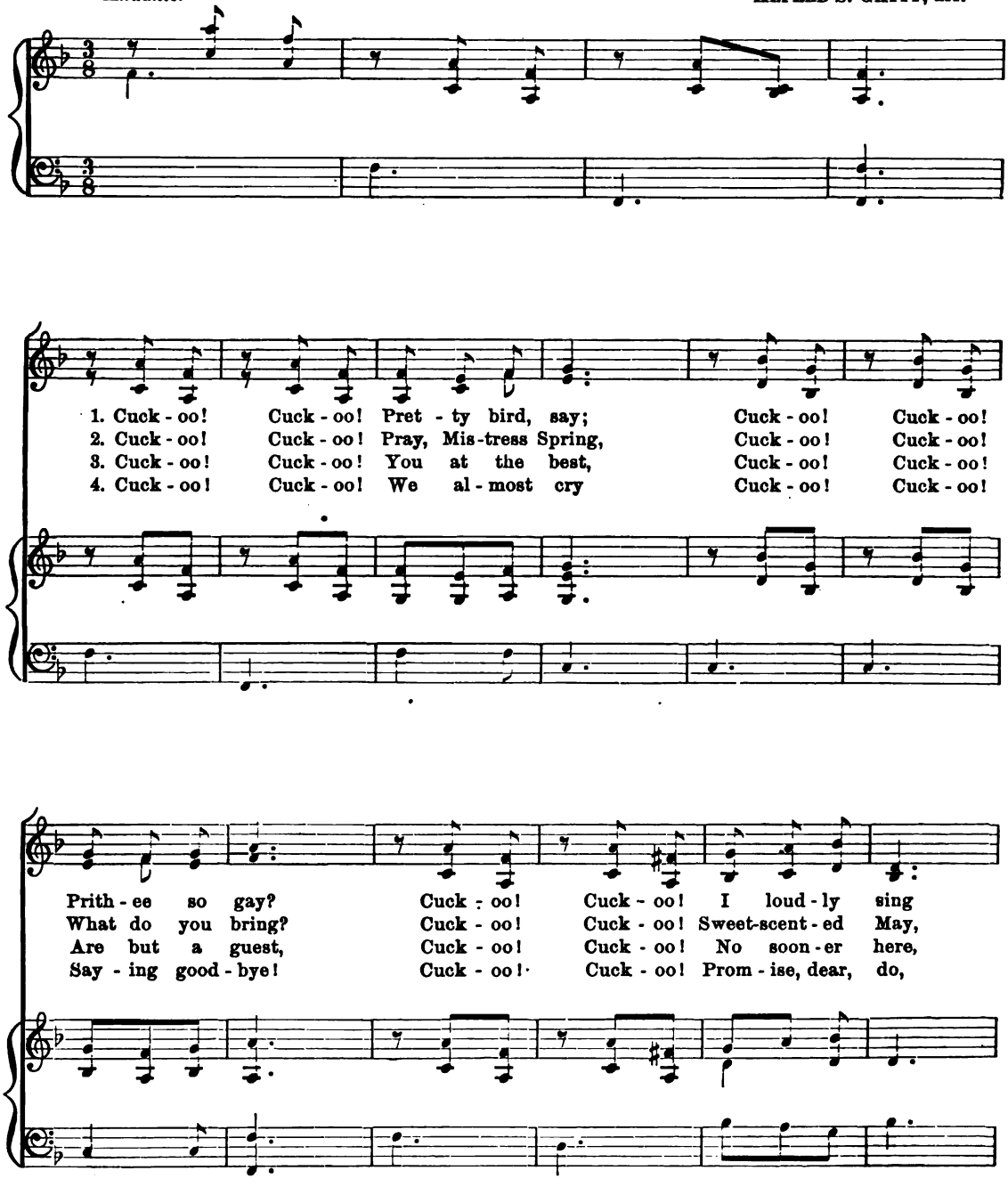
MINUET.

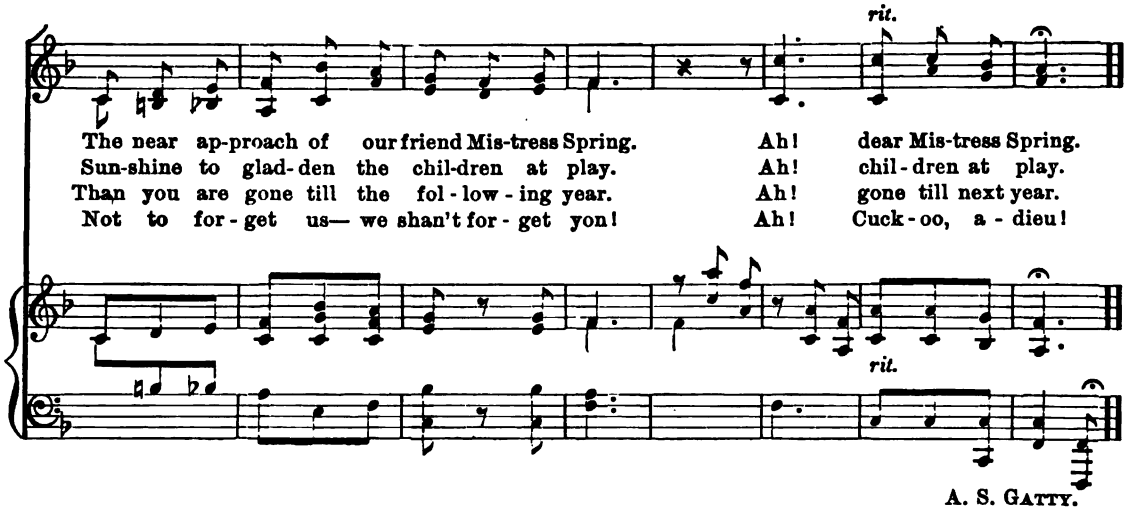
Arr. from "DON GIOVANNI."
MOZART.
1756—1791.


Folk great once danced the min - u - et, Proud of their gor-geous et - i-quette,
Nor deemed that time could e'er for-get, That they were fair and brave;
Time heard and whispered as he passed; "Great deeds a - lone are doomed to last;
Use - less things and small all hur - ry fast To their for-got - ten grave."

PHILIP WOOLF, M. D.

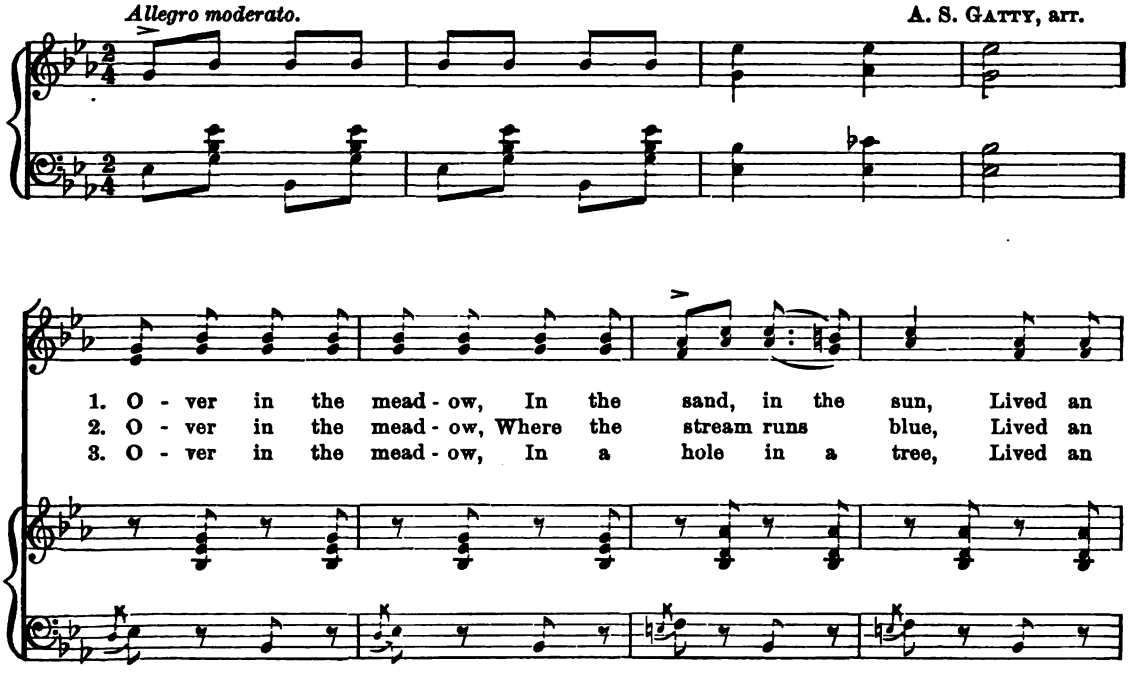
CUCKOO.

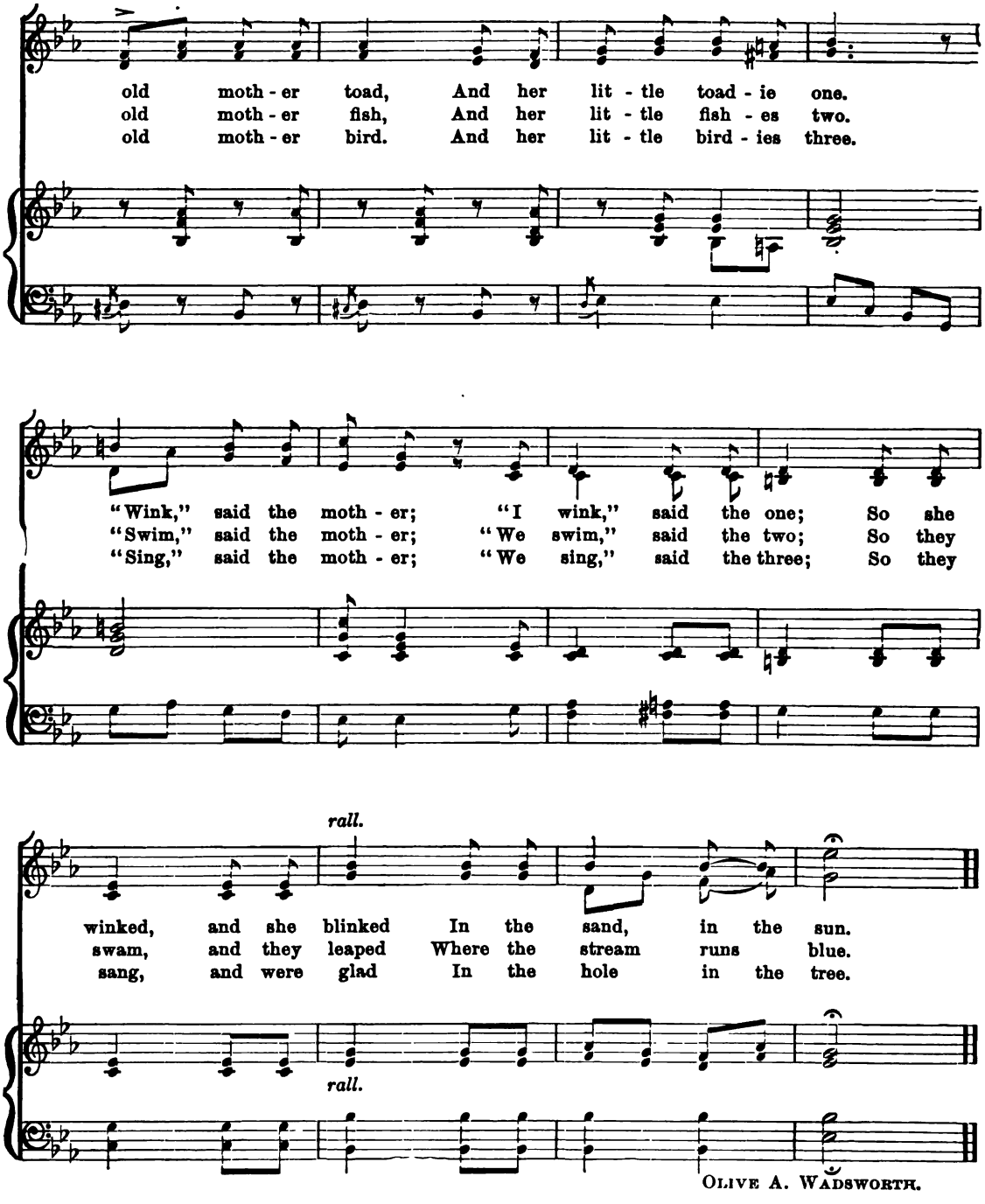
Andante. ALFRED S. GATTY, arr.

1. Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! Pret - ty bird, say; Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo!
2. Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! Pray, Mis-tress Spring, Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo!
3. Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! You at the best, Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo!
4. Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! We al - most cry Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo!
Prith - ee so gay? Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! I loud - ly sing
What do you bring? Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! Sweet-scent - ed May,
Are but a guest, Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! No soon - er here,
Say - ing good - bye! Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! Prom - ise, dear, do,

CUCKOO.

rit.
The near ap-proach of our friend Mis-tress Spring. Ah! dear Mis-tress Spring.
Sun-shine to glad-den the chil-dren at play. Ah! chil-dren at play.
Than you are gone till the fol-low-ing year. Ah! gone till next year.
Not to for-get us— we shan't for-get you! Ah! Cuck-oo, a-dieu!
rit.

A. S. GATTY.

OVER IN THE MEADOW.

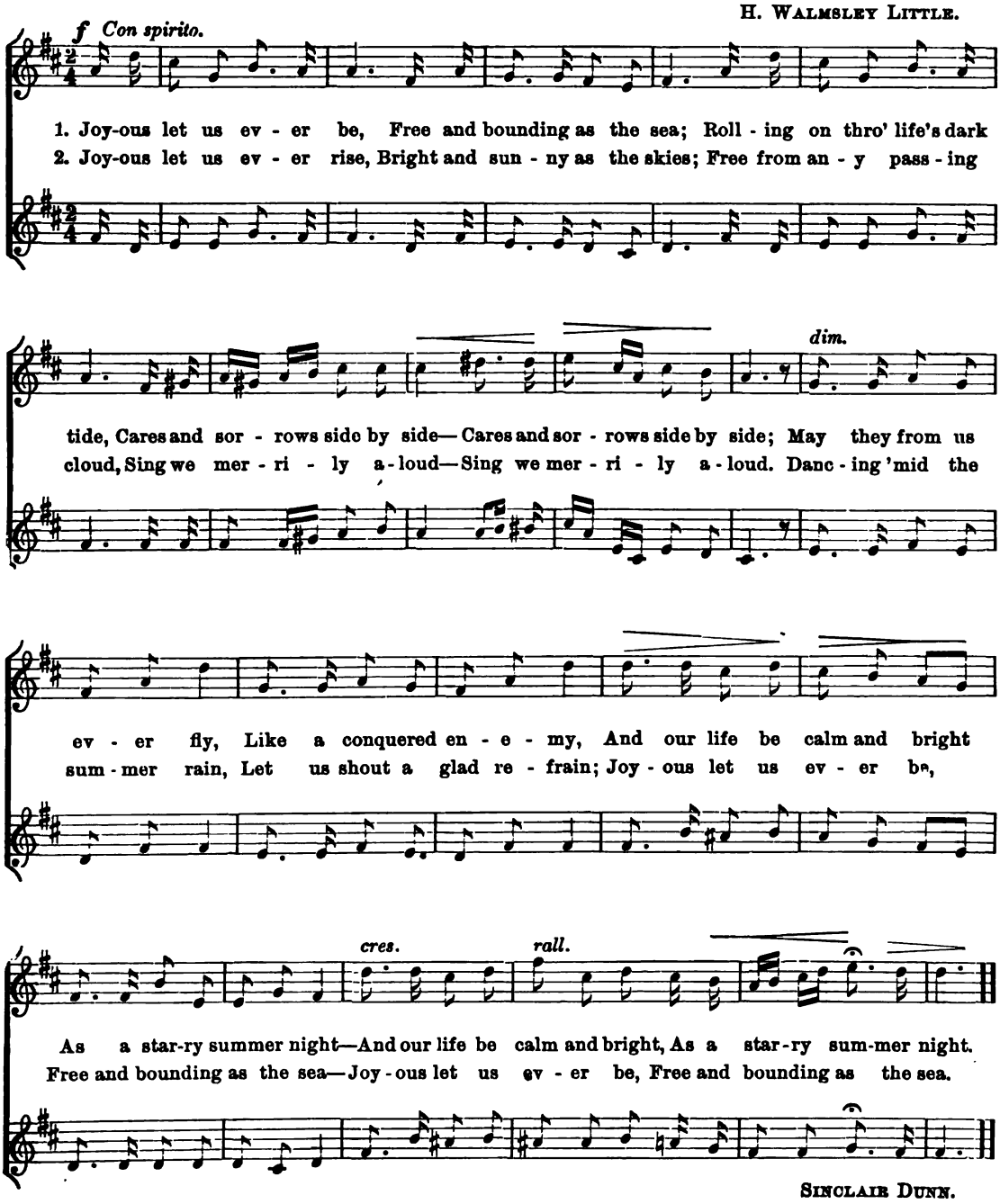

Allegro moderato.
A. S. GATTY, arr.
1. O-ver in the mead-ow, In the sand, in the sun, Lived an
2. O-ver in the mead-ow, Where the stream runs blue, Lived an
3. O-ver in the mead-ow, In a hole in a tree, Lived an

Over in the Meadow.

old moth - er toad, And her lit - tle toad - ie one.
old moth - er fish, And her lit - tle fish - es two.
old moth - er bird. And her lit - tle bird - ies three.
"Wink," said the moth - er; "I wink," said the one; So she
"Swim," said the moth - er; "We swim," said the two; So they
"Sing," said the moth - er; "We sing," said the three; So they
rall.
winked, and she blinked In the sand, in the sun.
swam, and they leaped Where the stream runs blue.
sang, and were glad In the hole in the tree.
rall.

Olive A. Wadsworth.

EVER JOYOUS.

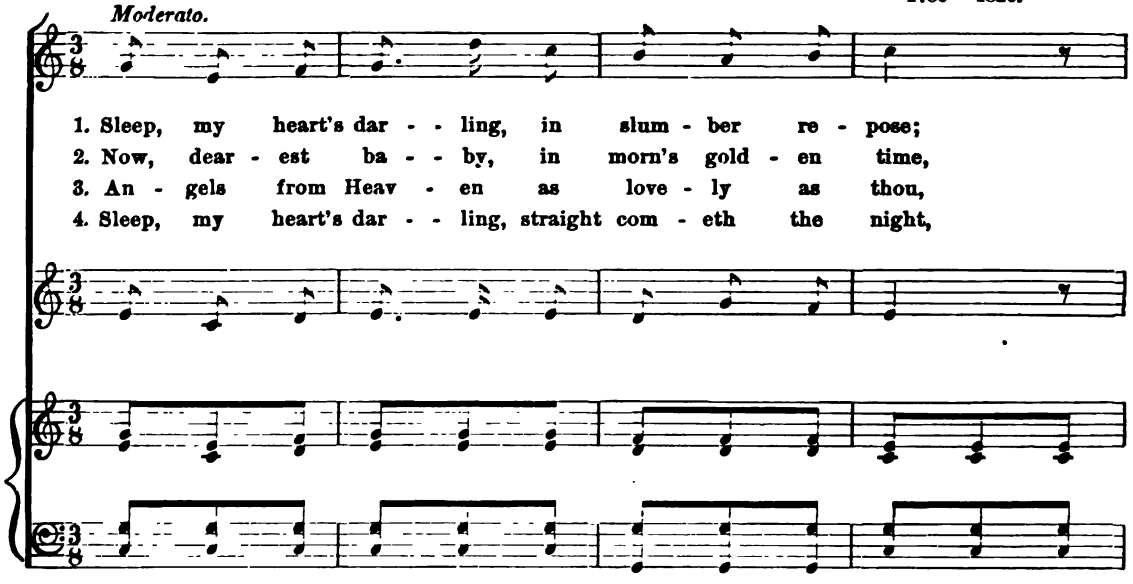
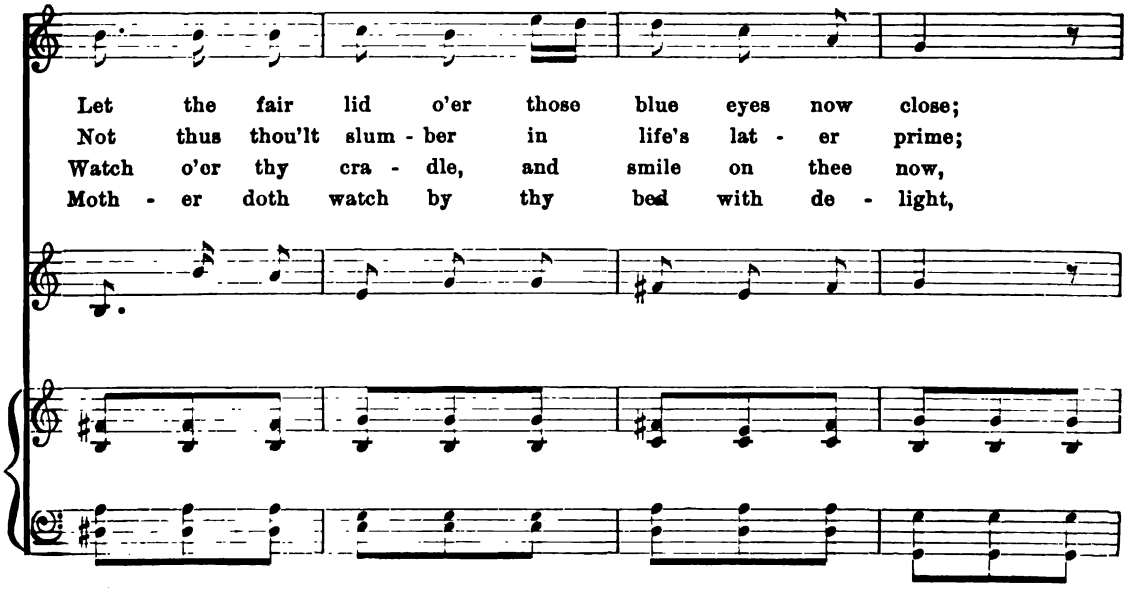
H. WALMSLEY LITTLE.

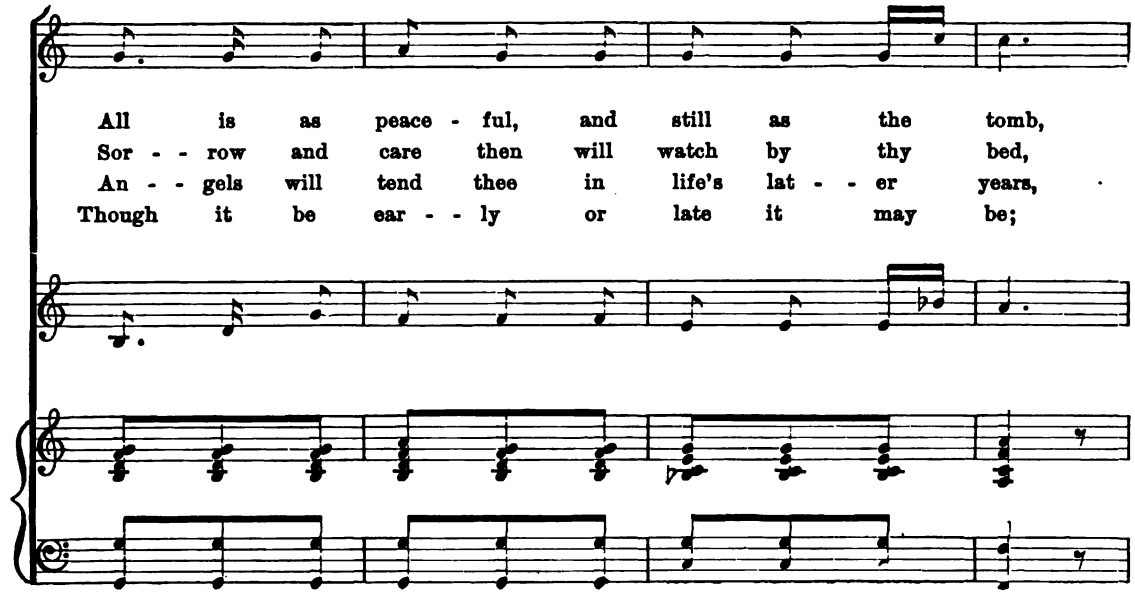

f Con spirito.
1. Joy-ous let us ev - er be, Free and bounding as the sea; Roll - ing on thro' life's dark
2. Joy-ous let us ev - er rise, Bright and sun - ny as the skies; Free from an - y pass - ing
dim.
tide, Cares and sor - rows side by side— Cares and sor - rows side by side; May they from us
cloud, Sing we mer - ri - ly a - loud— Sing we mer - ri - ly a - loud. Danc - ing 'mid the
ev - er fly, Like a conquered en - e - my, And our life be calm and bright
sum - mer rain, Let us shout a glad re - frain; Joy - ous let us ev - er be,
cres.
rall.
As a star-ry summer night—And our life be calm and bright, As a star-ry sum-mer night.
Free and bounding as the sea—Joy - ous let us ev - er be, Free and bounding as the sea.

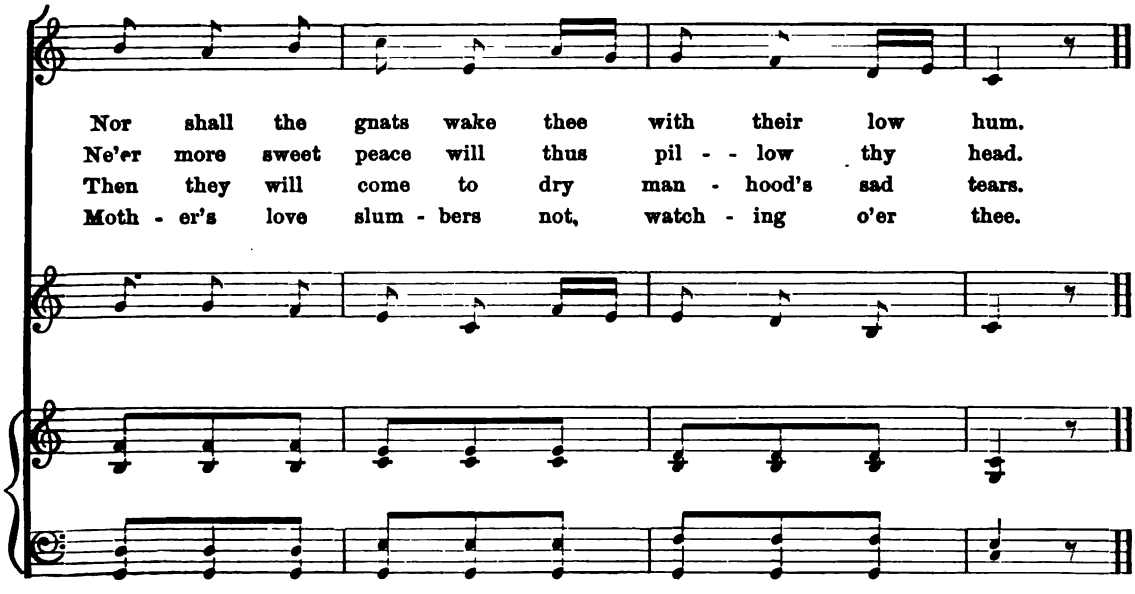
SINCLAIR DUNN.

CRADLE SONG.

C. M. VON WEBER, arr.
1786—1826.

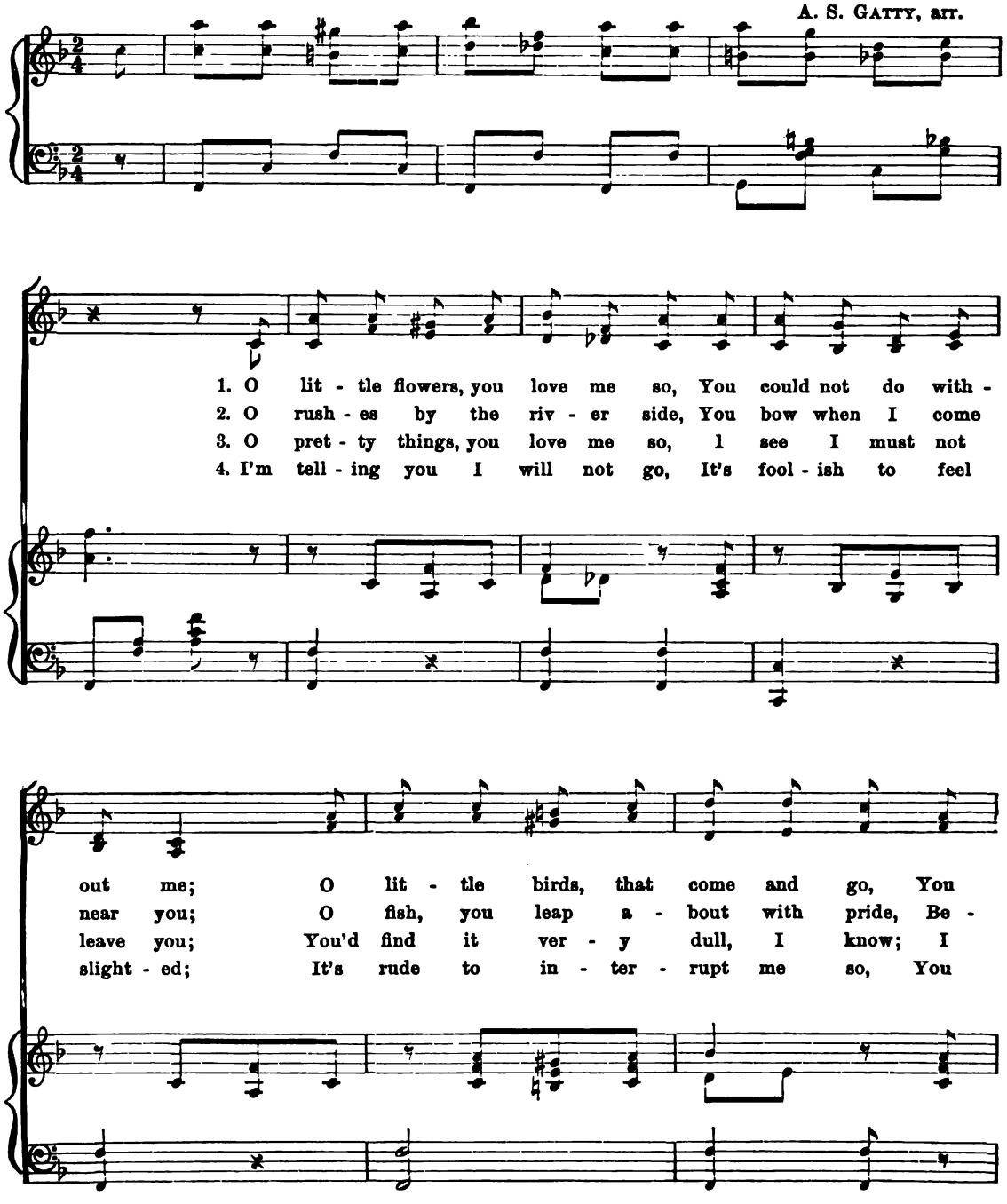
Moderato.

1. Sleep, my heart's dar - - ling, in slum - ber re - pose;
2. Now, dear - est ba - - by, in morn's gold - en time,
3. An - gels from Heav - en as love - ly as thou,
4. Sleep, my heart's dar - - ling, straight com - eth the night,

Let the fair lid o'er those blue eyes now close;
Not thus thou'lt slum - ber in life's lat - er prime;
Watch o'er thy cra - dle, and smile on thee now,
Moth - er doth watch by thy bed with de - light,

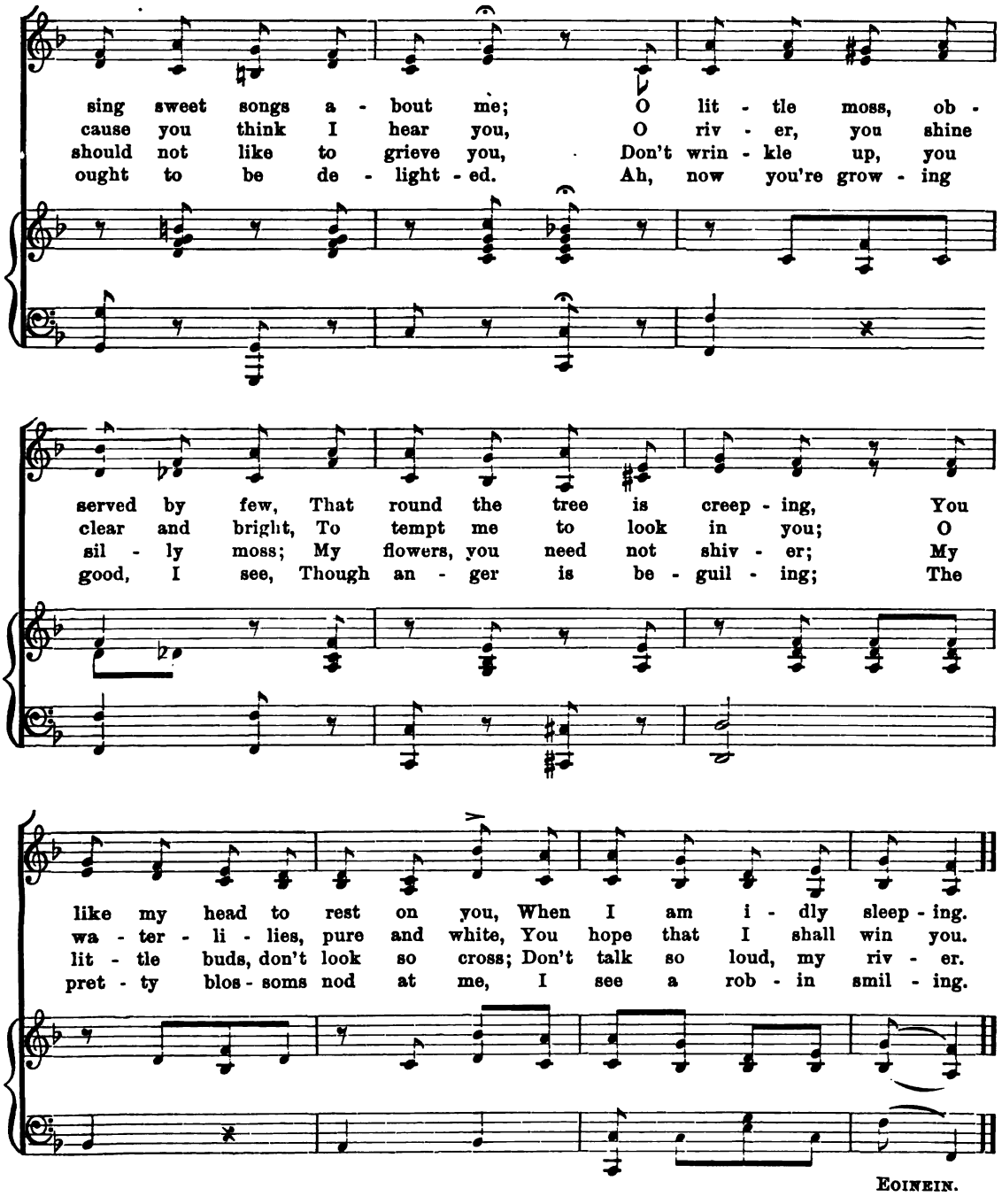
CRADLE SONG.

All is as peace - ful, and still as the tomb,
Sor - - row and care then will watch by thy bed,
An - - gels will tend thee in life's lat - - er years,
Though it be ear - - ly or late it may be;


Nor shall the gnats wake thee with their low hum.
Ne'er more sweet peace will thus pil - - low thy head.
Then they will come to dry man - hood's sad tears.
Moth - er's love slum - bers not, watch - ing o'er thee.

F. K. HEIMER.

A CHILD'S FANCY.

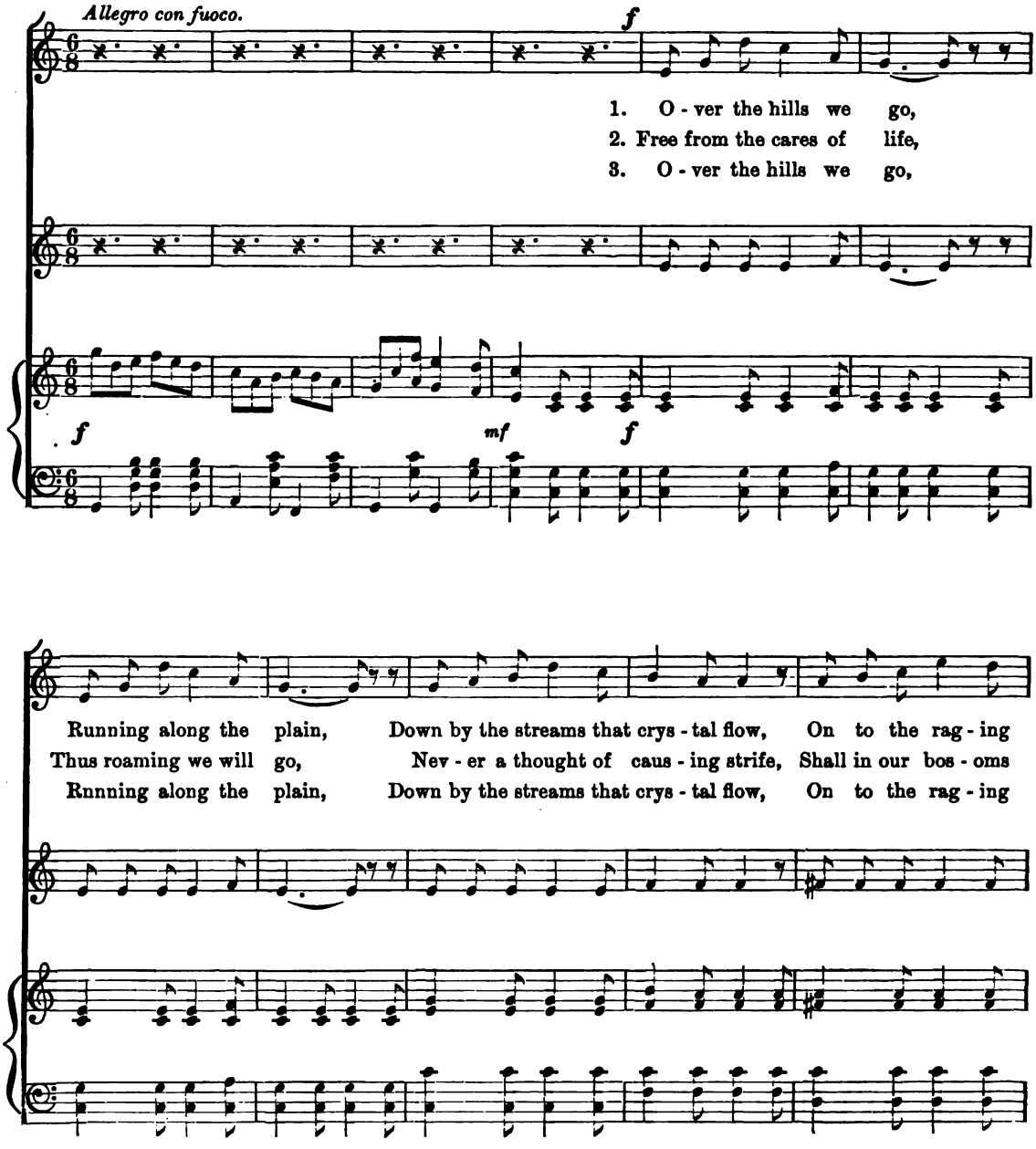
A. S. GATTY, arr.

1. O lit - tle flowers, you love me so, You could not do with -
2. O rush - es by the riv - er side, You bow when I come
3. O pret - ty things, you love me so, I see I must not
4. I'm tell - ing you I will not go, It's fool - ish to feel
out me; O lit - tle birds, that come and go, You
near you; O fish, you leap a - bout with pride, Be -
leave you; You'd find it ver - y dull, I know; I
slight - ed; It's rude to in - ter - rupt me so, You

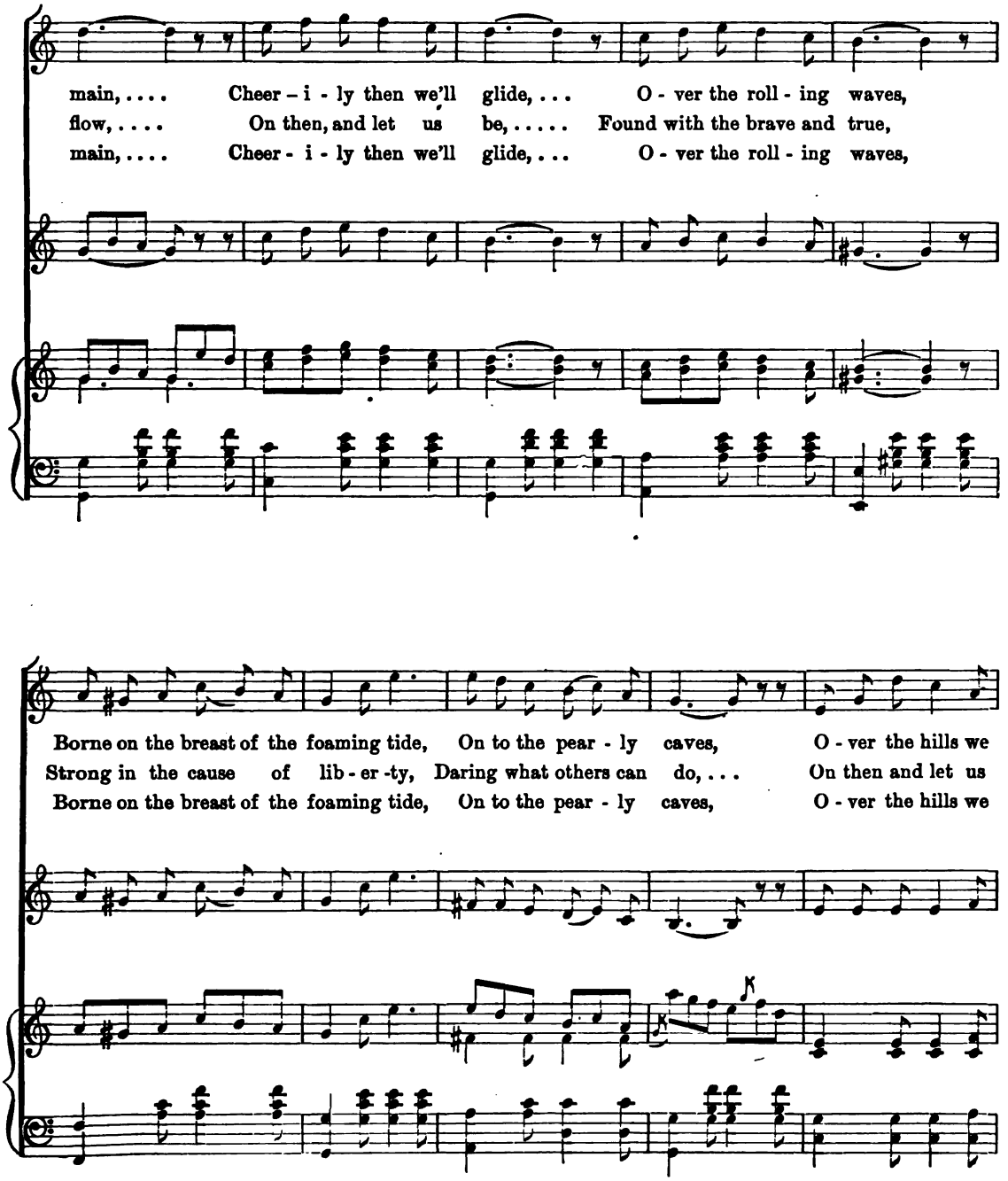
A CHILD'S FANCY.

sing sweet songs a - bout me; O lit - tle moss, ob -
cause you think I hear you, O riv - er, you shine
should not like to grieve you, Don't wrin - kle up, you
ought to be de - light - ed. Ah, now you're grow - ing
served by few, That round the tree is creep - ing, You
clear and bright, To tempt me to look in you; O
sil - ly moss; My flowers, you need not shiv - er; My
good, I see, Though an - ger is be - guil - ing; The
like my head to rest on you, When I am i - dly sleep - ing.
wa - ter - li - lies, pure and white, You hope that I shall win you.
lit - tle buds, don't look so cross; Don't talk so loud, my riv - er.
pret - ty blos - soms nod at me, I see a rob - in smil - ing.

EOINEIN.

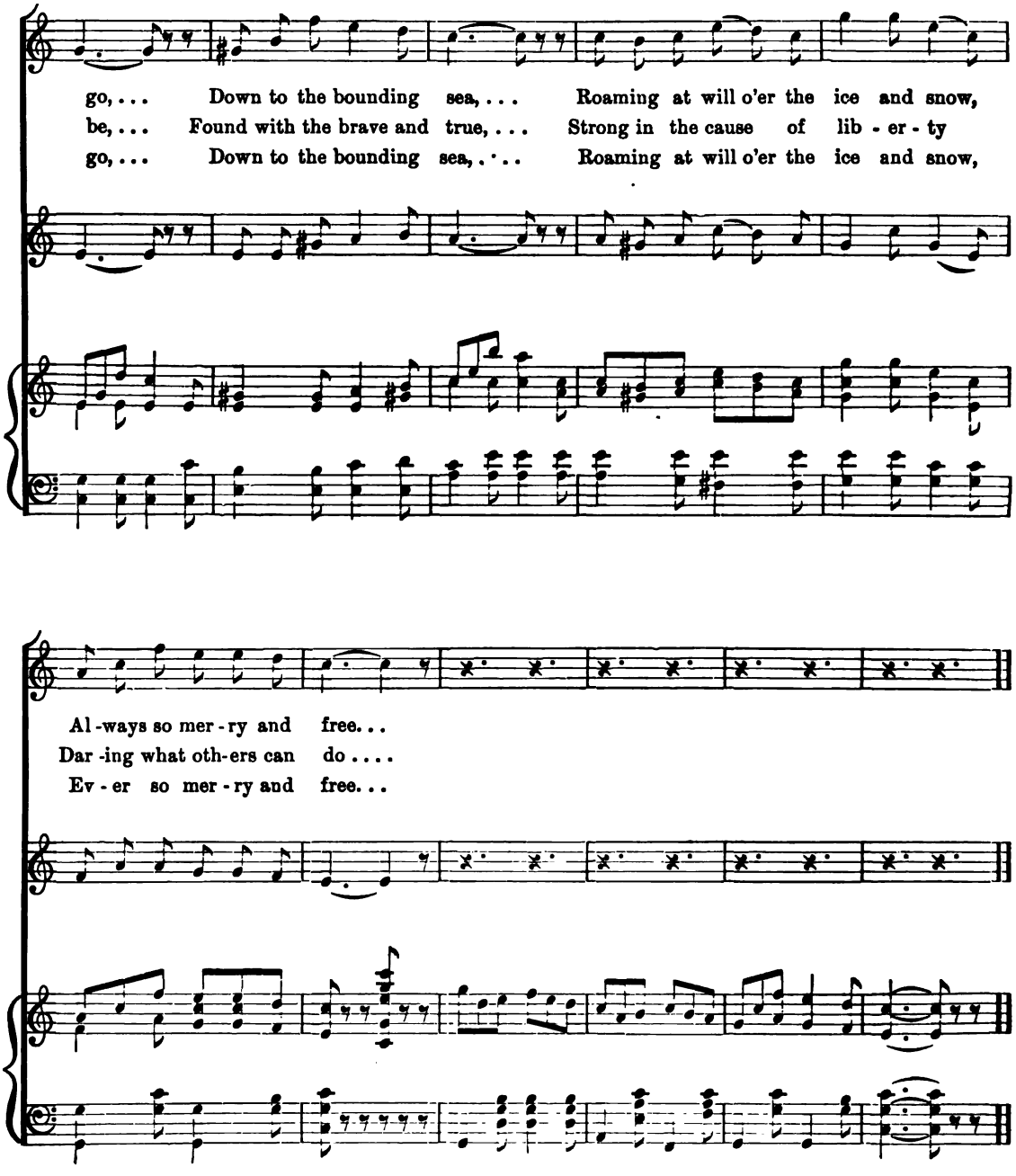
OVER THE HILLS WE GO.

H. WALMESLEY LITTLE, arr.


Allegro con fuoco.
f
1. O - ver the hills we go,
2. Free from the cares of life,
3. O - ver the hills we go,
f
mf
f
Running along the plain, Down by the streams that crys - tal flow, On to the rag - ing
Thus roaming we will go, Nev - er a thought of caus - ing strife, Shall in our bos - oms
Rnnning along the plain, Down by the streams that crys - tal flow, On to the rag - ing

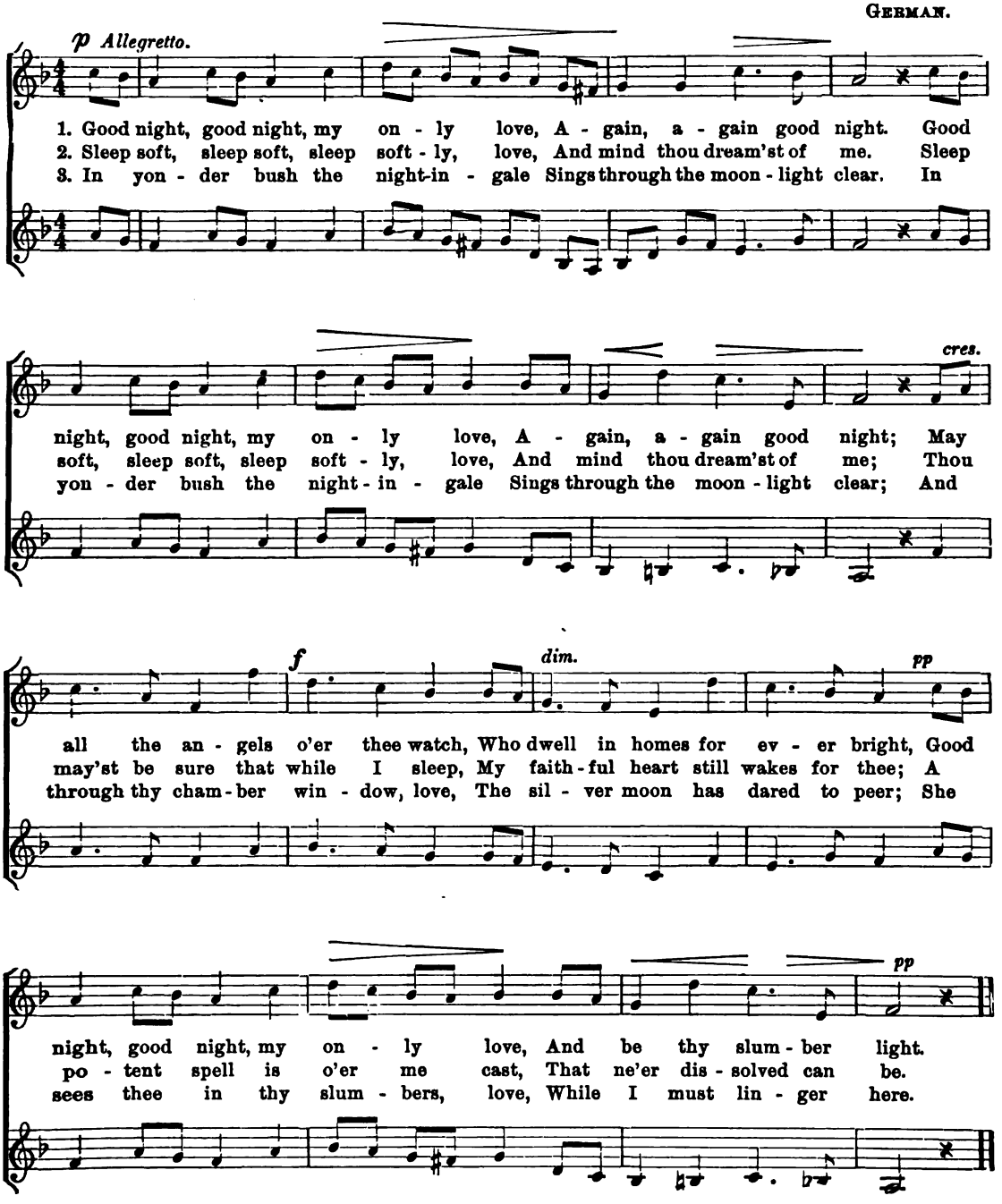
OVER THE HILLS WE GO.

main, ... Cheer – i - ly then we'll glide, . . . O - ver the roll - ing waves,
flow, ... On then, and let us be, ... Found with the brave and true,
main, ... Cheer - i - ly then we'll glide, . . . O - ver the roll - ing waves,
Borne on the breast of the foaming tide, On to the pear - ly caves, O - ver the hills we
Strong in the cause of lib - er -ty, Daring what others can do, . . . On then and let us
Borne on the breast of the foaming tide, On to the pear - ly caves, O - ver the hills we

OVER THE HILLS WE GO.


go, . . . Down to the bounding sea, . . . Roaming at will o'er the ice and snow,
be, . . . Found with the brave and true, . . . Strong in the cause of lib - er - ty
go, . . . Down to the bounding sea, . . . Roaming at will o'er the ice and snow,
Al - ways so mer - ry and free. . .
Dar - ing what oth-ers can do . . . .
Ev - er so mer - ry and free. . .

SINCLAIR DUNN.

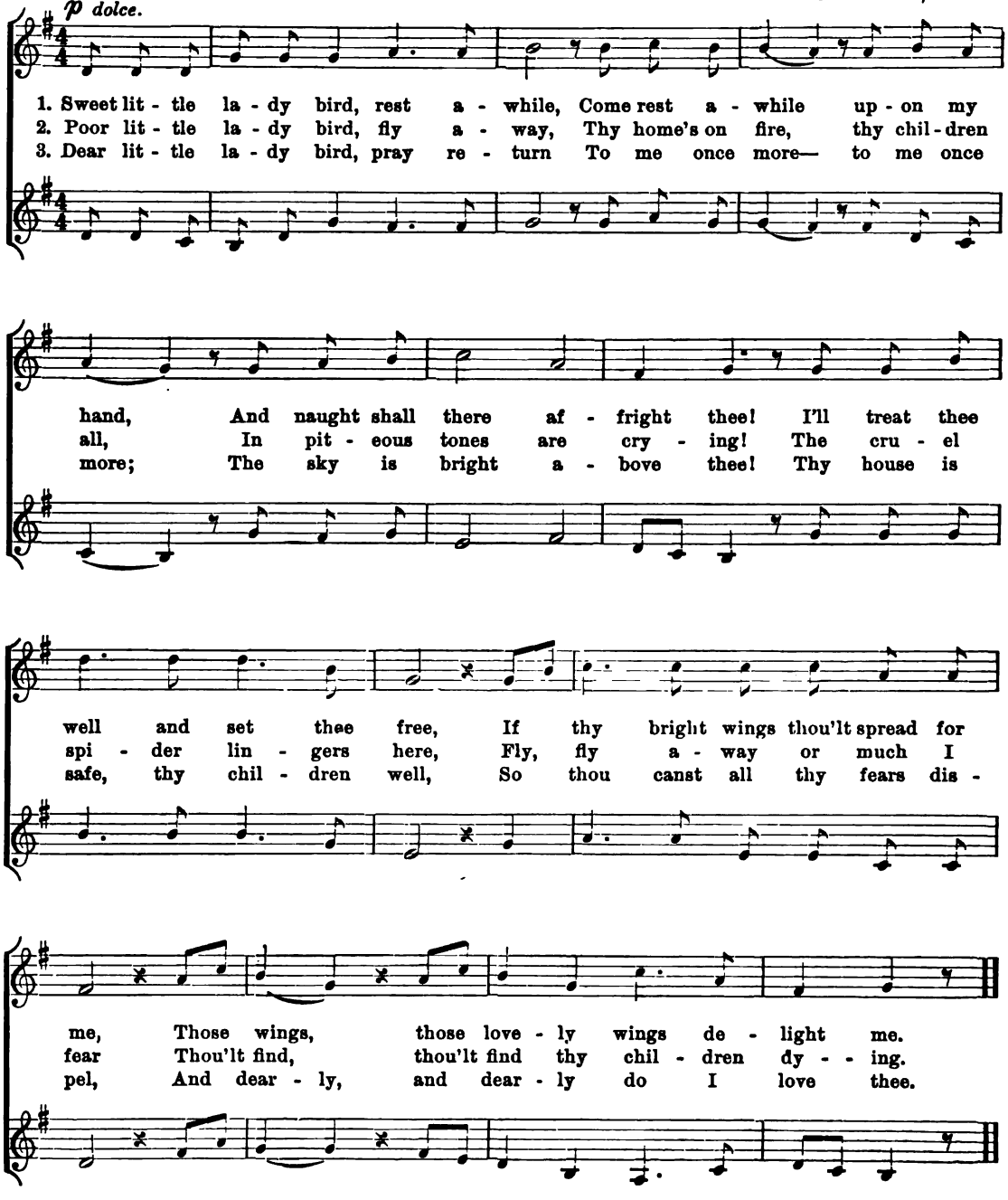
GOOD NIGHT.

GERMAN.

p Allegretto.
1. Good night, good night, my on - ly love, A - gain, a - gain good night. Good
2. Sleep soft, sleep soft, sleep soft - ly, love, And mind thou dream'st of me. Sleep
3. In yon - der bush the night-in - gale Sings through the moon - light clear. In
cres.
night, good night, my on - ly love, A - gain, a - gain good night; May
soft, sleep soft, sleep soft - ly, love, And mind thou dream'st of me; Thou
yon - der bush the night - in - gale Sings through the moon - light clear; And
f
dim.
pp
all the an - gels o'er thee watch, Who dwell in homes for ev - er bright, Good
may'st be sure that while I sleep, My faith - ful heart still wakes for thee; A
through thy cham - ber win - dow, love, The sil - ver moon has dared to peer; She
pp
night, good night, my on - ly love, And be thy slum - ber light.
po - tent spell is o'er me cast, That ne'er dis - solved can be.
sees thee in thy slum - bers, love, While I must lin - ger here.

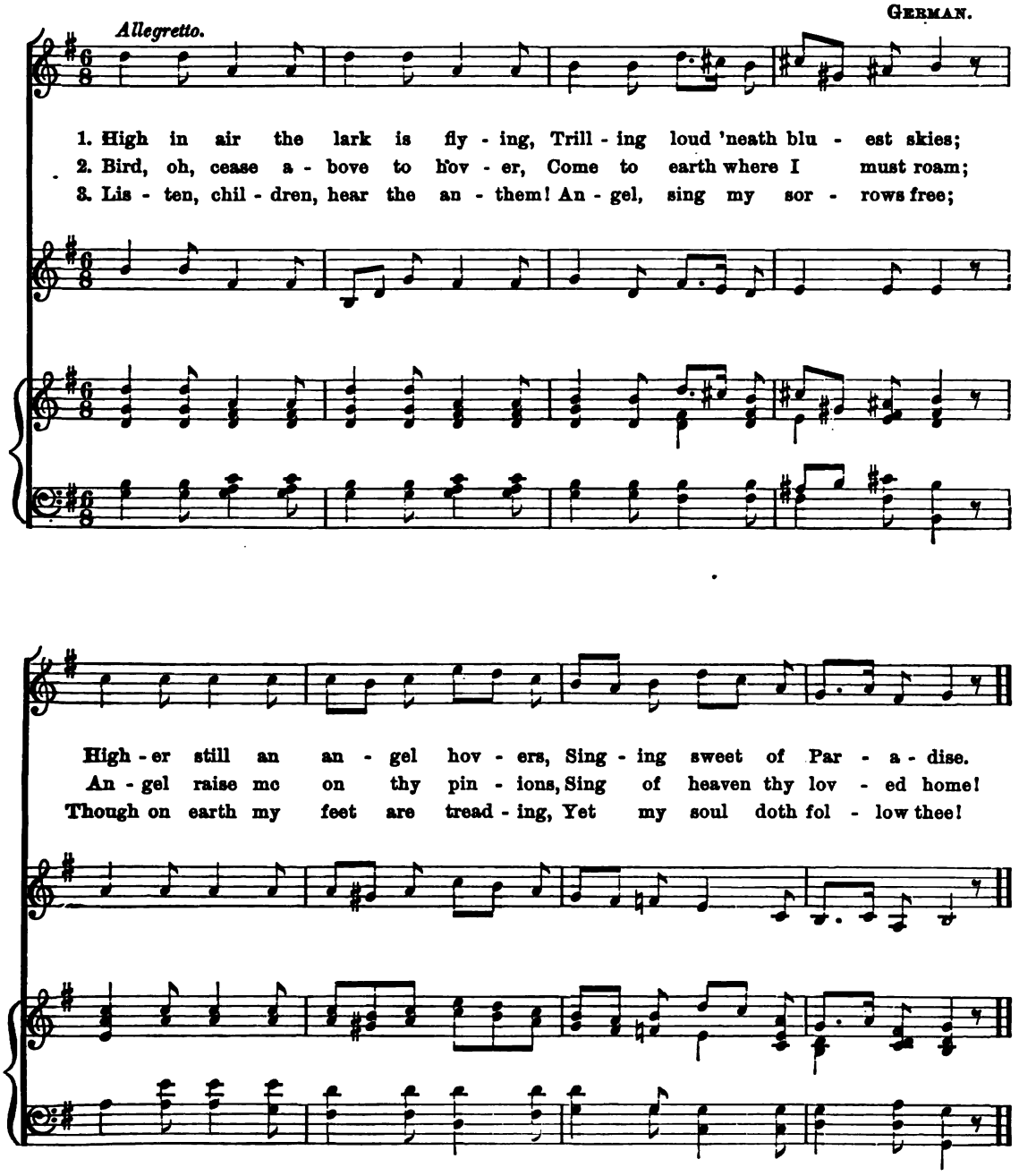
LADY BIRD.

Andante.
p dolce.

J. BRAHMS, arr.


1. Sweet lit - tle la - dy bird, rest a - while, Come rest a - while up - on my
2. Poor lit - tle la - dy bird, fly a - way, Thy home's on fire, thy chil - dren
3. Dear lit - tle la - dy bird, pray re - turn To me once more— to me once
hand, And naught shall there af - fright thee! I'll treat thee
all, In pit - eous tones are cry - ing! The cru - el
more; The sky is bright a - bove thee! Thy house is
well and set thee free, If thy bright wings thou'lt spread for
spi - der lin - gers here, Fly, fly a - way or much I
safe, thy chil - dren well, So thou canst all thy fears dis -
me, Those wings, those love - ly wings de - light me.
fear Thou'lt find, thou'lt find thy chil - dren dy - - ing.
pel, And dear - ly, and dear - ly do I love thee.

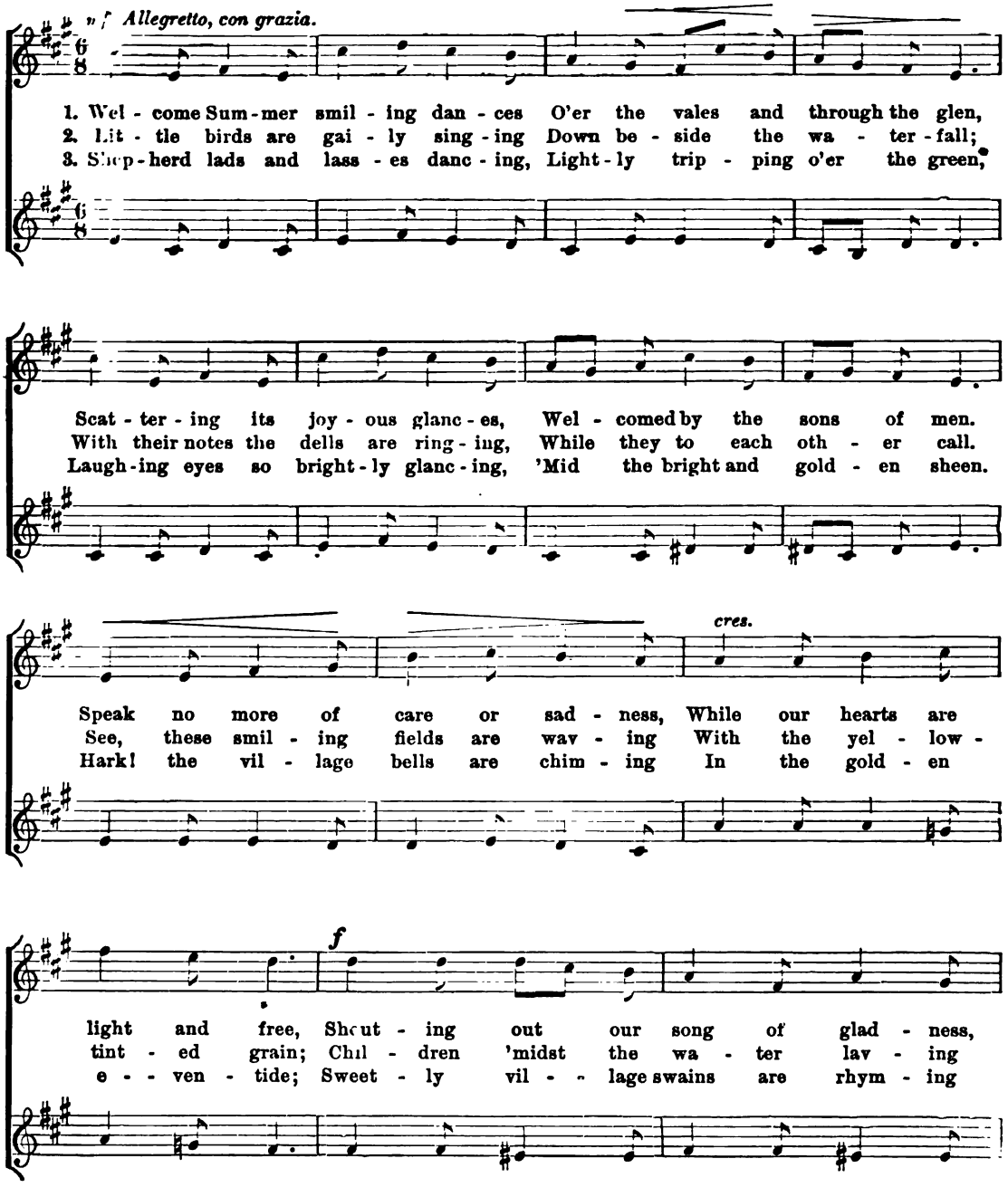
BIRD AND ANGEL.

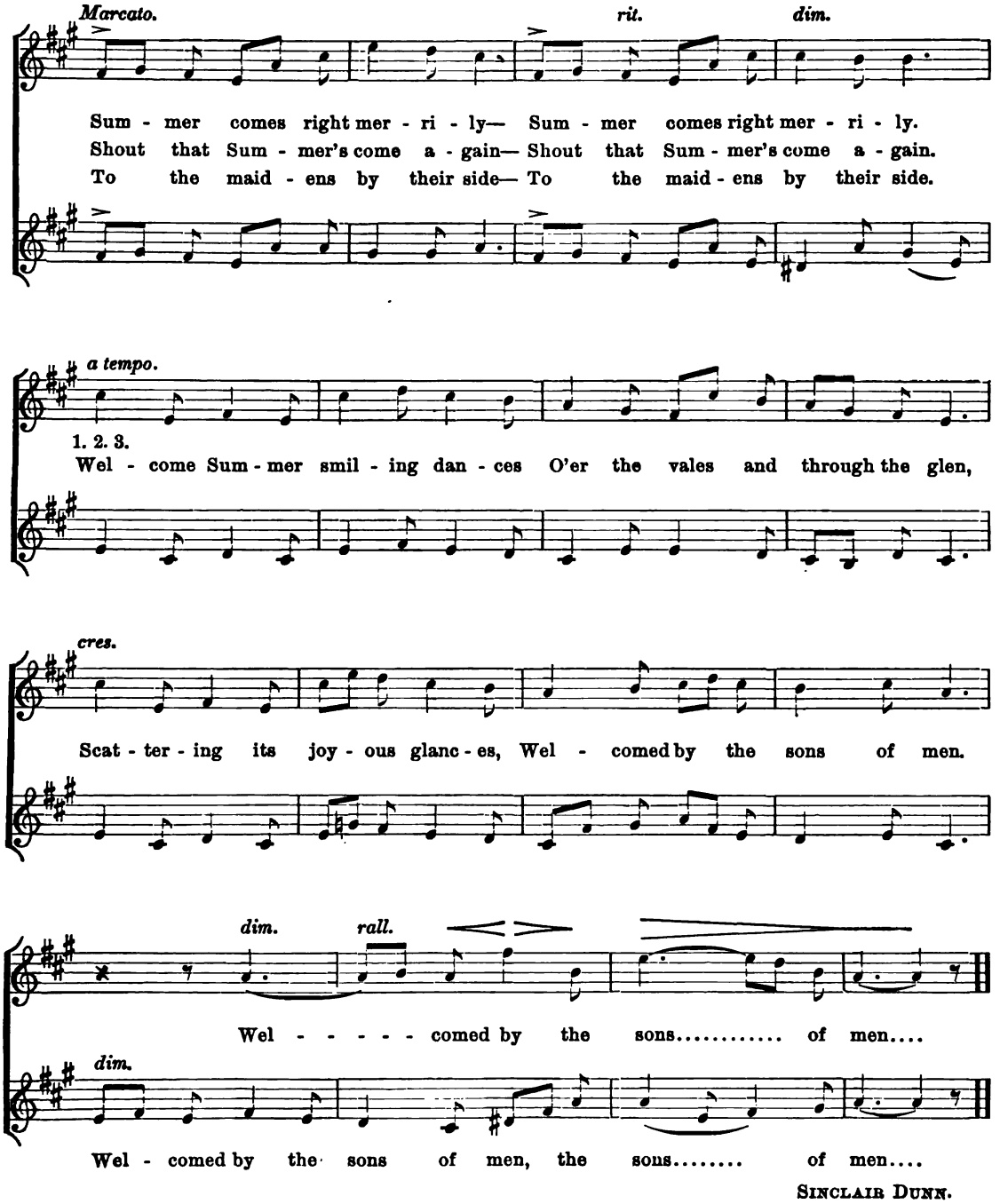
GERMAN.

Allegretto.
1. High in air the lark is fly - ing, Trill - ing loud 'neath blu - est skies;
2. Bird, oh, cease a - bove to hov - er, Come to earth where I must roam;
3. Lis - ten, chil - dren, hear the an - them! An - gel, sing my sor - rows free;
High - er still an an - gel hov - ers, Sing - ing sweet of Par - a - dise.
An - gel raise me on thy pin - ions, Sing of heaven thy lov - ed home!
Though on earth my feet are tread - ing, Yet my soul doth fol - low thee!

GER. tr. by PHILIP WOOLF, M. D.

WELCOME SUMMER.

H. WALMSLEY LITTLE.

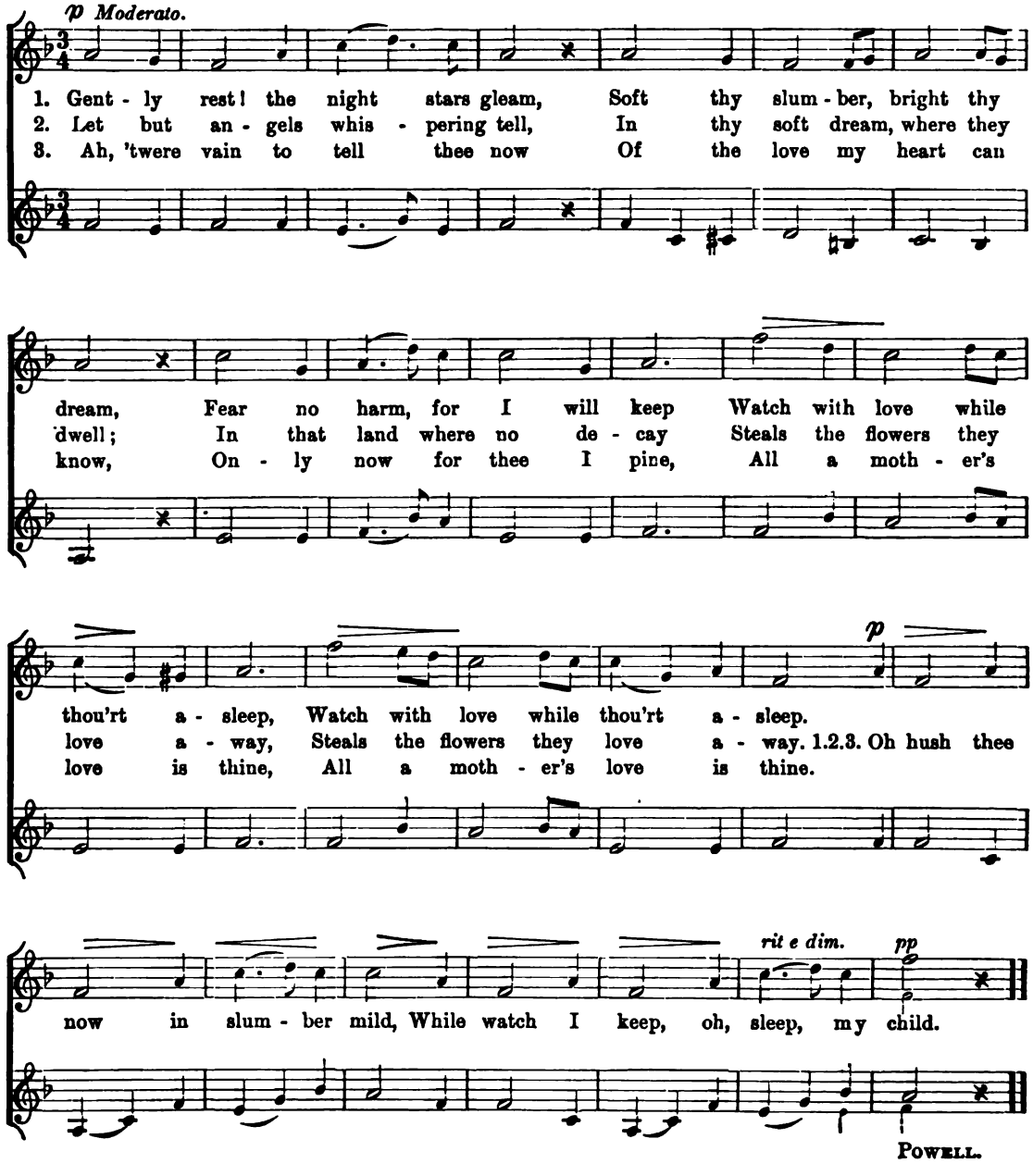

mf Allegretto, con grazia.
1. Wel - come Sum - mer smil - ing dan - ces O'er the vales and through the glen,
2. Lit - tle birds are gai - ly sing - ing Down be - side the wa - ter - fall;
3. Shep - herd lads and lass - es danc - ing, Light - ly trip - ping o'er the green,
Scat - ter - ing its joy - ous glanc - es, Wel - comed by the sons of men.
With their notes the dells are ring - ing, While they to each oth - er call.
Laugh - ing eyes so bright - ly glanc - ing, 'Mid the bright and gold - en sheen.
cres.
Speak no more of care or sad - ness, While our hearts are
See, these smil - ing fields are wav - ing With the yel - low -
Hark! the vil - lage bells are chim - ing In the gold - en
f
light and free, Shout - ing out our song of glad - ness,
tint - ed grain; Chil - dren 'midst the wa - ter lav - ing
e - - ven - tide; Sweet - ly vil - - lage swains are rhym - ing

WELCOME SUMMER.

Marcato.
rit.
dim.
Sum - mer comes right mer - ri - ly— Sum - mer comes right mer - ri - ly.
Shout that Sum - mer's come a - gain— Shout that Sum - mer's come a - gain.
To the maid - ens by their side— To the maid - ens by their side.
a tempo.
1. 2. 3.
Wel - come Sum - mer smil - ing dan - ces O'er the vales and through the glen,
cres.
Scat - ter - ing its joy - ous glanc - es, Wel - comed by the sons of men.
dim.
rall.
Wel - - - - - comed by the sons..... of men....
dim.
Wel - comed by the sons of men, the sons..... of men....

SINCLAIR DUNN.

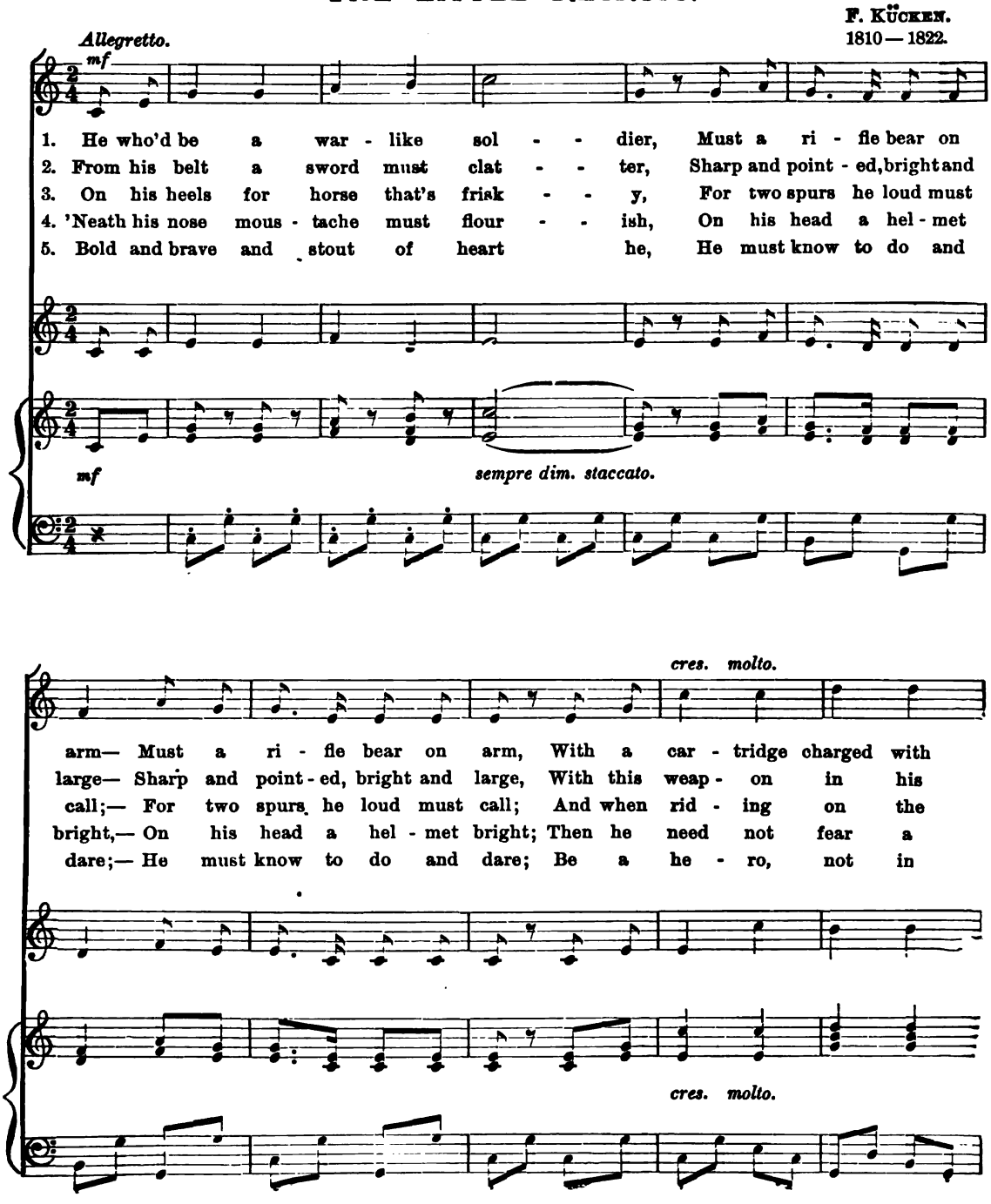
THE MOTHER'S SONG.

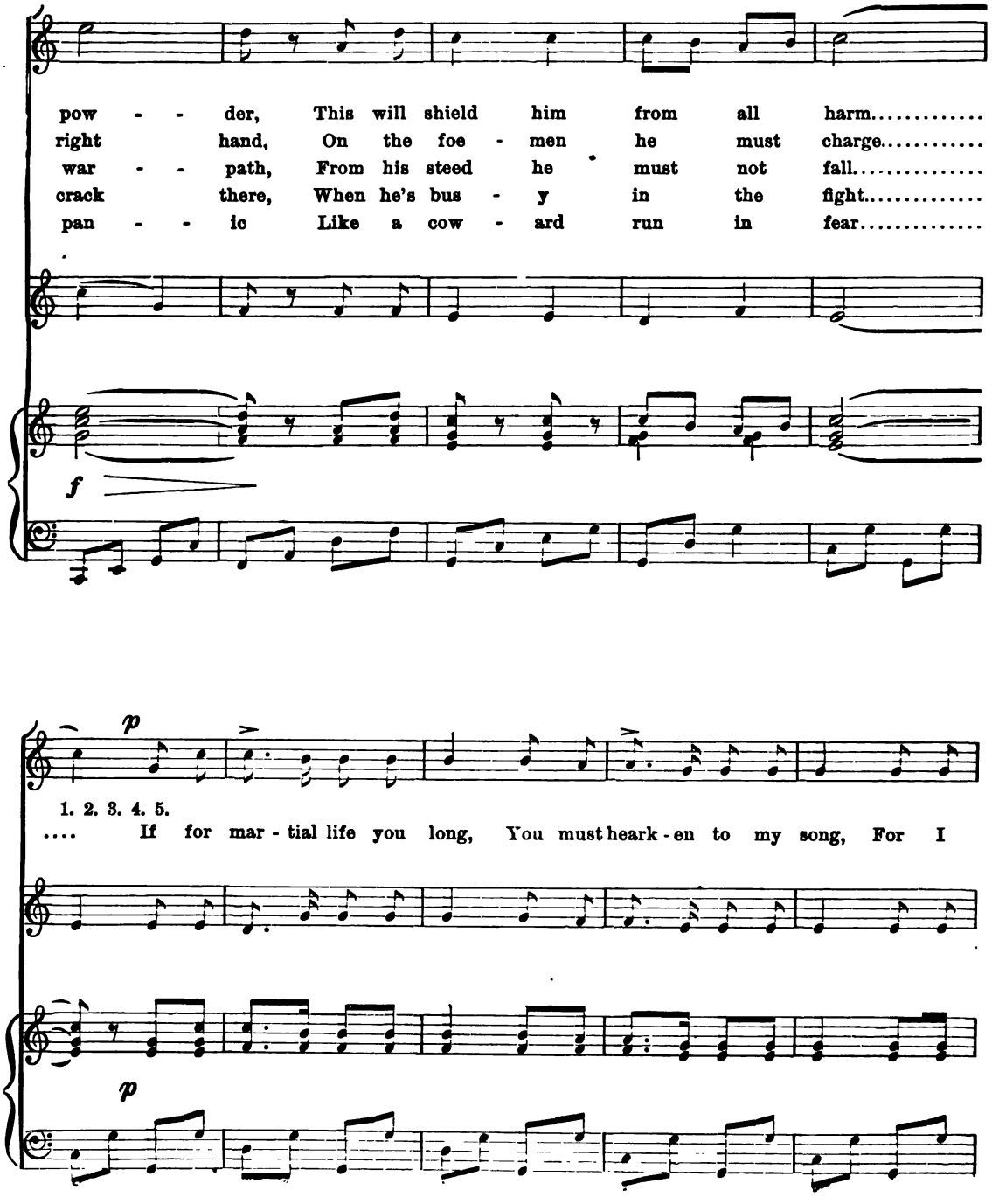
F KÜCKEN, arr.
1810 — 1882.

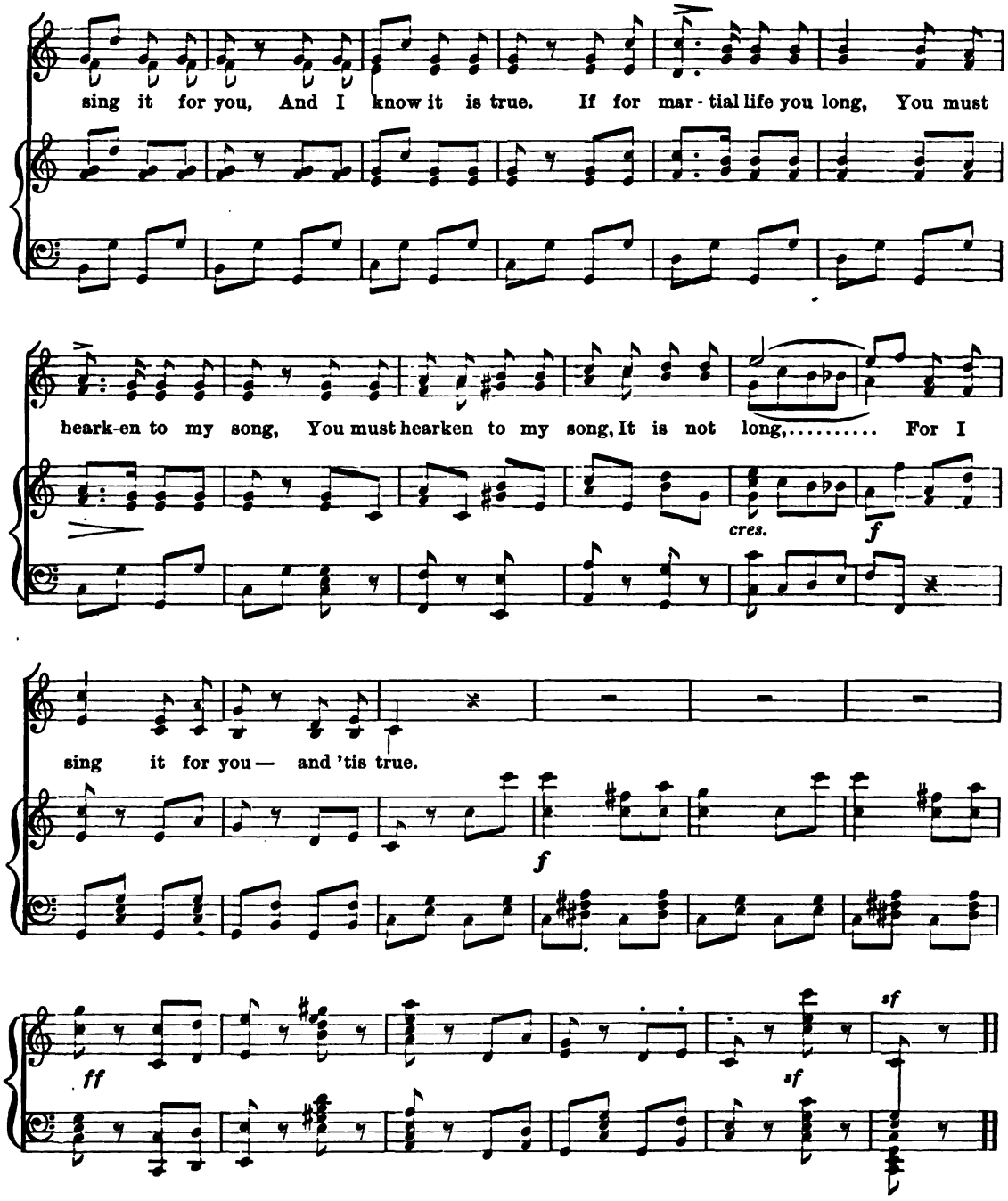

p Moderato.
1. Gent - ly rest! the night stars gleam, Soft thy slum - ber, bright thy
2. Let but an - gels whis - pering tell, In thy soft dream, where they
3. Ah, 'twere vain to tell thee now Of the love my heart can
dream, Fear no harm, for I will keep Watch with love while
dwell; In that land where no de - cay Steals the flowers they
know, On - ly now for thee I pine, All a moth - er's
thou'rt a - sleep, Watch with love while thou'rt a - sleep.
love a - way, Steals the flowers they love a - way. 1.2.3. Oh hush thee
love is thine, All a moth - er's love is thine.
p
rit e dim.
pp
now in slum - ber mild, While watch I keep, oh, sleep, my child.

POWELL.

THE LITTLE RECRUIT.

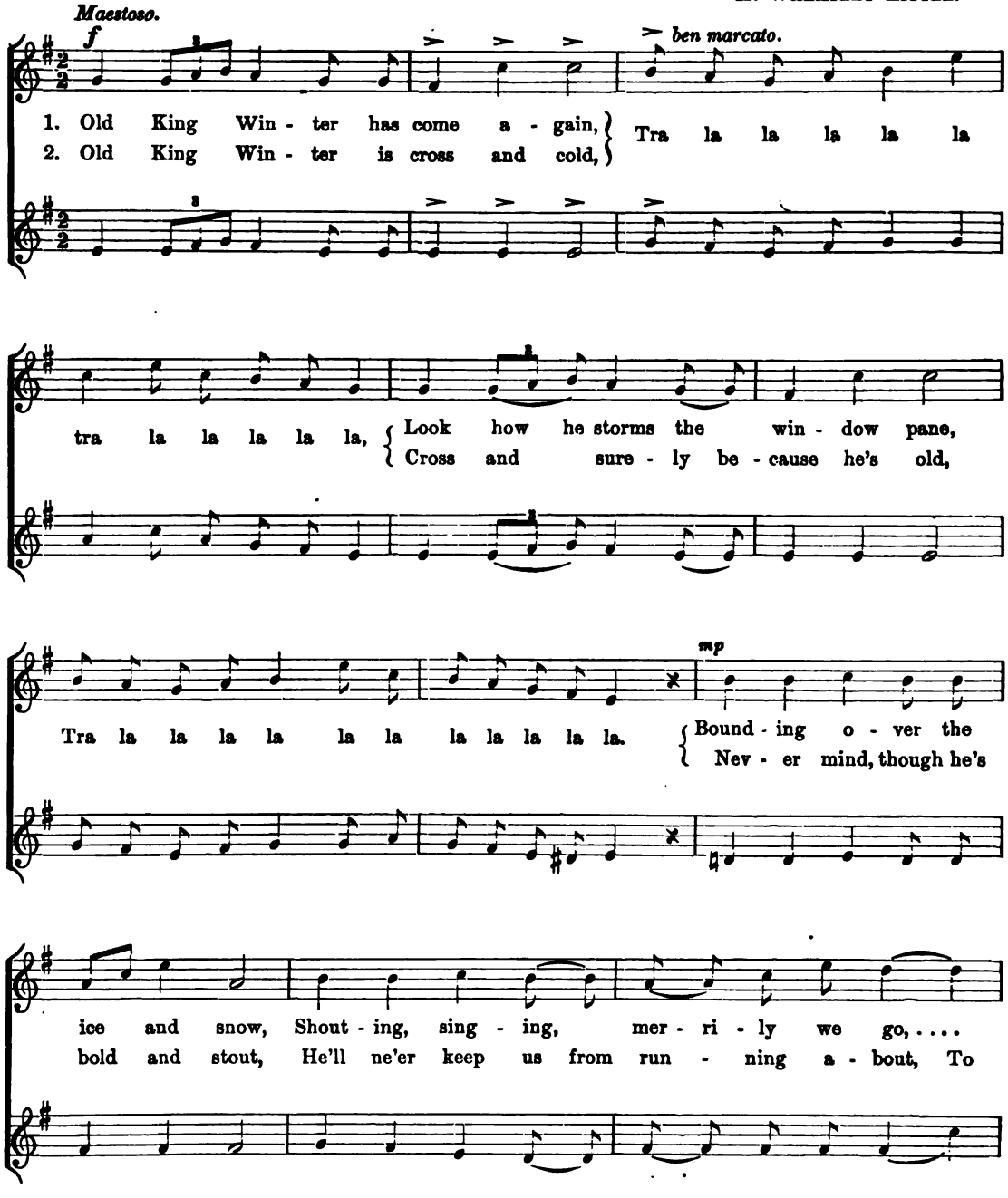
F. KÜCKEN.
1810—1822.

Allegretto.
mf
1. He who'd be a war - like sol - - dier, Must a ri - fle bear on
2. From his belt a sword must clat - - ter, Sharp and point - ed, bright and
3. On his heels for horse that's frisk - - y, For two spurs he loud must
4. 'Neath his nose mous - tache must flour - - ish, On his head a hel - met
5. Bold and brave and stout of heart he, He must know to do and
mf
sempre dim. staccato.
cres. molto.
arm— Must a ri - fle bear on arm, With a car - tridge charged with
large— Sharp and point - ed, bright and large, With this weap - on in his
call;— For two spurs he loud must call; And when rid - ing on the
bright,— On his head a hel - met bright; Then he need not fear a
dare;— He must know to do and dare; Be a he - ro, not in
cres. molto.

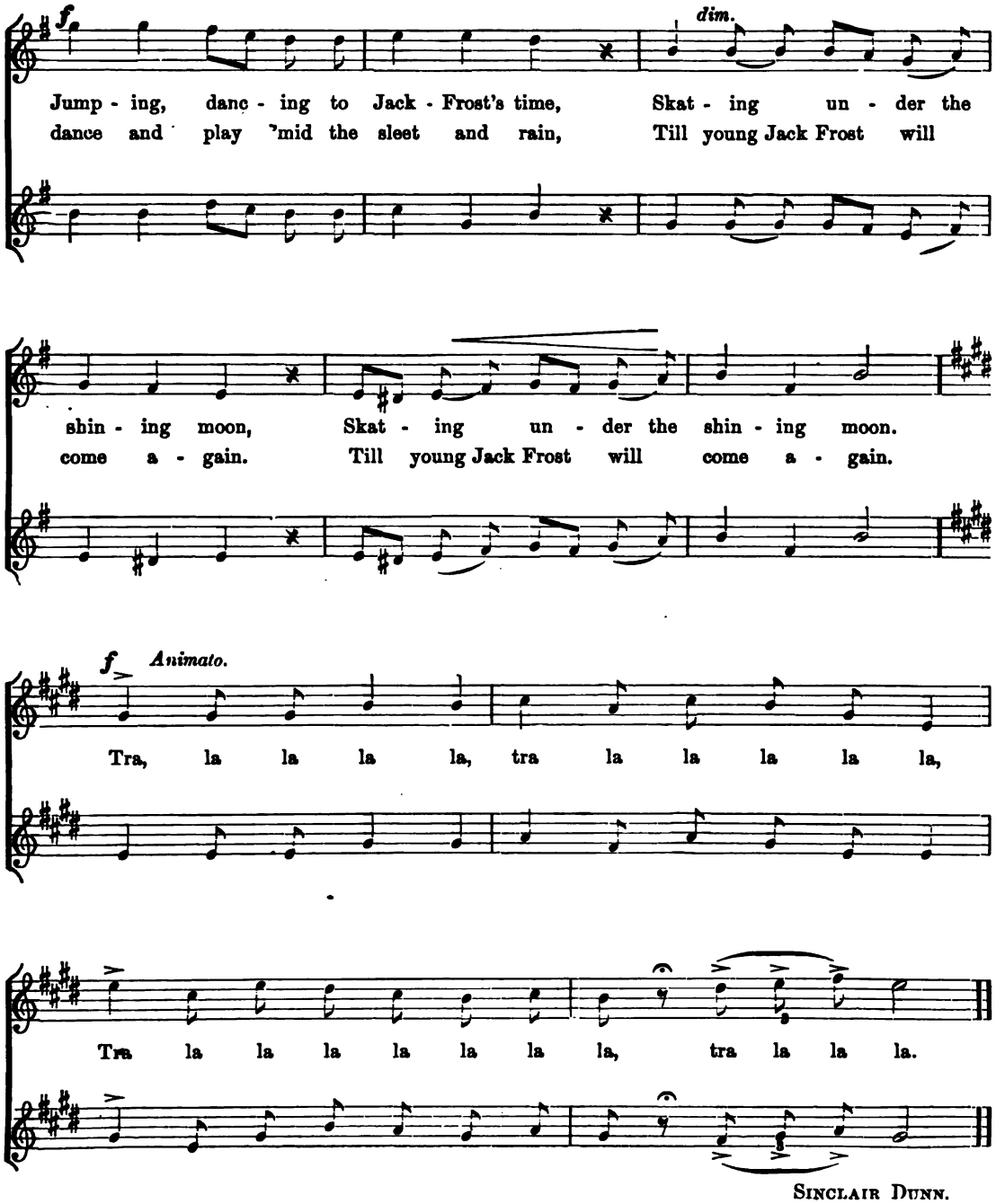
THE LITTLE RECRUIT.

pow - - der, This will shield him from all harm.....
right hand, On the foe - men he must charge.....
war - - path, From his steed he must not fall.....
crack there, When he's bus - y in the fight.....
pan - - ic Like a cow - ard run in fear.....
f
p
1. 2. 3. 4. 5.
.... If for mar - tial life you long, You must heark - en to my song, For I
p

THE LITTLE RECRUIT.

sing it for you, And I know it is true. If for mar - tial life you long, You must
heark-en to my song, You must hearken to my song, It is not long,..... For I
cres.
f
sing it for you— and 'tis true.
f
ff
sf
sf

WINTER.

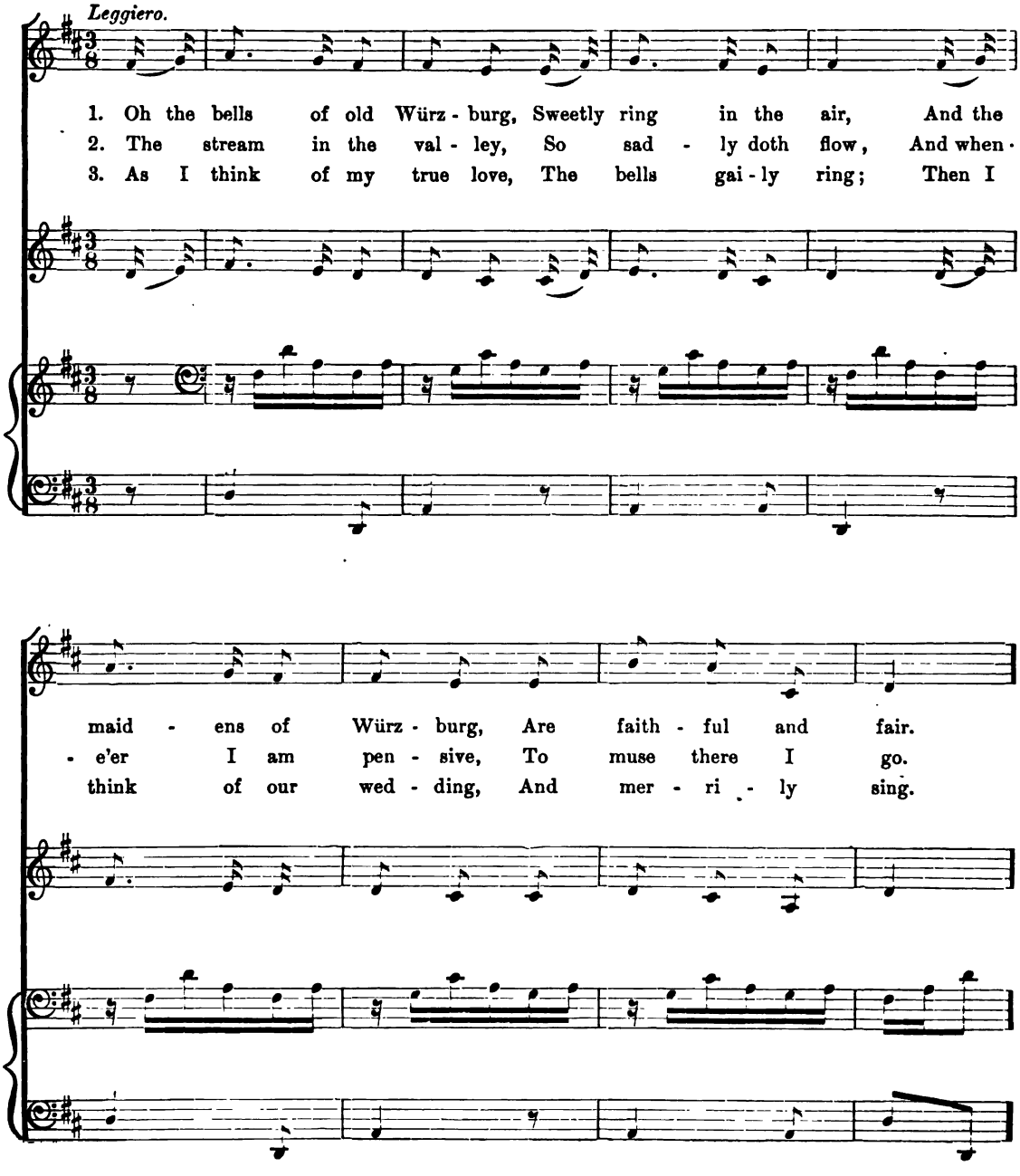
H. WALMSLEY LITTLE.

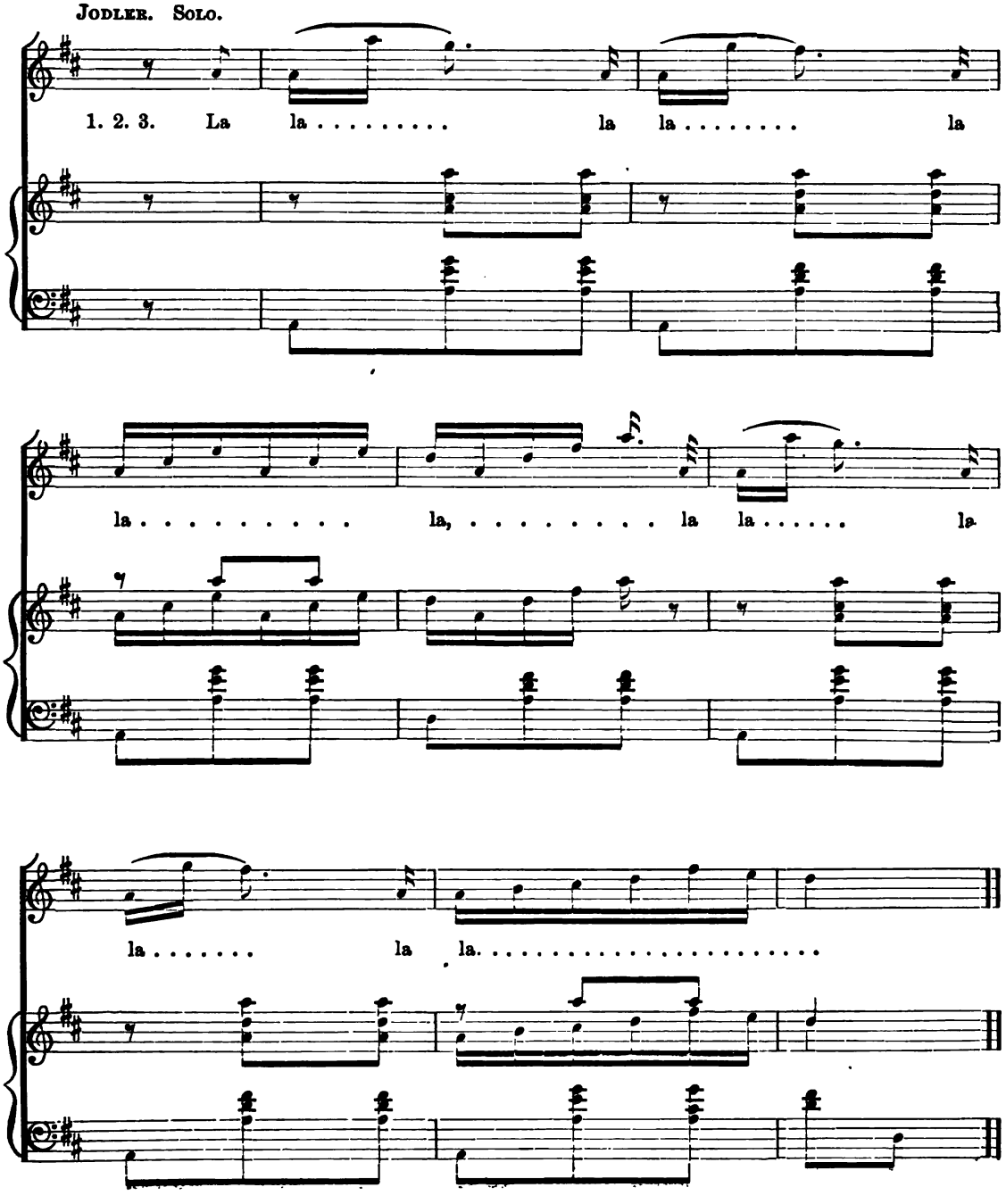

Maestoso.
f
ben marcato.
1. Old King Win - ter has come a - gain,
2. Old King Win - ter is cross and cold,
Tra la la la la la
tra la la la la la,
Look how he storms the win - dow pane,
Cross and sure - ly be - cause he's old,
mp
Tra la la la la la la la la la la.
Bound - ing o - ver the
Nev - er mind, though he's
ice and snow, Shout - ing, sing - ing, mer - ri - ly we go, ...
bold and stout, He'll ne'er keep us from run - ning a - bout, To

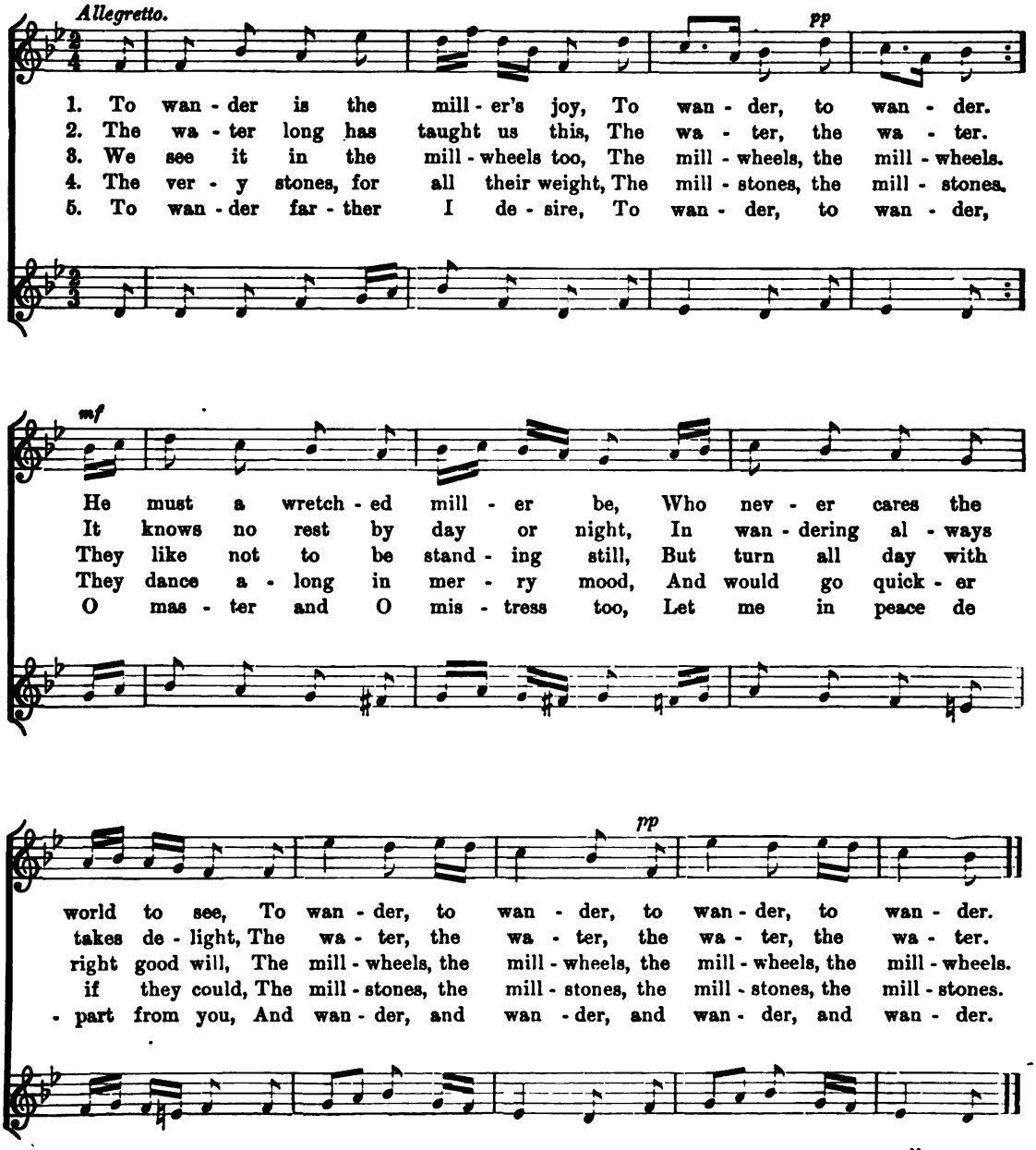
WINTER.

f
dim.
Jump - ing, danc - ing to Jack - Frost's time, Skat - ing un - der the
dance and play 'mid the sleet and rain, Till young Jack Frost will
shin - ing moon, Skat - ing un - der the shin - ing moon.
come a - gain. Till young Jack Frost will come a - gain.
f Animato.
Tra, la la la la, tra la la la la la,
Tra la la la la la la la, tra la la la.

SINCLAIR DUNN.

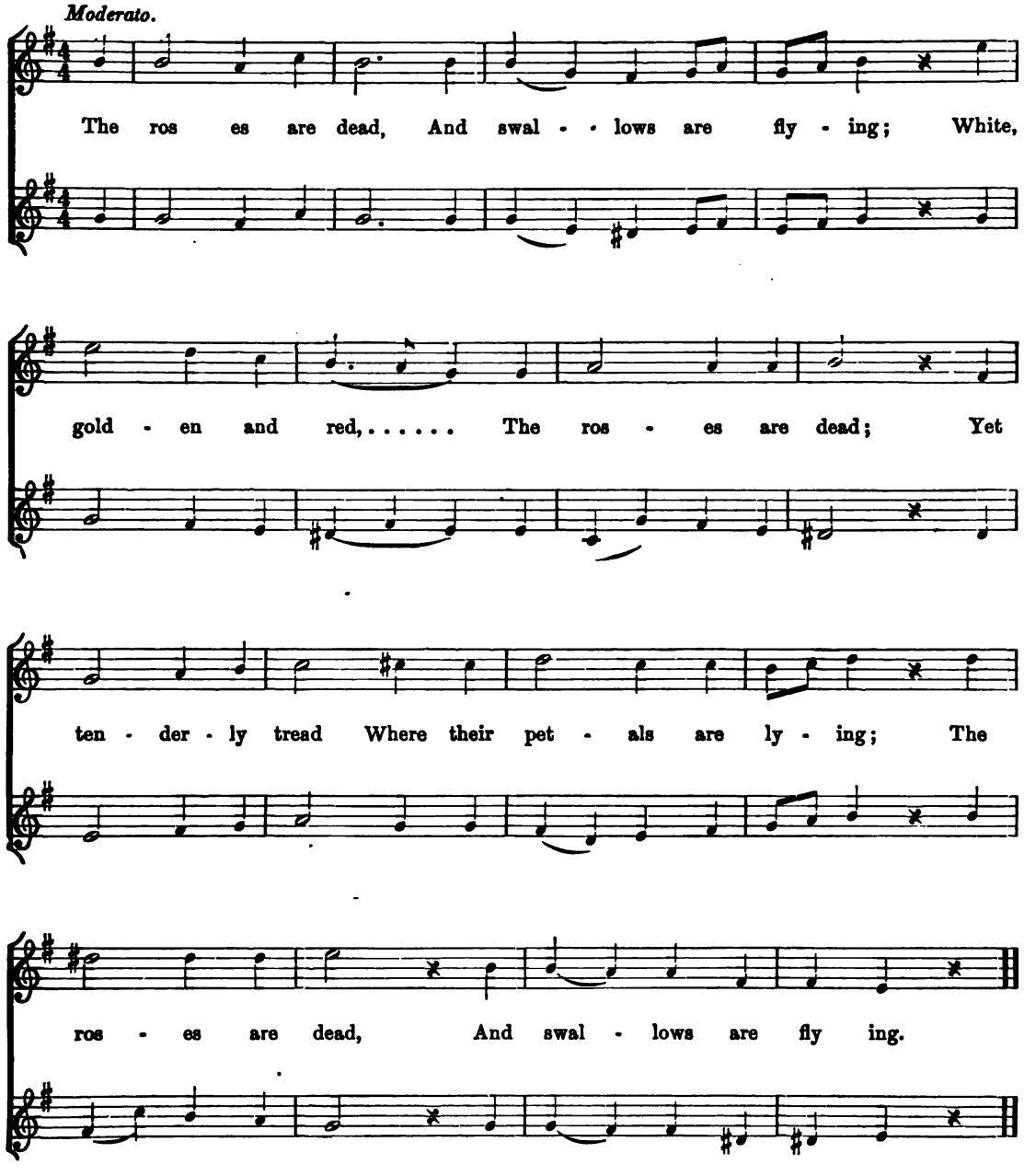
THE BELLS OF WURZBURG.

GERMAN FOLK-SONG.

Leggiero.
1. Oh the bells of old Würz - burg, Sweetly ring in the air, And the
2. The stream in the val - ley, So sad - ly doth flow, And when
3. As I think of my true love, The bells gai - ly ring; Then I
maid - ens of Würz - burg, Are faith - ful and fair.
- e'er I am pen - sive, To muse there I go.
think of our wed - ding, And mer - ri - ly sing.

THE BELLS OF WURZBURG.

WANDERING.

FR. SCHUBERT, arr.
1797 — 1828.

Allegretto.
pp
1. To wan - der is the mill - er's joy, To wan - der, to wan - der.
2. The wa - ter long has taught us this, The wa - ter, the wa - ter.
3. We see it in the mill - wheels too, The mill - wheels, the mill - wheels.
4. The ver - y stones, for all their weight, The mill - stones, the mill - stones.
5. To wan - der far - ther I de - sire, To wan - der, to wan - der,
mf
He must a wretch - ed mill - er be, Who nev - er cares the
It knows no rest by day or night, In wan - dering al - ways
They like not to be stand - ing still, But turn all day with
They dance a - long in mer - ry mood, And would go quick - er
O mas - ter and O mis - tress too, Let me in peace de
pp
world to see, To wan - der, to wan - der, to wan - der, to wan - der.
takes de - light, The wa - ter, the wa - ter, the wa - ter, the wa - ter.
right good will, The mill - wheels, the mill - wheels, the mill - wheels, the mill - wheels.
if they could, The mill - stones, the mill - stones, the mill - stones, the mill - stones.
- part from you, And wan - der, and wan - der, and wan - der, and wan - der.

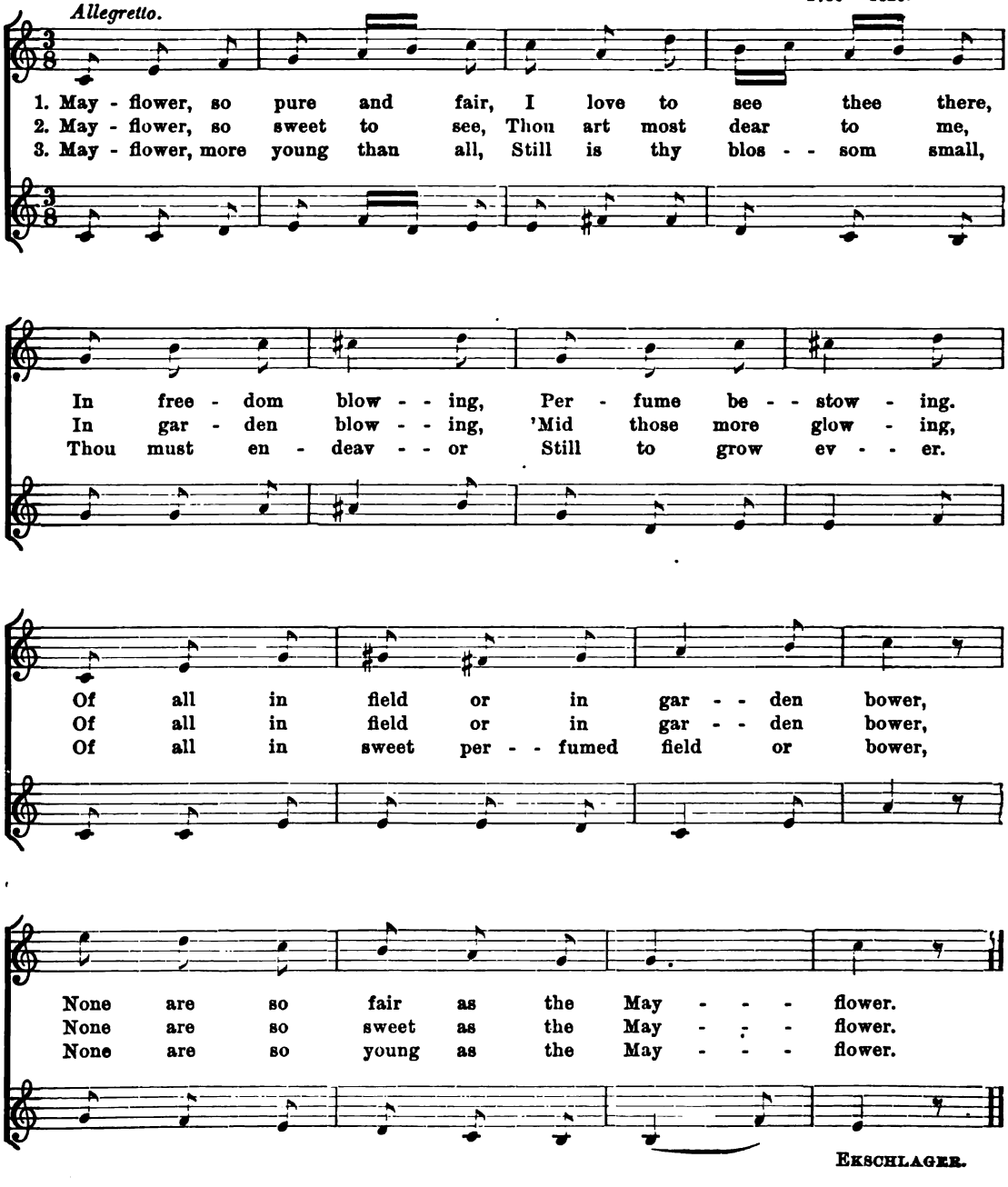
W. MÜLLER.

THE ROSES ARE DEAD,

Moderato.
The ros es are dead, And swal - - lows are fly - ing; White,
gold - en and red,..... The ros - es are dead; Yet
ten - der - ly tread Where their pet - als are ly - ing; The
ros - es are dead, And swal - lows are fly ing.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON,

THE MAY-FLOWER.

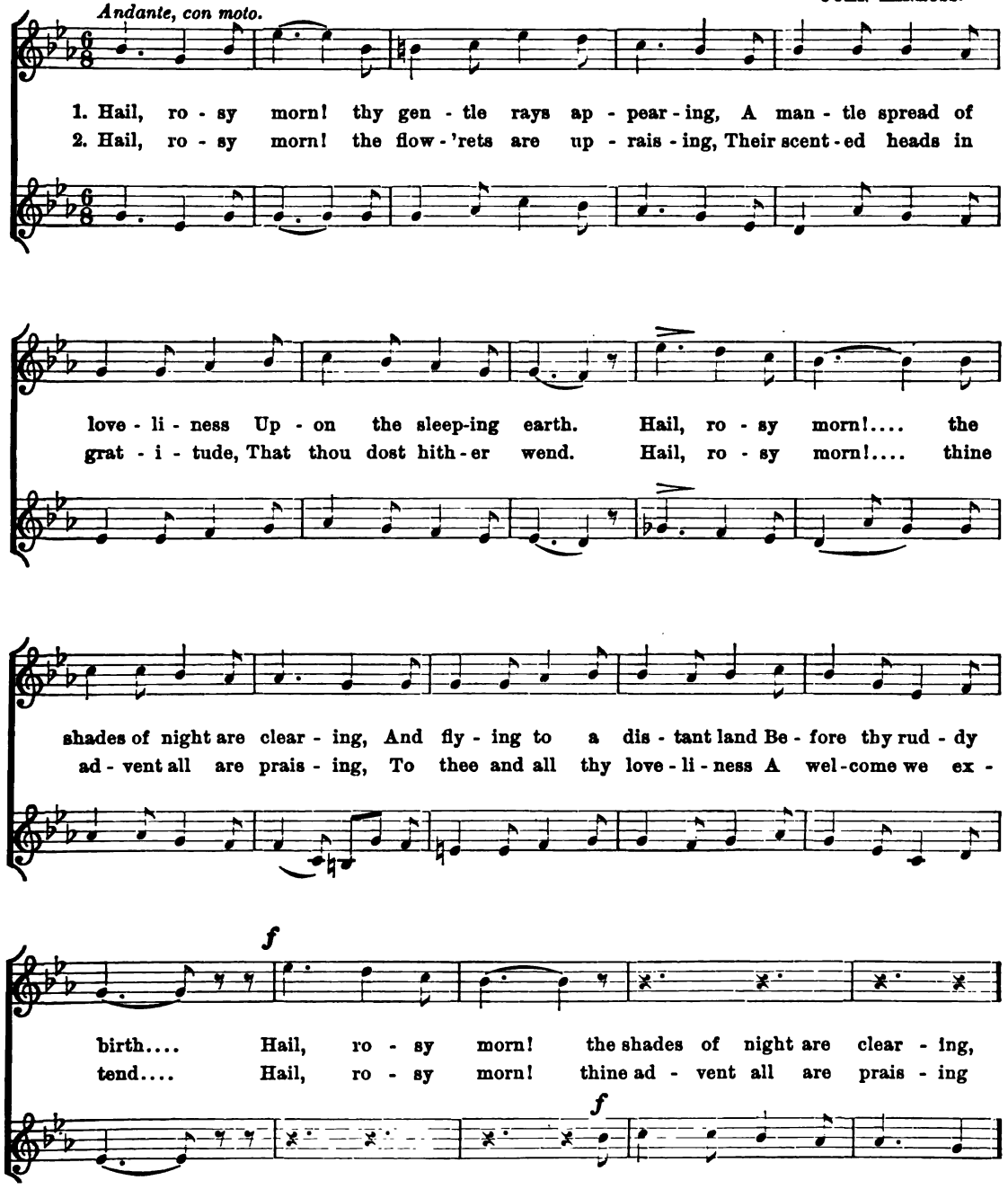
C. M. VON WEBER, arr.
1786—1826.

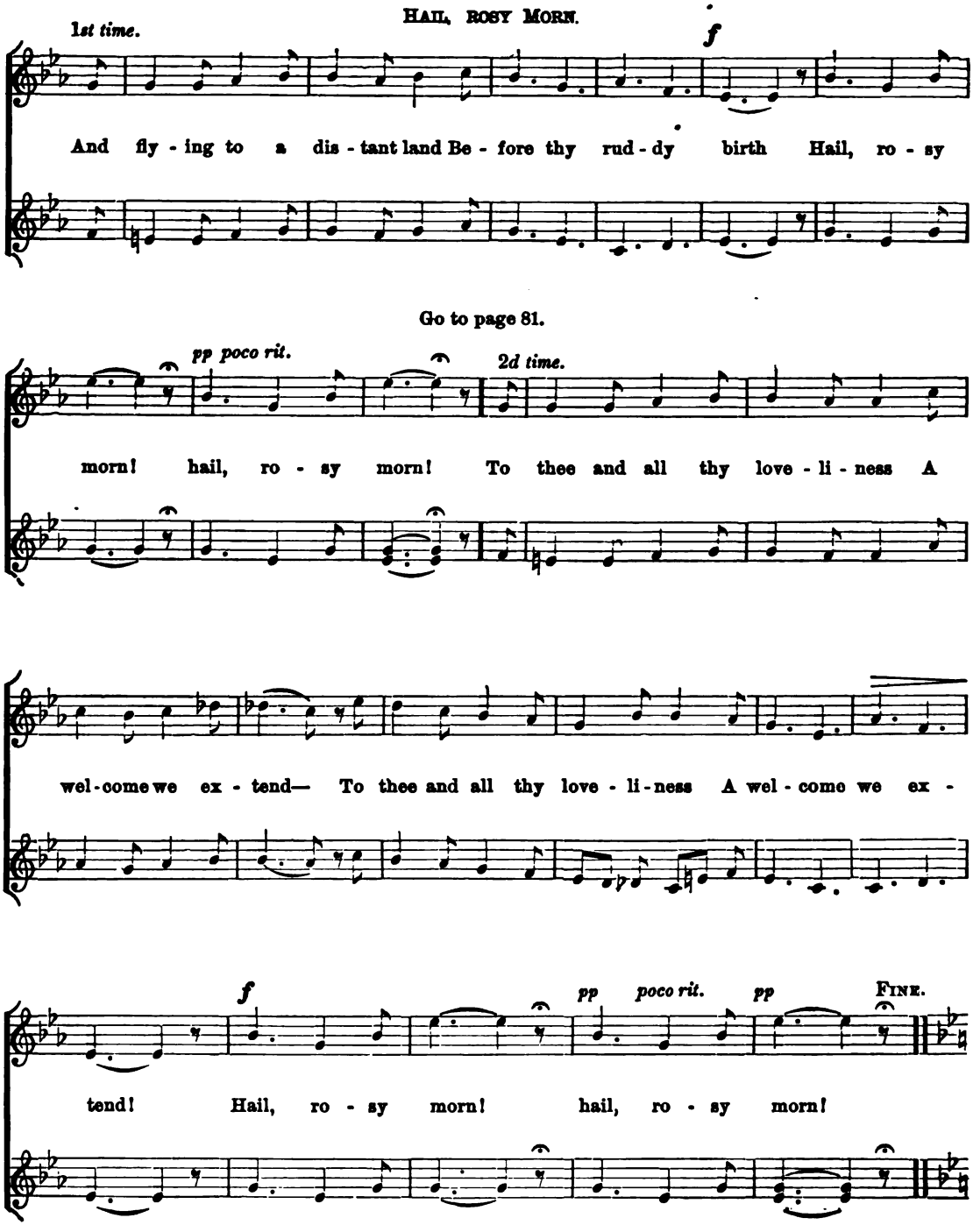

Allegretto.
1. May - flower, so pure and fair, I love to see thee there,
2. May - flower, so sweet to see, Thou art most dear to me,
3. May - flower, more young than all, Still is thy blos - - som small,
In free - dom blow - - ing, Per - fume be - - stow - ing.
In gar - den blow - - ing, 'Mid those more glow - ing,
Thou must en - deav - - or Still to grow ev - - er.
Of all in field or in gar - - den bower,
Of all in field or in gar - - den bower,
Of all in sweet per - - fumed field or bower,
None are so fair as the May - - - flower.
None are so sweet as the May - - - flower.
None are so young as the May - - - flower.

EKSCHLAGER.

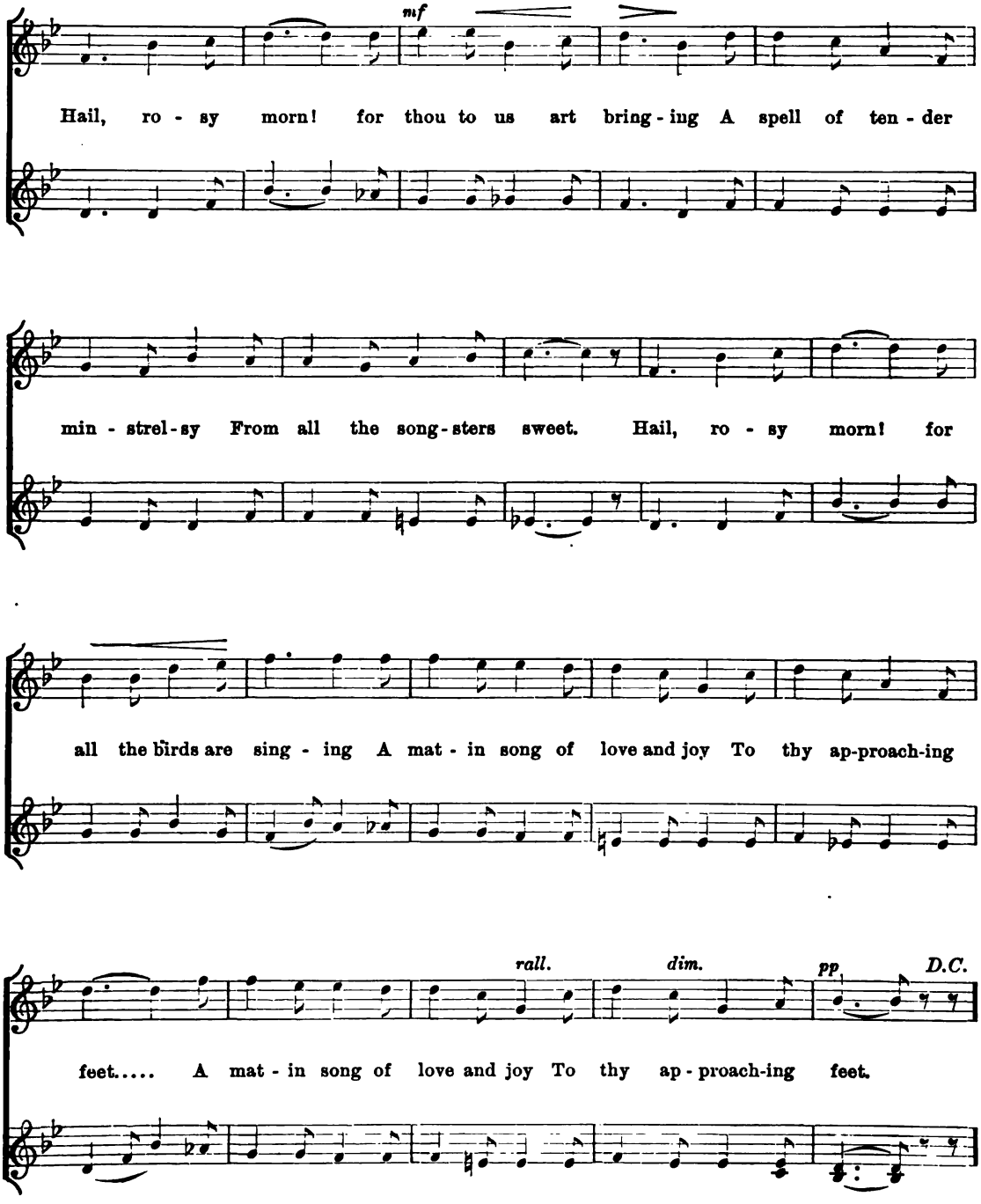
HAIL, ROSY MORN.

JOHN KINROSS.

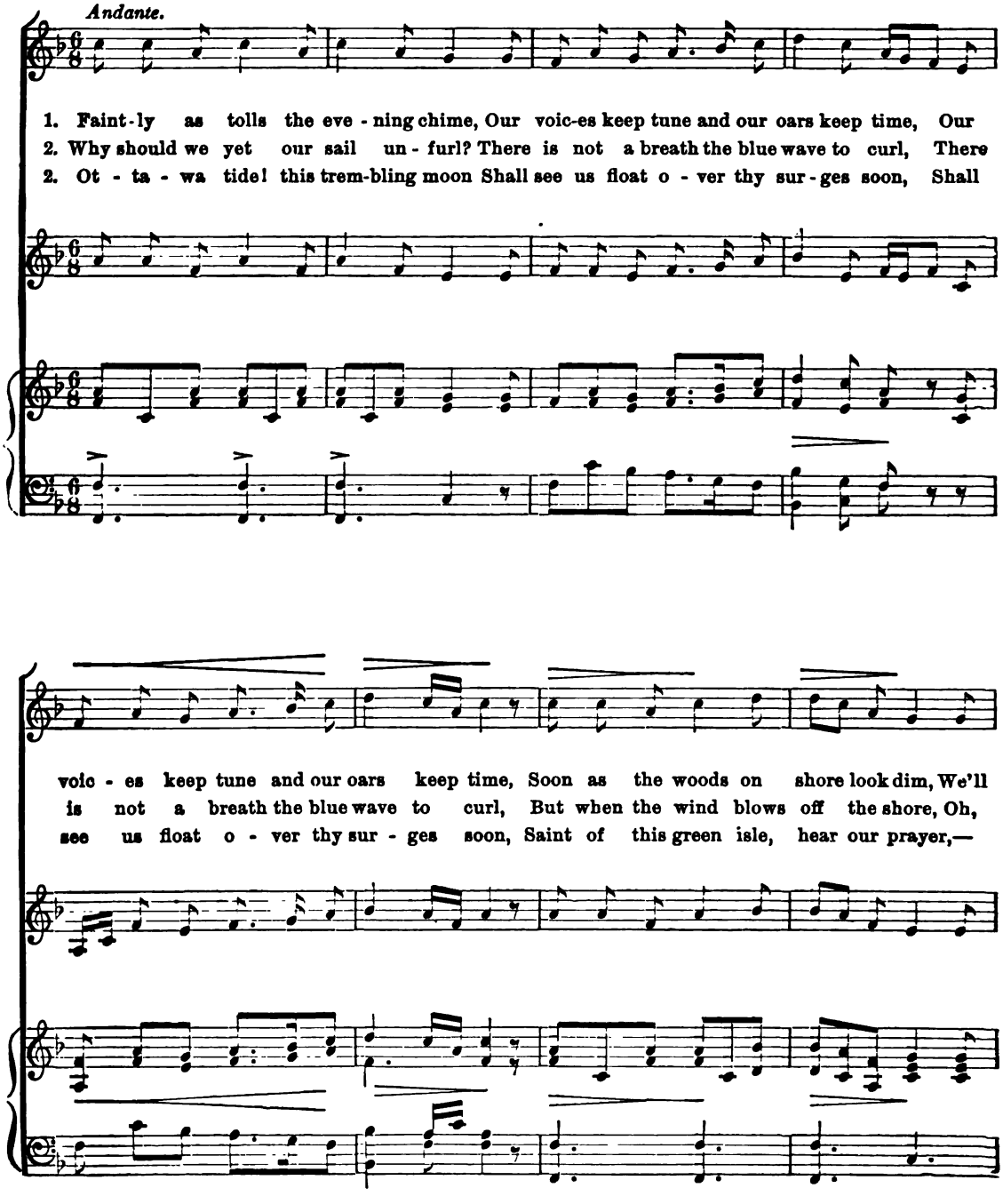

Andante, con moto.
1. Hail, ro - sy morn! thy gen - tle rays ap - pear - ing, A man - tle spread of
2. Hail, ro - sy morn! the flow - 'rets are up - rais - ing, Their scent - ed heads in
love - li - ness Up - on the sleep-ing earth. Hail, ro - sy morn!.... the
grat - i - tude, That thou dost hith - er wend. Hail, ro - sy morn!.... thine
shades of night are clear - ing, And fly - ing to a dis - tant land Be - fore thy rud - dy
ad - vent all are prais - ing, To thee and all thy love - li - ness A wel - come we ex -
f
birth.... Hail, ro - sy morn! the shades of night are clear - ing,
tend.... Hail, ro - sy morn! thine ad - vent all are prais - ing
f

HAIL, ROSY MORN.

1st time.
f
And fly - ing to a dis - tant land Be - fore thy rud - dy birth Hail, ro - sy
Go to page 81.
pp poco rit.
2d time.
morn! hail, ro - sy morn! To thee and all thy love - li - ness A
wel - come we ex - tend— To thee and all thy love - li - ness A wel - come we ex -
f
pp poco rit. pp
FINE.
tend! Hail, ro - sy morn! hail, ro - sy morn!

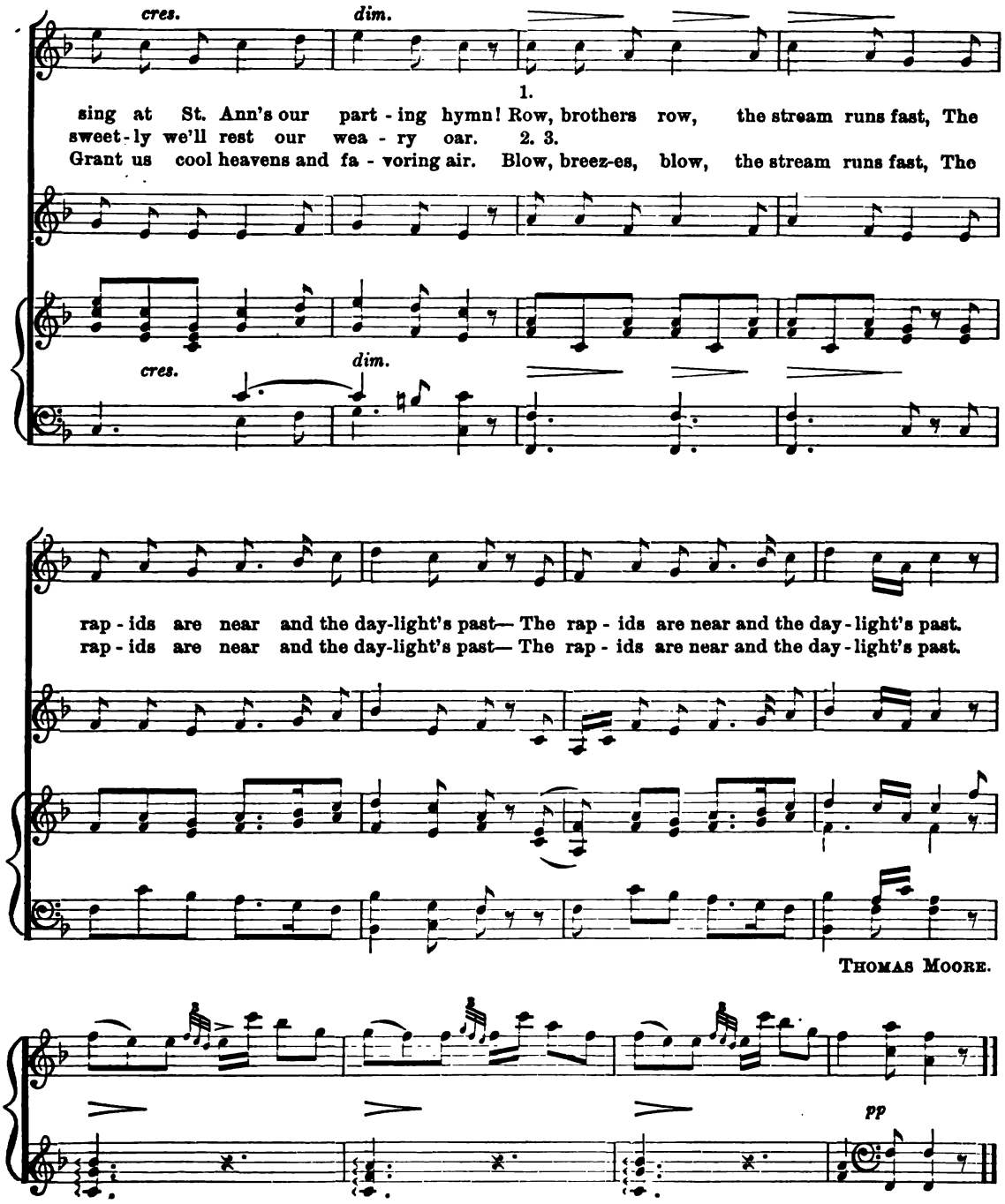
HAIL, ROSY MORN.


mf
Hail, ro - sy morn! for thou to us art bring - ing A spell of ten - der
min - strel - sy From all the song - sters sweet. Hail, ro - sy morn! for
all the birds are sing - ing A mat - in song of love and joy To thy ap-proach-ing
rall.
dim.
pp
D.C.
feet..... A mat - in song of love and joy To thy ap - proach-ing feet.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.


Andante.
1. Faint-ly as tolls the eve - ning chime, Our voic-es keep tune and our oars keep time, Our
2. Why should we yet our sail un - furl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There
2. Ot - ta - wa tide! this trem-bling moon Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon, Shall
voic - es keep tune and our oars keep time, Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll
is not a breath the blue wave to curl, But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh,
see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon, Saint of this green isle, hear our prayer,—

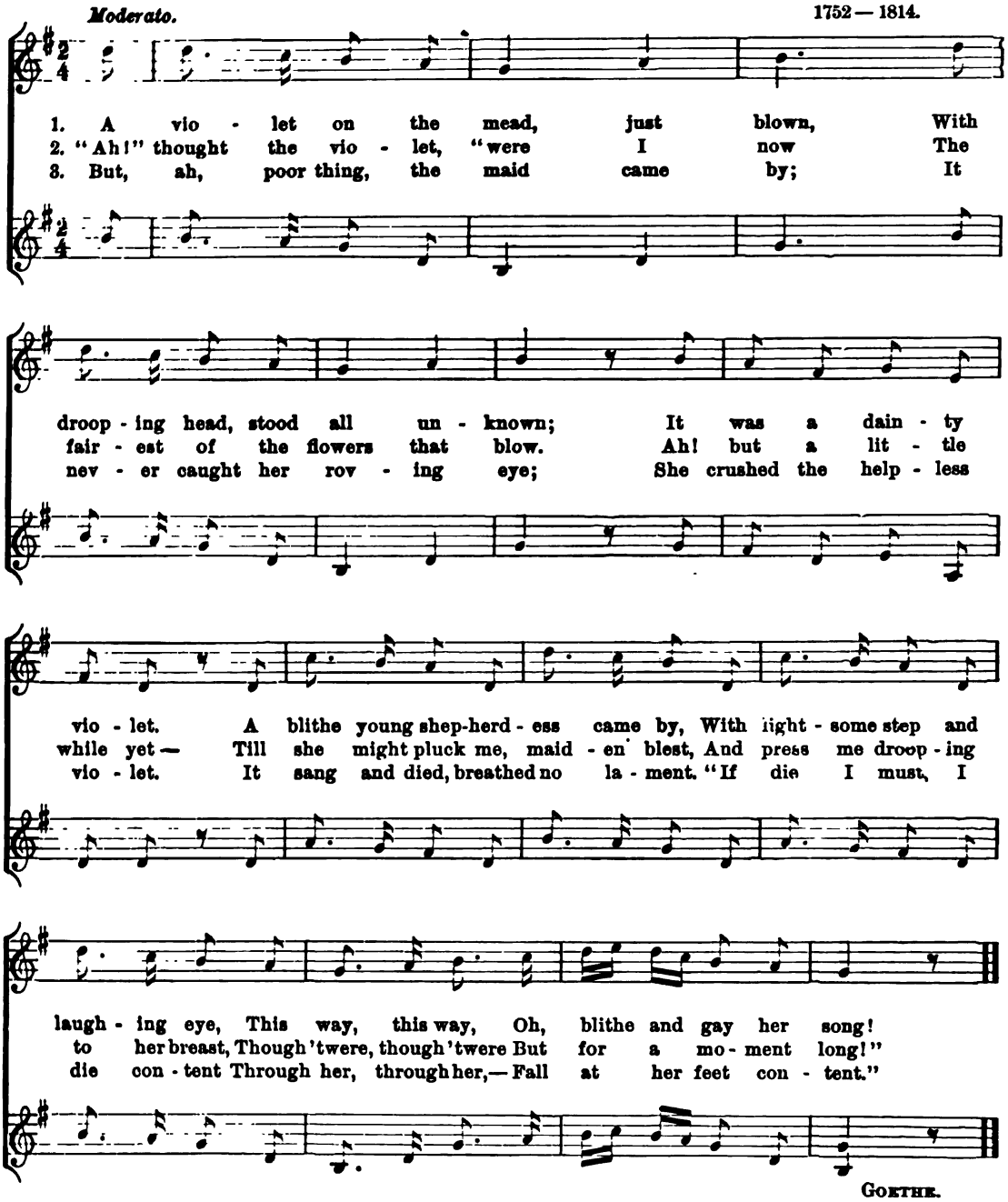
CANADIAN BOAT SONG.


cres.
dim.
1.
sing at St. Ann's our part - ing hymn! Row, brothers row, the stream runs fast, The
sweet - ly we'll rest our wea - ry oar. 2. 3.
Grant us cool heavens and fa - voring air. Blow, breez-es, blow, the stream runs fast, The
cres.
dim.
rap - ids are near and the day-light's past— The rap - ids are near and the day - light's past.
rap - ids are near and the day-light's past— The rap - ids are near and the day - light's past.
THOMAS MOORE.
pp

THE VIOLET.

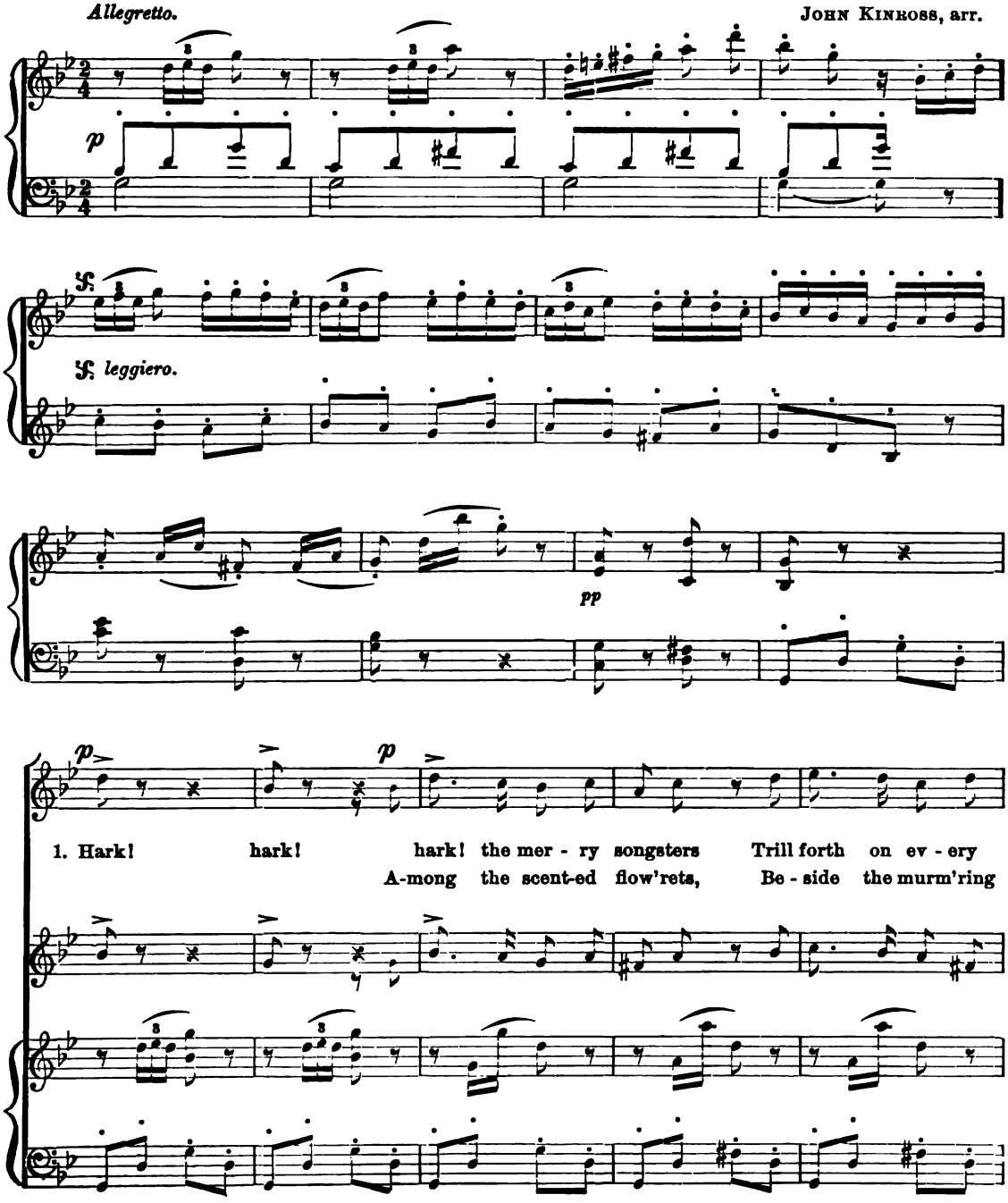
J. F. REICHARDT, ART.
1752—1814.

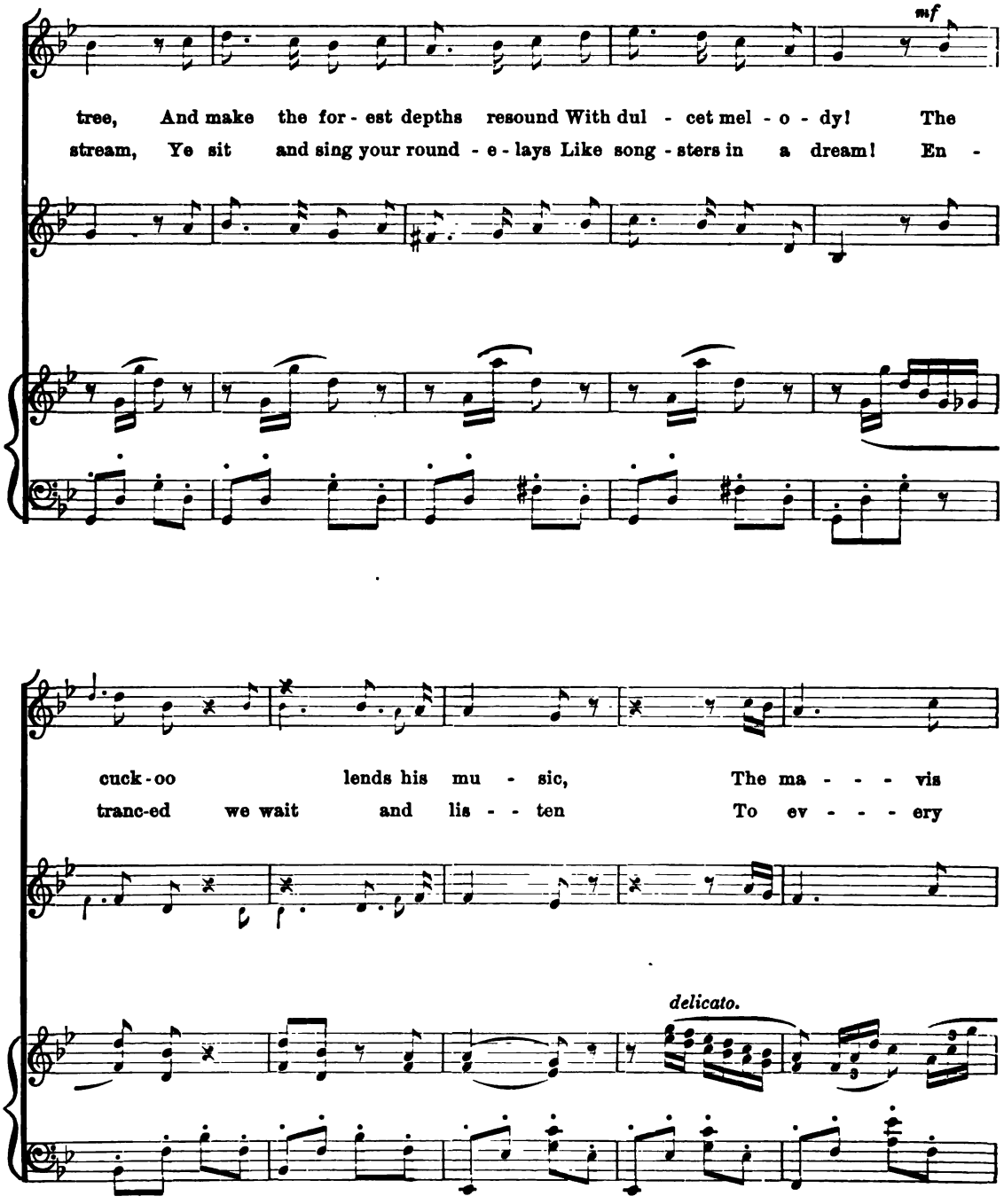
Moderato.

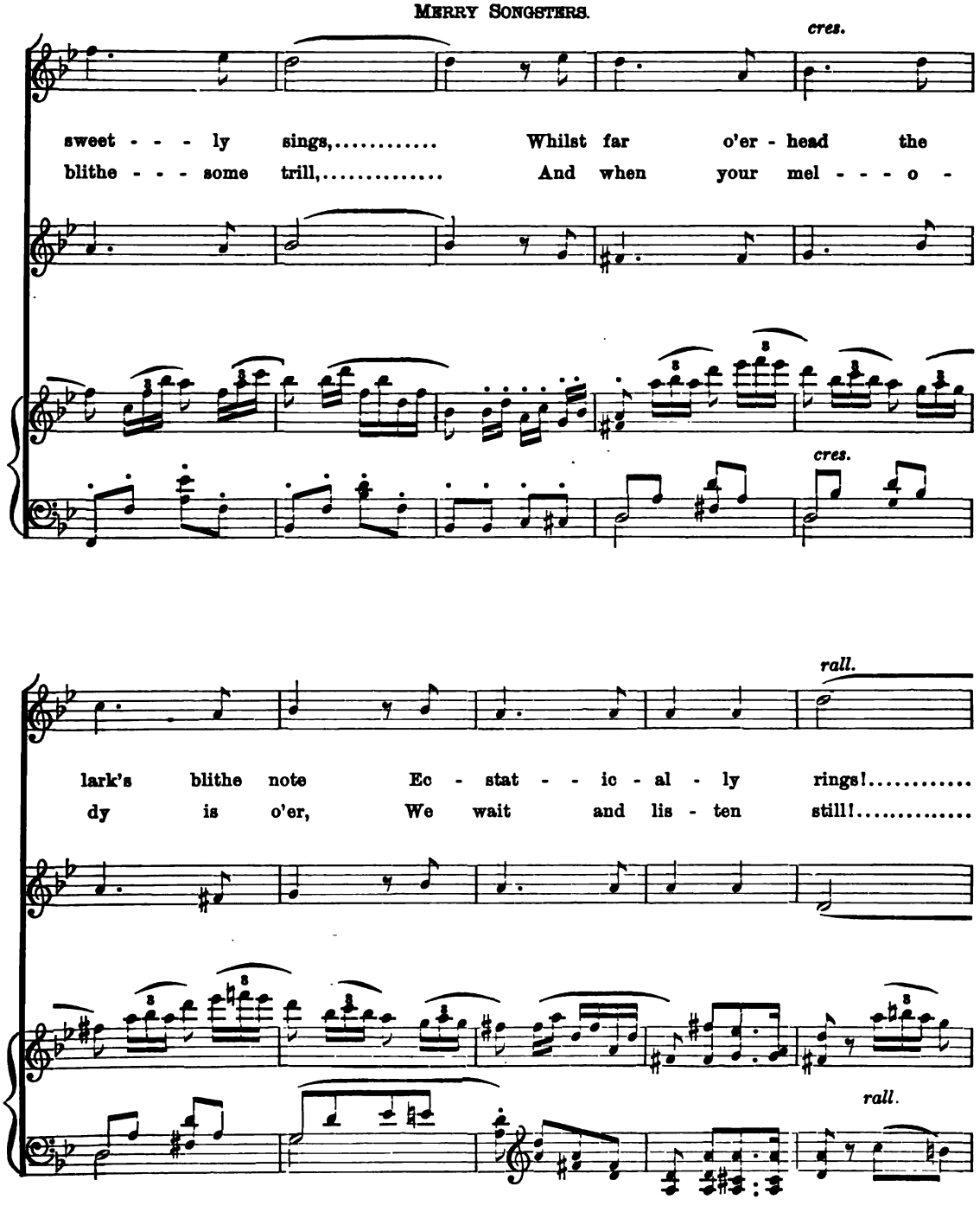

1. A vio - let on the mead, just blown, With
2. "Ah!" thought the vio - let, "were I now The
3. But, ah, poor thing, the maid came by; It
droop - ing head, stood all un - known; It was a dain - ty
fair - est of the flowers that blow. Ah! but a lit - tle
nev - er caught her rov - ing eye; She crushed the help - less
vio - let. A blithe young shep-herd - ess came by, With light - some step and
while yet— Till she might pluck me, maid - en blest, And press me droop - ing
vio - let. It sang and died, breathed no la - ment. "If die I must, I
laugh - ing eye, This way, this way, Oh, blithe and gay her song!
to her breast, Though 'twere, though 'twere But for a mo - ment long!"
die con - tent Through her, through her,— Fall at her feet con - tent."

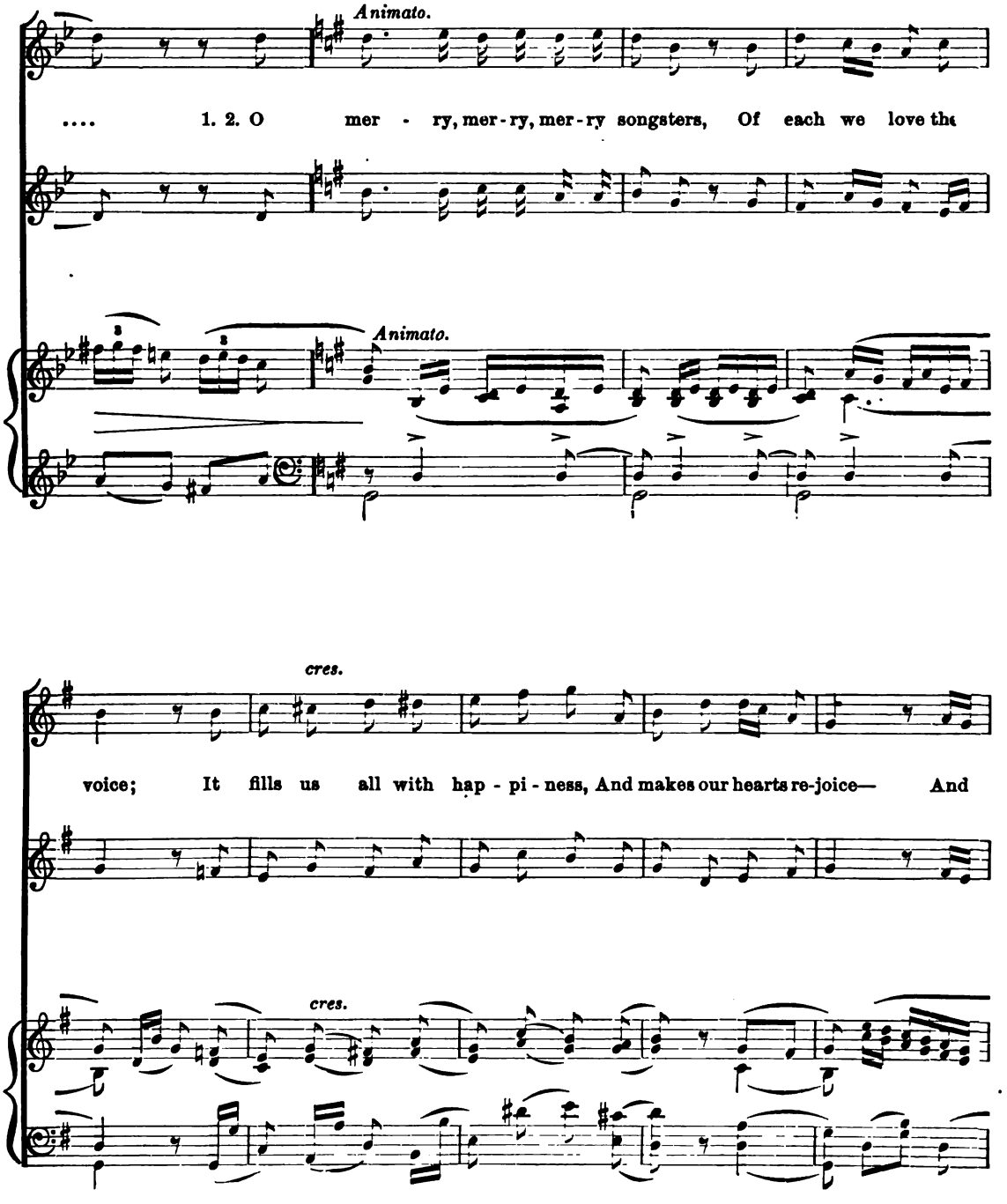
GOETHE.
1749—1832.

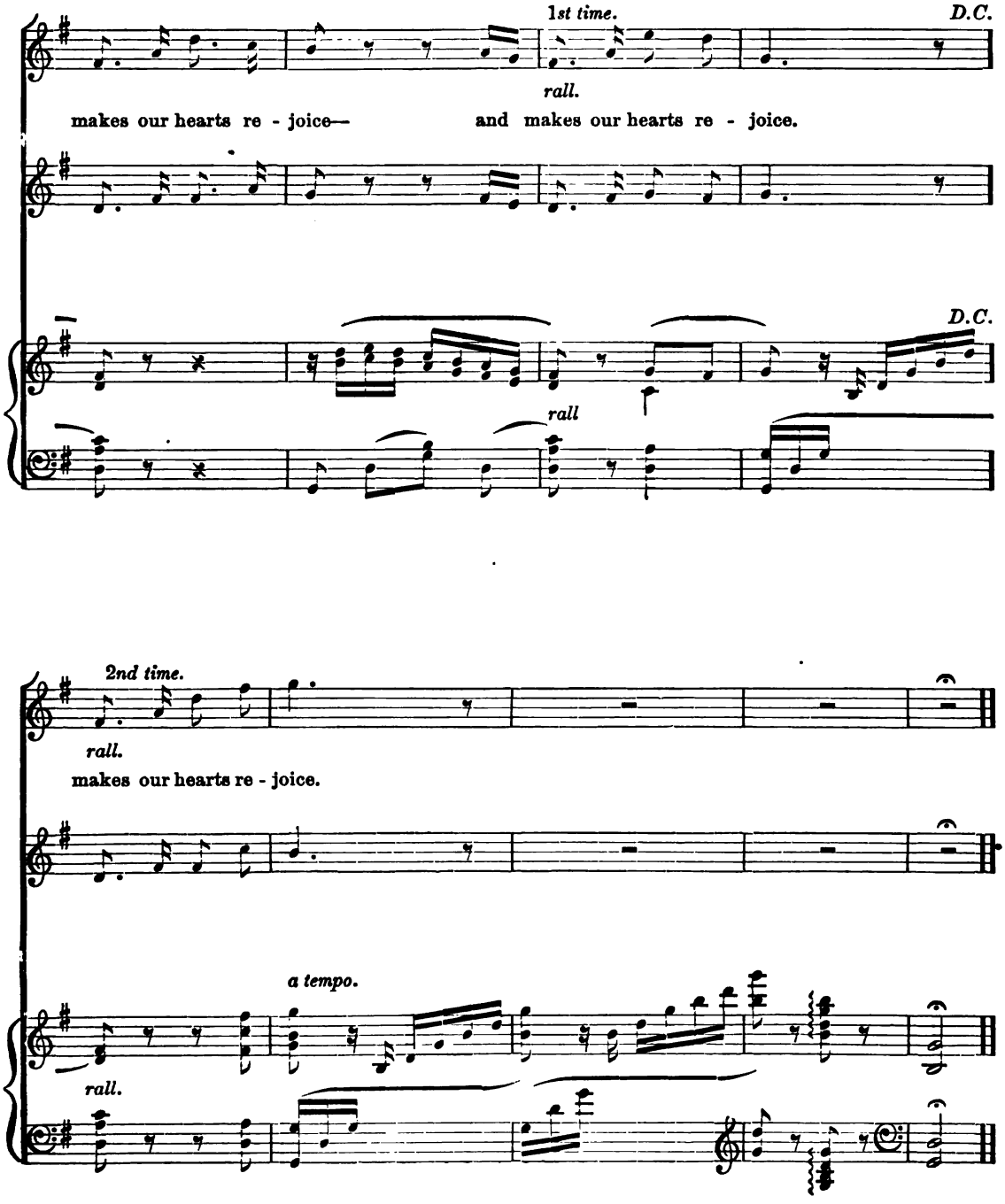
MERRY SONGSTERS.

Allegretto. JOHN KINROSS, arr.

MERRY SONGSTERS.

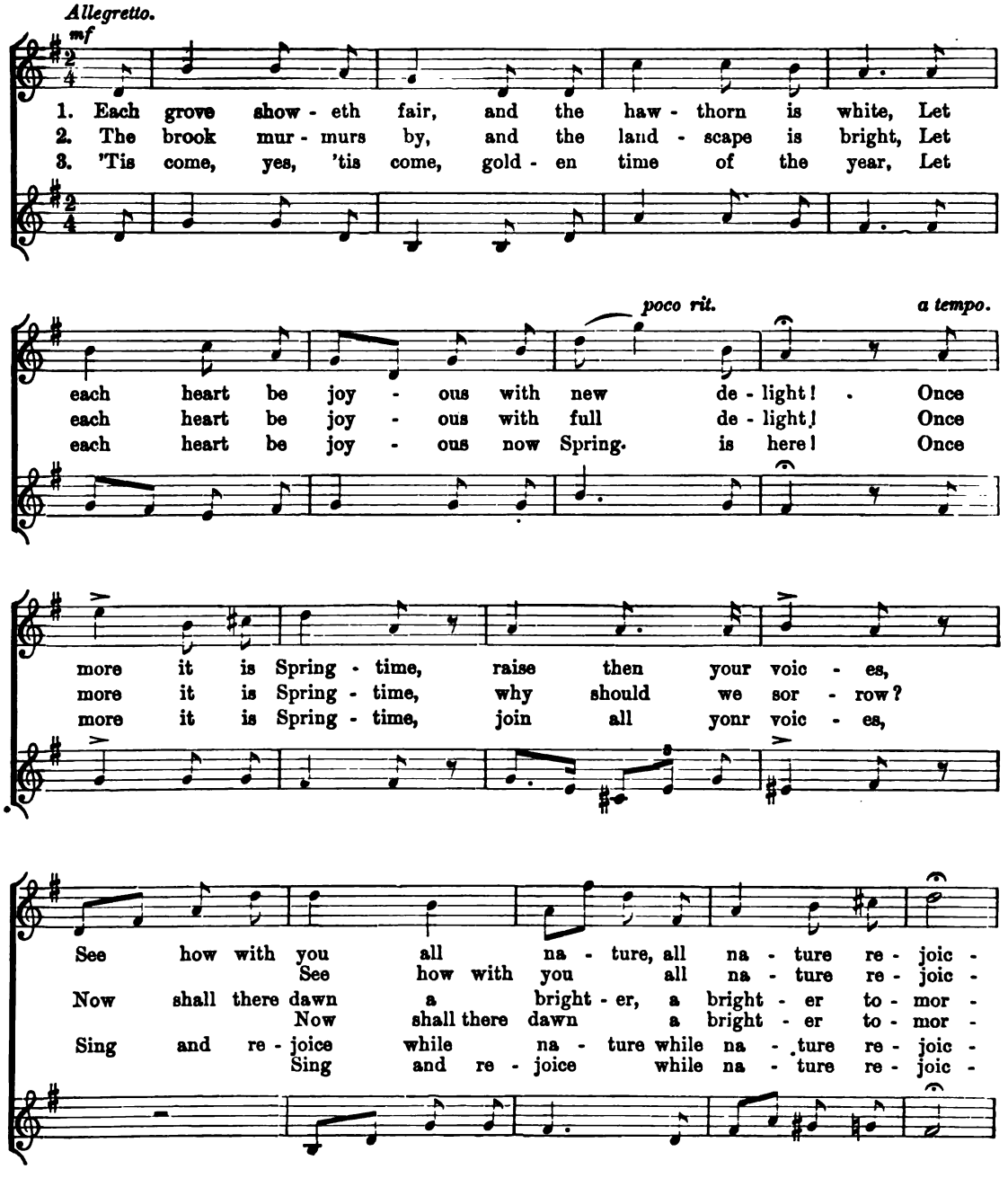

mf
tree, And make the for - est depths resound With dul - cet mel - o - dy! The
stream, Ye sit and sing your round - e - lays Like song - sters in a dream! En -
cuck - oo lends his mu - sic, The ma - - - vis
tranc-ed we wait and lis - - ten To ev - - - ery
delicato.

MERRY SONGSTERS.

cres.
sweet - - - ly sings,..... Whilst far o'er - head the
blithe - - - some trill,..... And when your mel - - - o -
cres.
rall.
lark's blithe note Ec - stat - - ic - al - ly rings!.....
dy is o'er, We wait and lis - ten still!.....
rall.

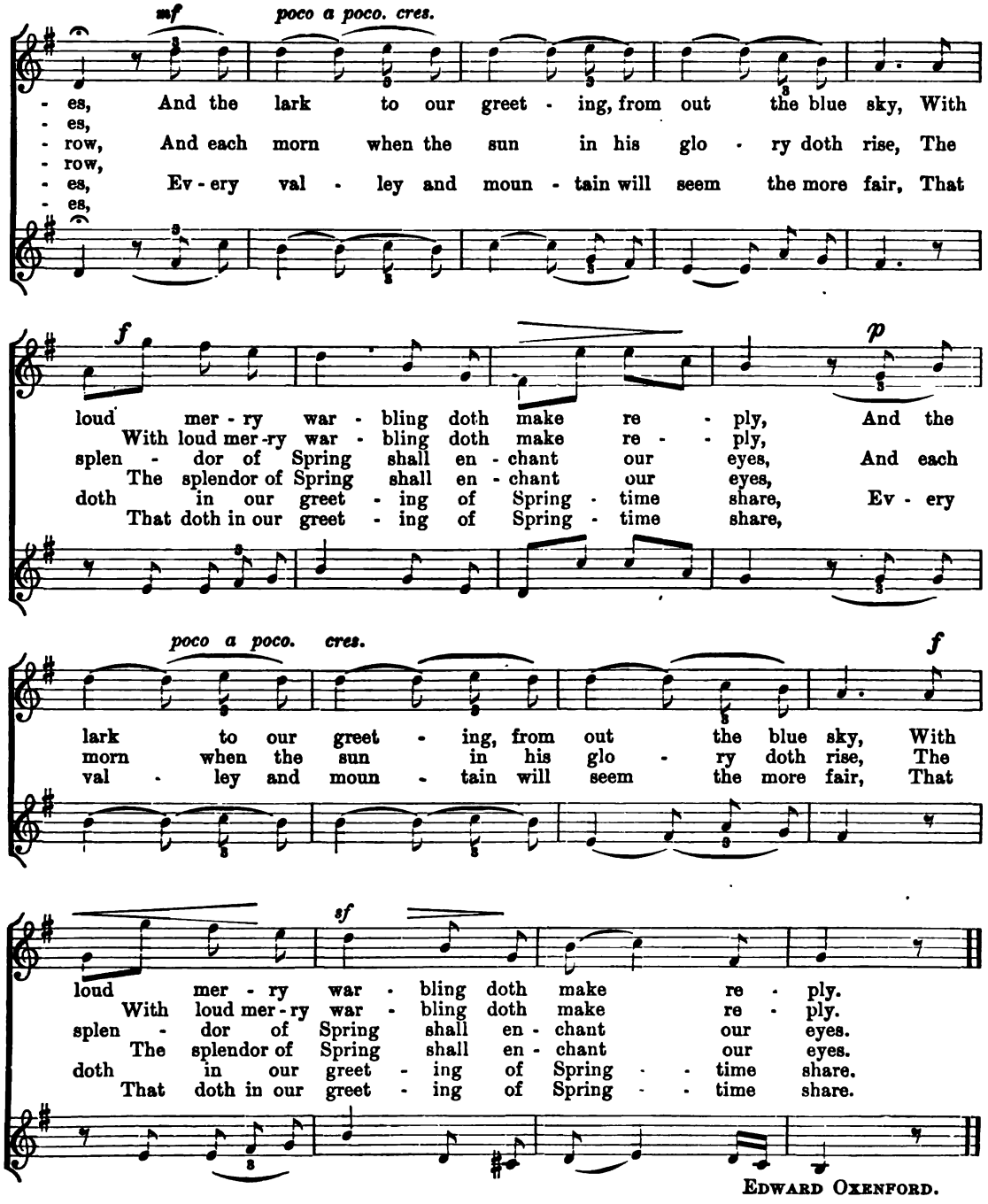
MERRY SONGSTERS.

Animato.
.... 1. 2. O mer - ry, mer-ry, mer-ry songsters, Of each we love the
Animato.
cres.
voice; It fills us all with hap - pi - ness, And makes our hearts re-joice— And
cres.

MERRY SONGSTERS.

A SPRING GREETING.

FRANZ ABT, arr.
1819 — 1885.


Allegretto.
mf
1. Each grove show - eth fair, and the haw - thorn is white, Let
2. The brook mur - murs by, and the land - scape is bright, Let
3. 'Tis come, yes, 'tis come, gold - en time of the year, Let
poco rit.
a tempo.
each heart be joy - ous with new de - light! Once
each heart be joy - ous with full de - light! Once
each heart be joy - ous now Spring. is here! Once
more it is Spring - time, raise then your voic - es,
more it is Spring - time, why should we sor - row?
more it is Spring - time, join all yonr voic - es,
See how with you all na - ture, all na - ture re - joic -
See how with you all na - ture re - joic -
Now shall there dawn a bright - er, a bright - er to - mor -
Now shall there dawn a bright - er to - mor -
Sing and re - joice while na - ture while na - ture re - joic -
Sing and re - joice while na - ture re - joic -

A Spring Greeting.

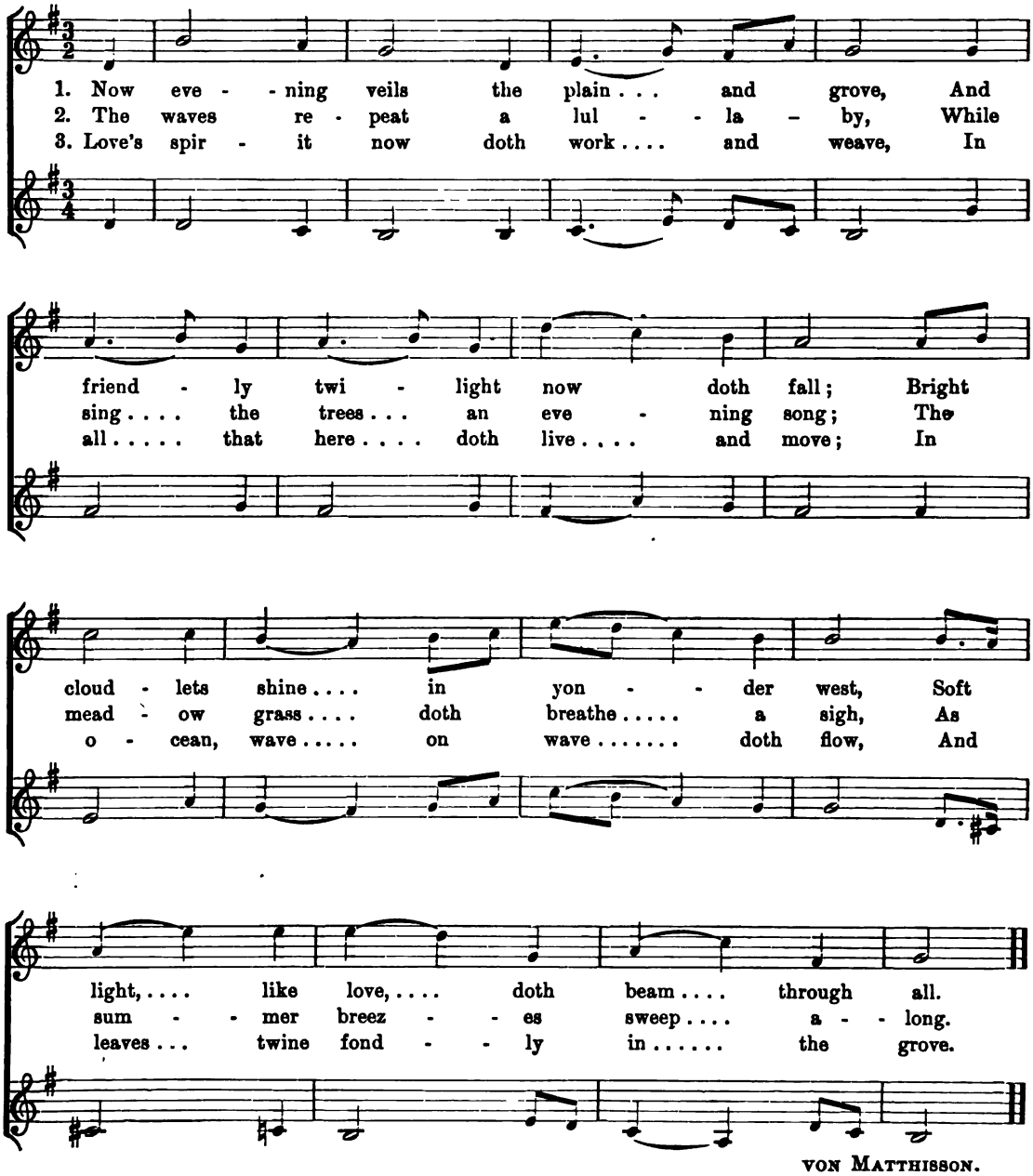

mf
poco a poco. cres.
es, And the lark to our greet - ing, from out the blue sky, With
es,
row, And each morn when the sun in his glo - ry doth rise, The
row,
es, Ev - ery val - ley and moun - tain will seem the more fair, That
es,
f
p
loud mer - ry war - bling doth make re - ply, And the
With loud mer - ry war - bling doth make re - ply,
splen - dor of Spring shall en - chant our eyes, And each
The splendor of Spring shall en - chant our eyes,
doth in our greet - ing of Spring - time share, Ev - ery
That doth in our greet - ing of Spring - time share,
poco a poco. cres.
f
lark to our greet - ing, from out the blue sky, With
morn when the sun in his glo - ry doth rise, The
val - ley and moun - tain will seem the more fair, That
sf
loud mer - ry war - bling doth make re - ply.
With loud mer - ry war - bling doth make re - ply.
splen - dor of Spring shall en - chant our eyes.
The splendor of Spring shall en - chant our eyes.
doth in our greet - ing of Spring - time share.
That doth in our greet - ing of Spring - time share.

Edward Oxenford.

SUMMER EVENING.

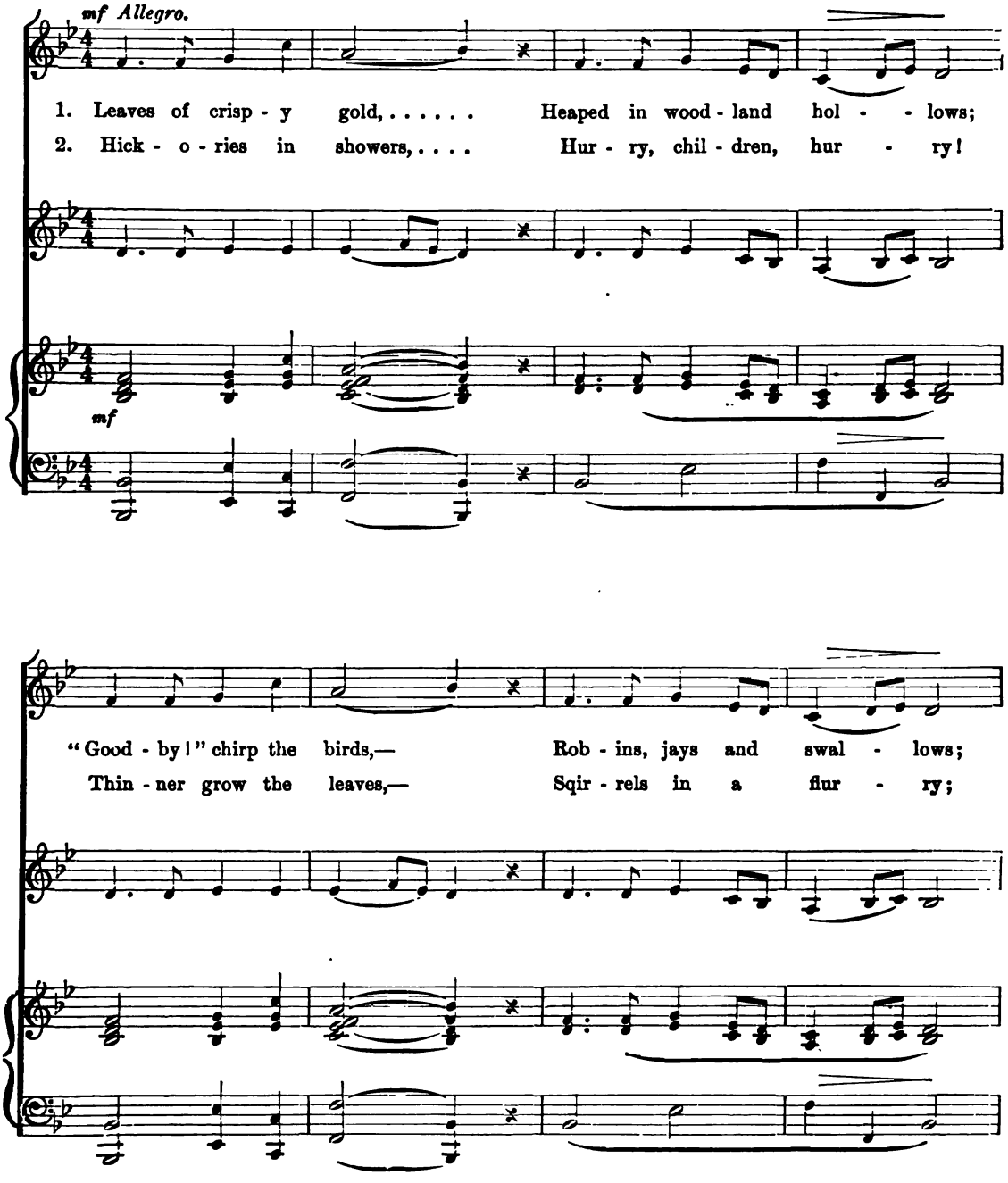
CARL SPAZIER, arr.
1790.

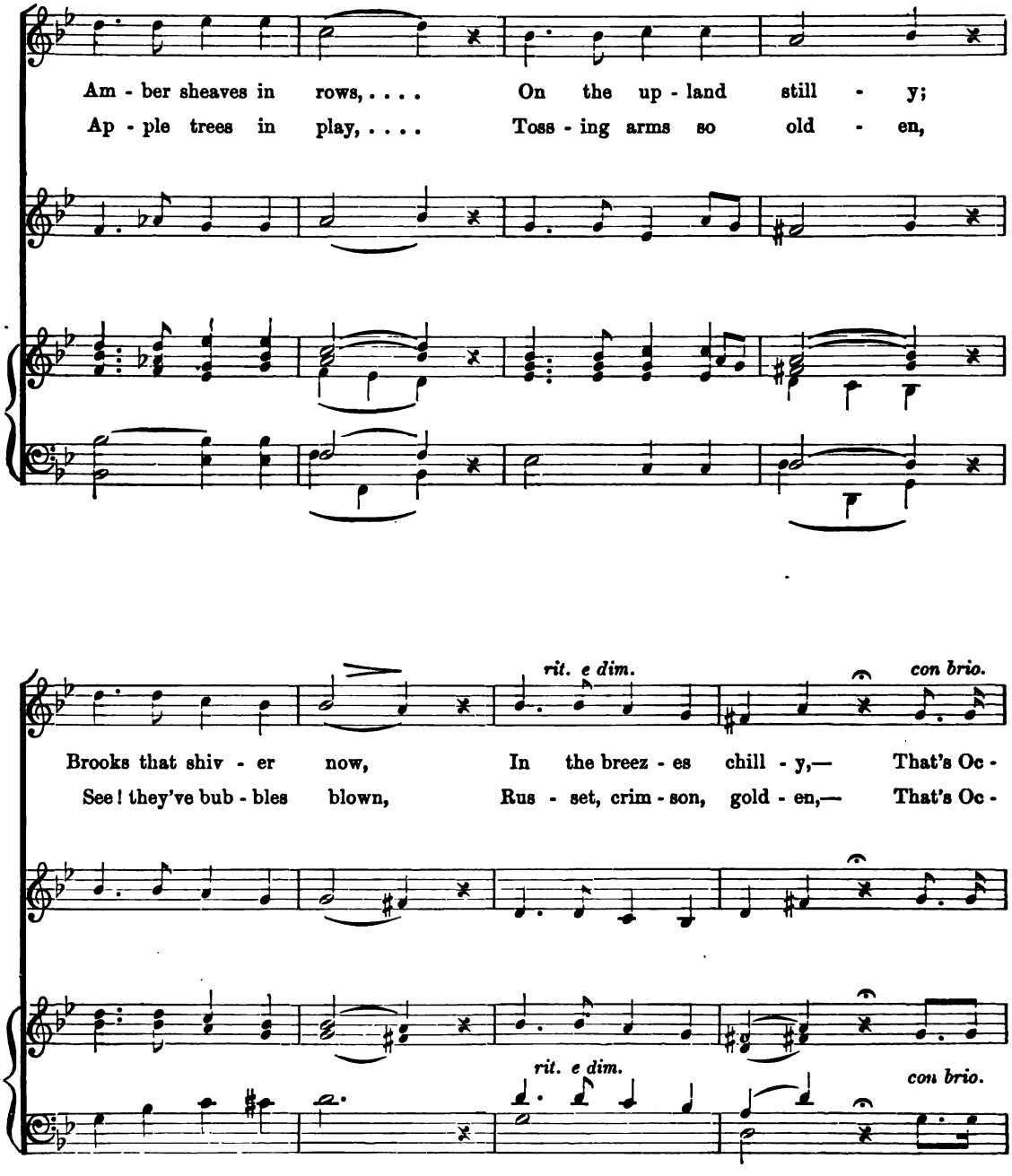
Lento.


1. Now eve - - ning veils the plain . . . and grove, And
2. The waves re - peat a lul - - la - by, While
3. Love's spir - it now doth work . . . . and weave, In
friend - ly twi - light now doth fall; Bright
sing . . . . the trees . . . an eve - ning song; The
all . . . . . that here . . . . doth live . . . . and move; In
cloud - lets shine . . . . in yon - - der west, Soft
mead - ow grass . . . . doth breathe . . . . . a sigh, As
o - cean, wave . . . . . on wave . . . . . doth flow, And
light, ... like love, ... doth beam . . . . through all.
sum - - mer breez - - es sweep . . . . a - - long.
leaves . . . twine fond - - ly in . . . . . the grove.

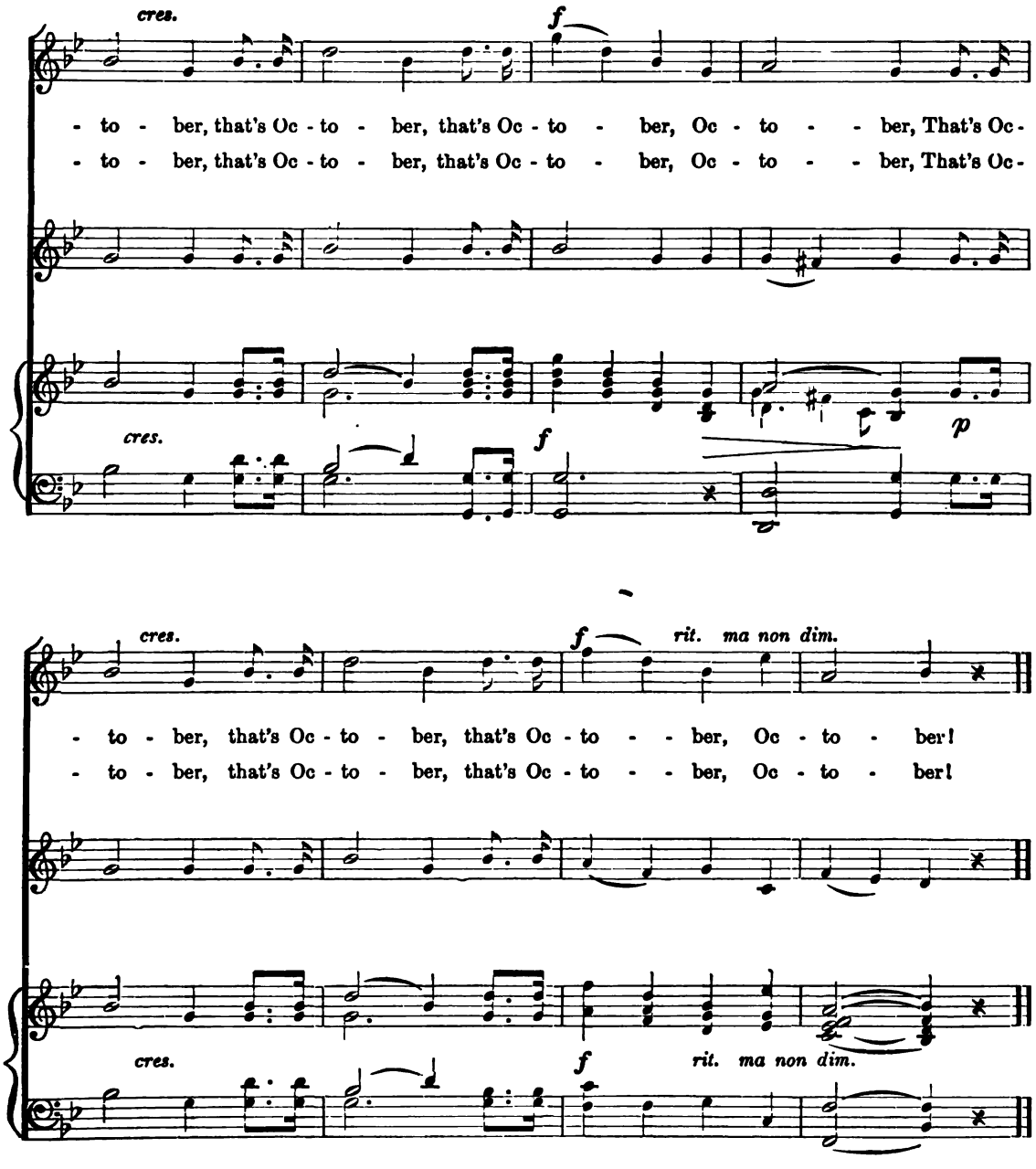
VON MATTHISSON.
1783.

OCTOBER.


mf Allegro.
1. Leaves of crisp - y gold, ... Heaped in wood - land hol - - lows;
2. Hick - o - ries in showers, ... Hur - ry, chil - dren, hur - ry!
mf
"Good - by!" chirp the birds,— Rob - ins, jays and swal - lows;
Thin - ner grow the leaves,— Sqir - rels in a flur - ry;

OCTOBER.

Am - ber sheaves in rows, ... On the up - land still - y;
Ap - ple trees in play, ... Toss - ing arms so old - en,
rit. e dim.
con brio.
Brooks that shiv - er now, In the breez - es chill - y,— That's Oc -
See! they've bub - bles blown, Rus - set, crim - son, gold - en,— That's Oc -
rit. e dim.
con brio.

OCTOBER.


cres.
f
- to - ber, that's Oc - to - ber, that's Oc - to - ber, Oc - to - - ber, That's Oc -
- to - ber, that's Oc - to - ber, that's Oc - to - ber, Oc - to - - ber, That's Oc -
cres.
f
p
cres.
f
rit. ma non dim.
- to - ber, that's Oc - to - ber, that's Oc - to - - ber, Oc - to - ber!
- to - ber, that's Oc - to - ber, that's Oc - to - - ber, Oc - to - ber!
cres.
f
rit. ma non dim.

GEORGE COOPER.

VAIN FANCY.

W. A. MOZART, arr.
1756—1791.

Andantino.

p 1*st Voice.*

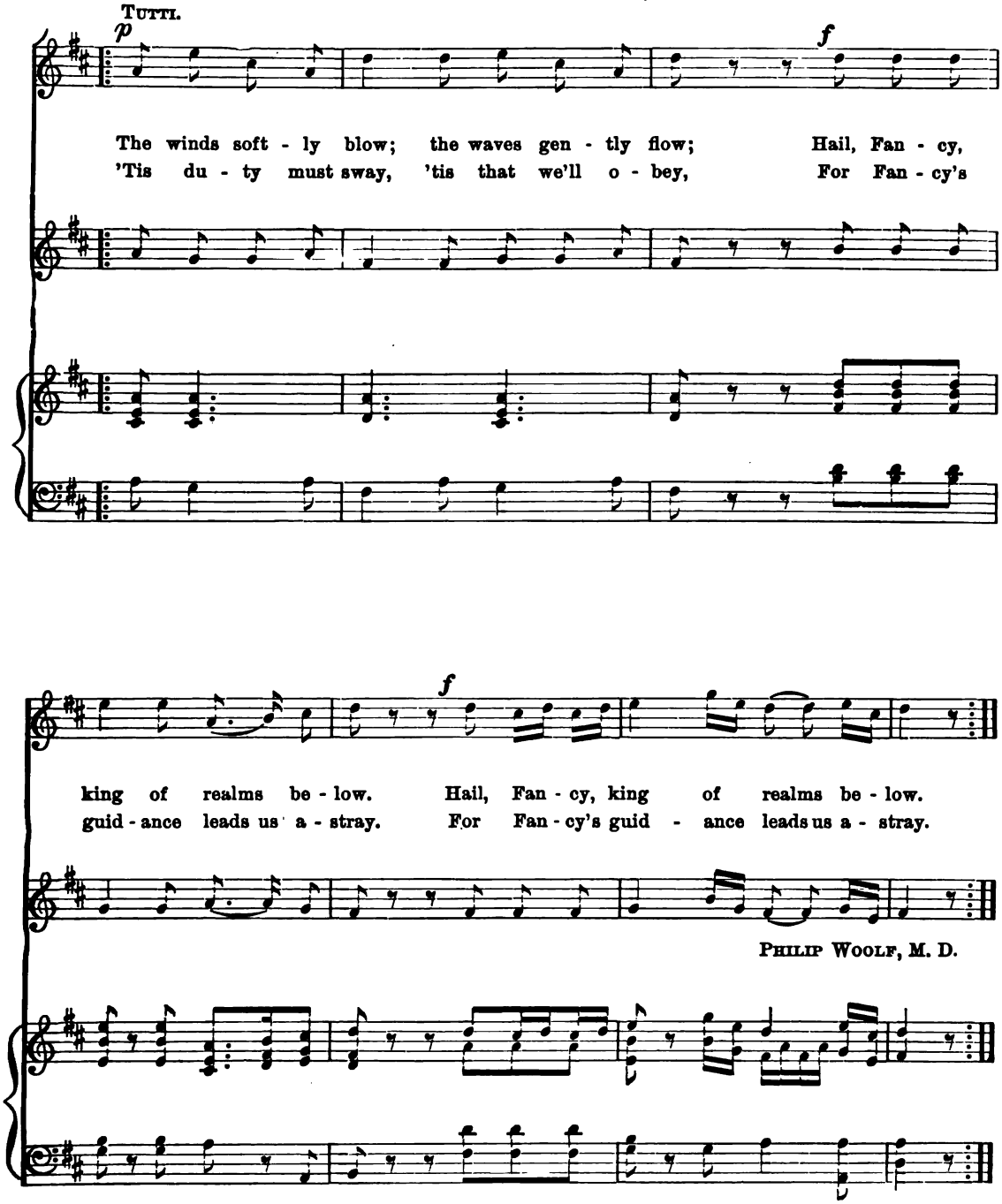
1. 'Neath guid-ance of Fan - cy, we'll roam thro' the
2. With Fan - cy as pi - lot, all trou-bles swift

2*d Voice.*

wide world, A - void-ing all trou - bles as i - dle and vain; We'll sail o'er broad
van - ish, The sun shines in glo - ry and gold - en its beam; Air cas - tles we're

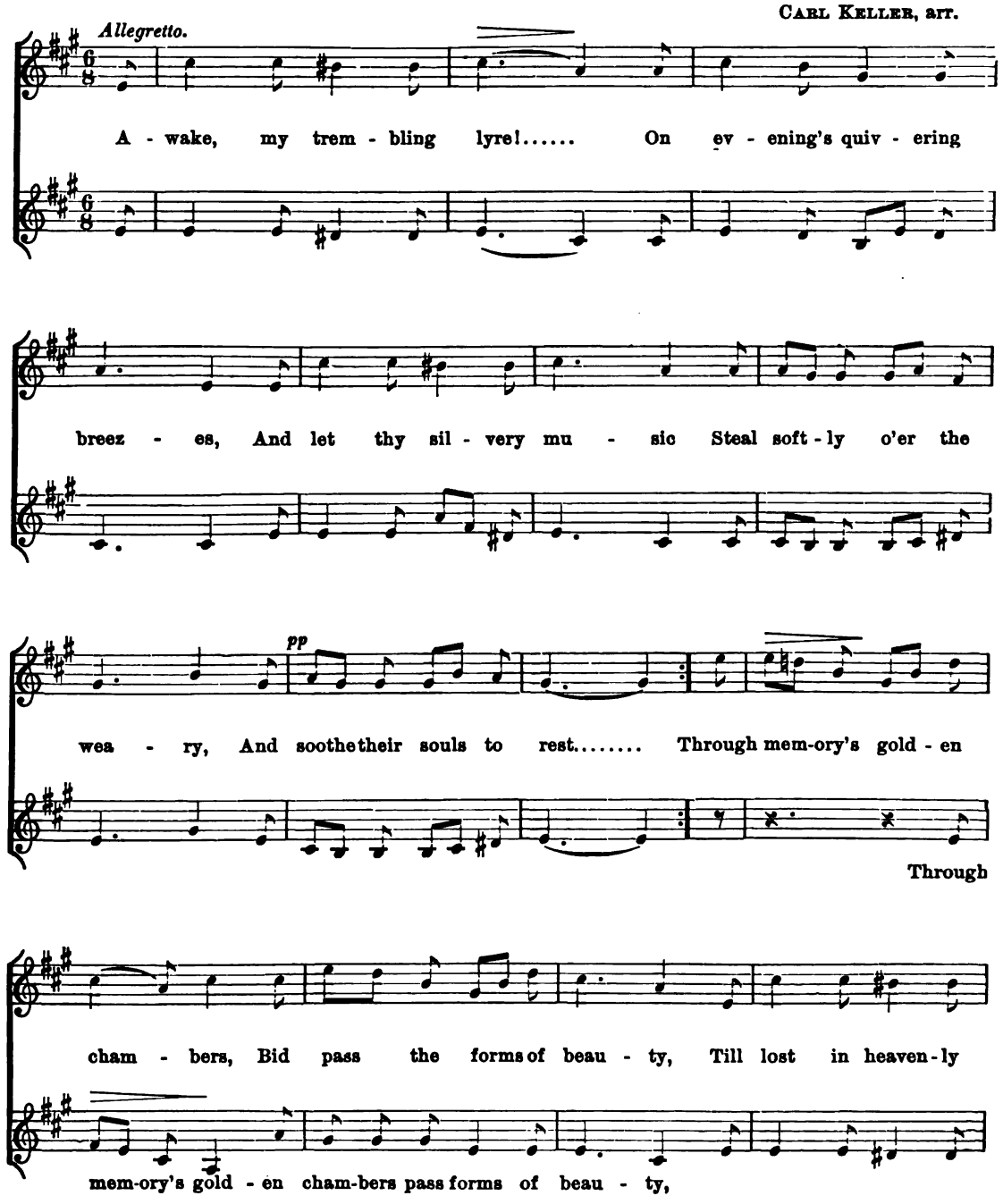
seas, in our fair - ry bark row - ing, Nor heed the world and its bur - den of pain.
build-ing and school books we ban - ish, A - las! that pleas - ure is on - ly a dream.

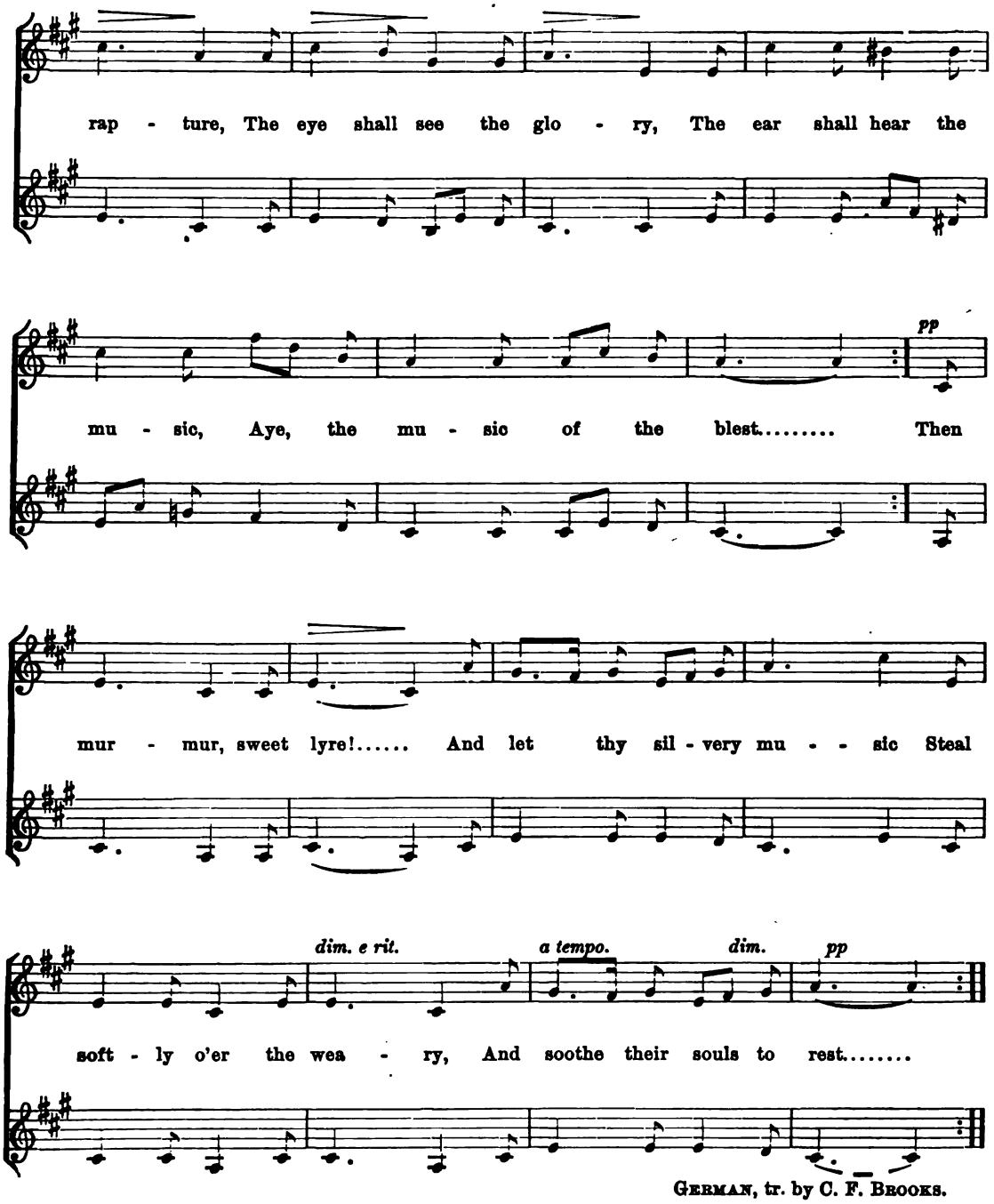
VAIN FANCY.


TUTTI.
p
f
The winds soft - ly blow; the waves gen - tly flow; Hail, Fan - cy,
'Tis du - ty must sway, 'tis that we'll o - bey, For Fan - cy's
f
king of realms be - low. Hail, Fan - cy, king of realms be - low.
guid - ance leads us a - stray. For Fan - cy's guid - ance leads us a - stray.

PHILIP WOOLF, M. D.

AWAKE, MY TREMBLING LYRE.

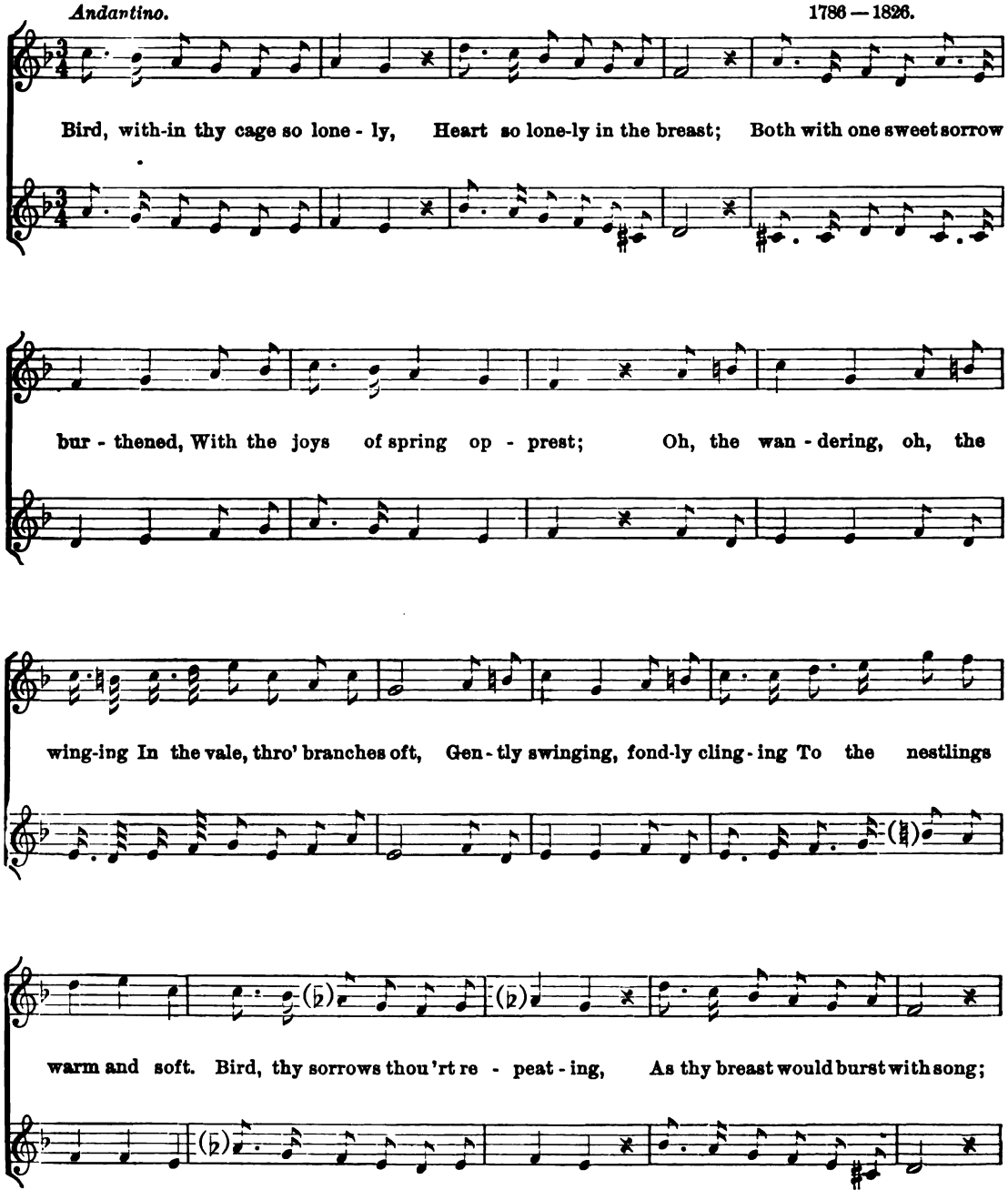
CARL KELLER, arr.

Allegretto.
A - wake, my trem - bling lyre!..... On ev - ening's quiv - ering
breez - es, And let thy sil - very mu - sic Steal soft - ly o'er the
pp
wea - ry, And soothe their souls to rest..... Through mem-ory's gold - en
Through
cham - bers, Bid pass the forms of beau - ty, Till lost in heaven - ly
mem-ory's gold - en cham-bers pass forms of beau - ty,

AWAKE MY TREMBLING LYRE.

rap - ture, The eye shall see the glo - ry, The ear shall hear the
pp
mu - sic, Aye, the mu - sic of the blest..... Then
mur - mur, sweet lyre!..... And let thy sil - very mu - - sic Steal
dim. e rit.
a tempo.
dim.
pp
soft - ly o'er the wea - ry, And soothe their souls to rest.....

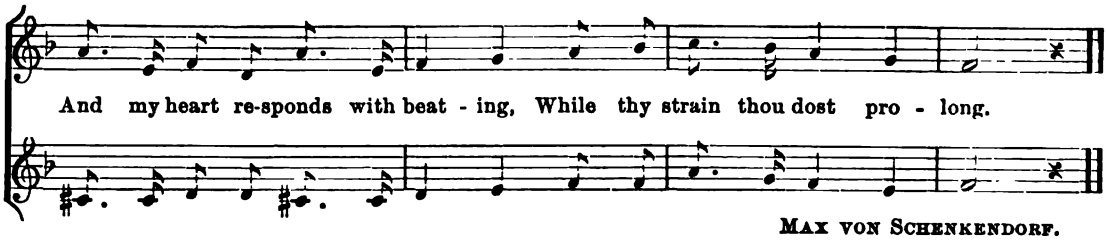
GERMAN, tr. by C. F. BROOKS.

THE CAPTIVE SINGER.

C. M. VON WEBER, arr.
1786 — 1826.

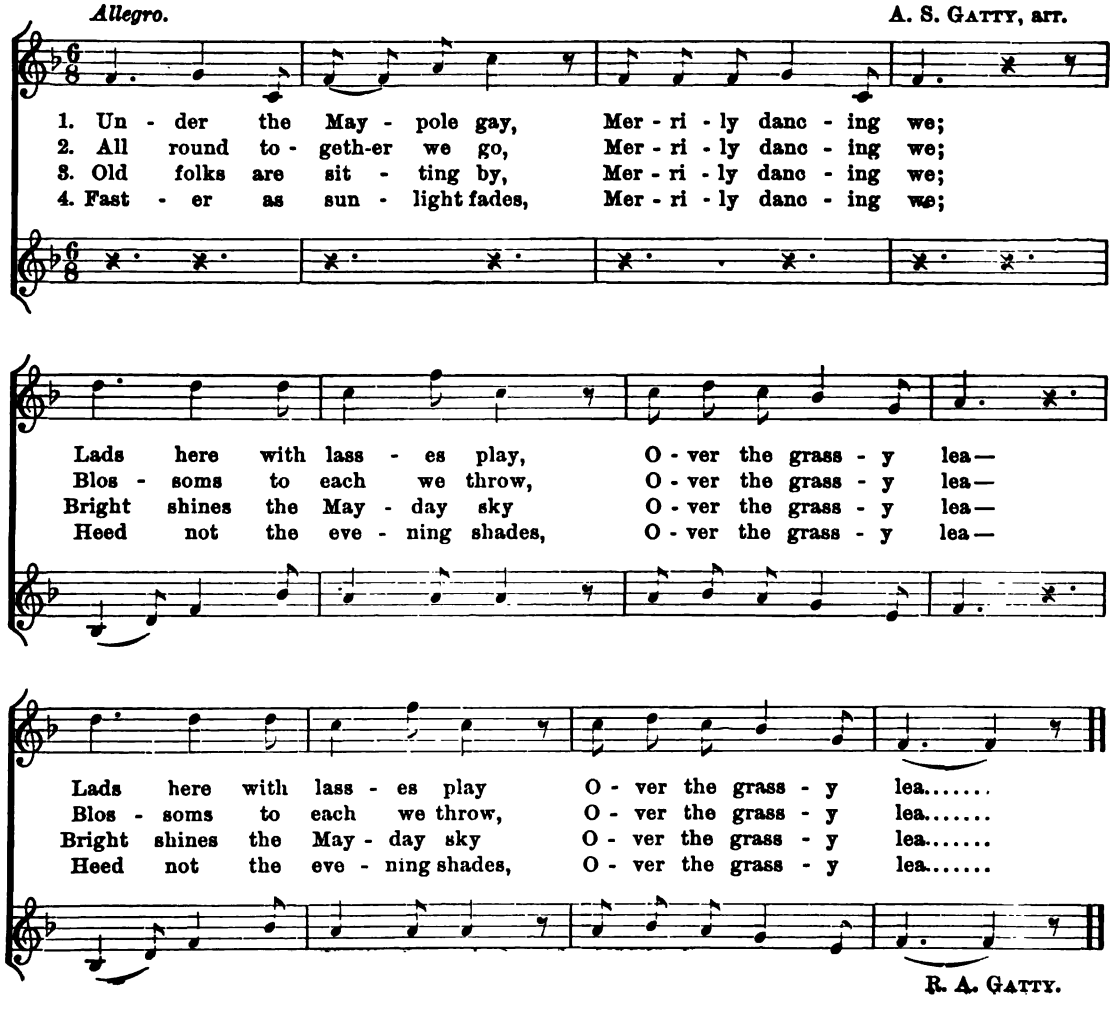
Andantino.

Bird, with-in thy cage so lone - ly, Heart so lone-ly in the breast; Both with one sweet sorrow
bur - thened, With the joys of spring op - prest; Oh, the wan - dering, oh, the
wing-ing In the vale, thro' branches oft, Gen - tly swinging, fond-ly cling - ing To the nestlings
warm and soft. Bird, thy sorrows thou 'rt re - peat - ing, As thy breast would burst with song;

THE CAPTIVE SINGER.



MAX VON SCHENKENDORF.

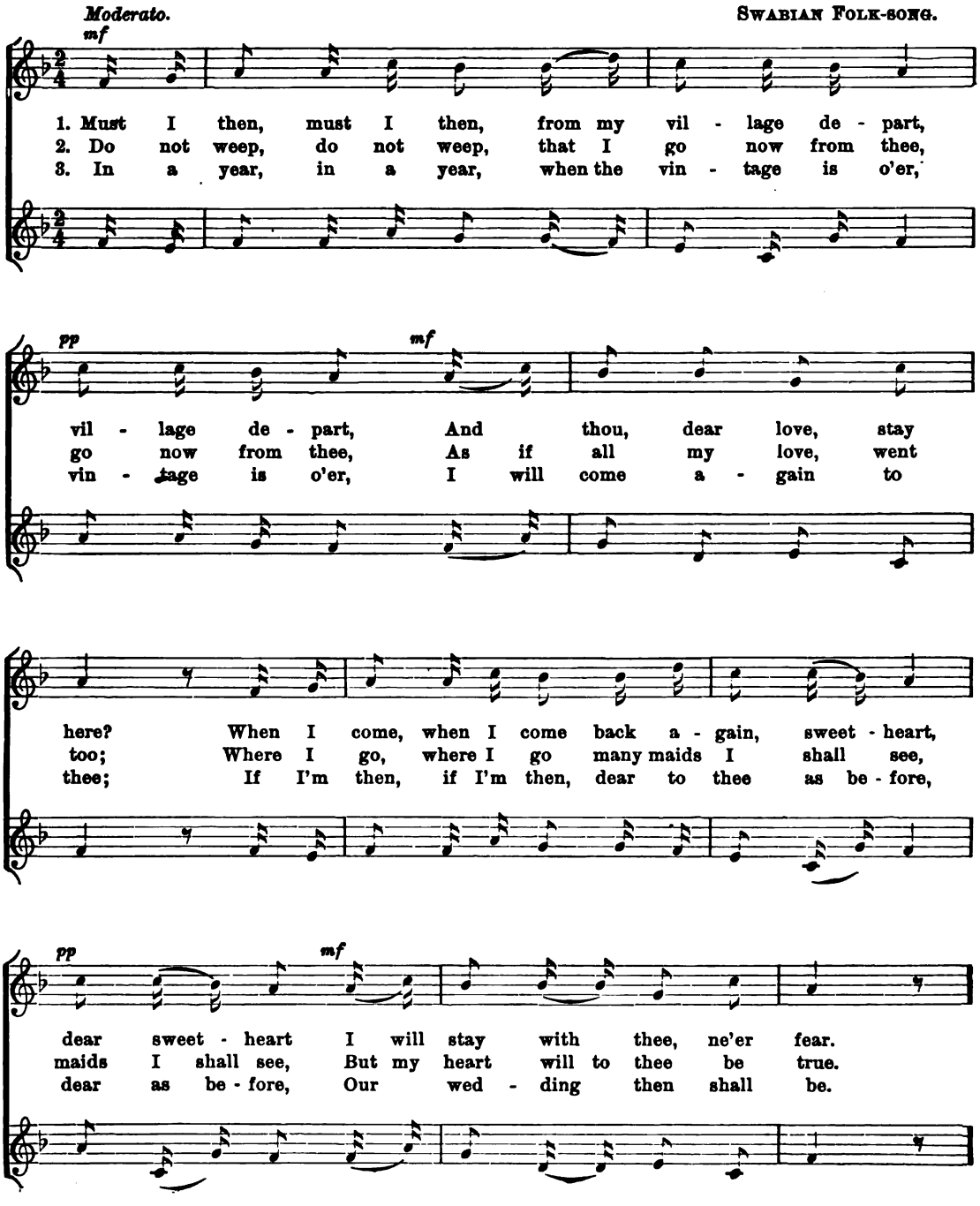
UNDER THE MAY-POLE GAY.


Allegro.
A. S. GATTY, arr.
1. Un - der the May - pole gay, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing we;
2. All round to - geth-er we go, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing we;
3. Old folks are sit - ting by, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing we;
4. Fast - er as sun - light fades, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing we;
Lads here with lass - es play, O - ver the grass - y lea—
Blos - soms to each we throw, O - ver the grass - y lea—
Bright shines the May - day sky O - ver the grass - y lea—
Heed not the eve - ning shades, O - ver the grass - y lea—
Lads here with lass - es play O - ver the grass - y lea.....
Blos - soms to each we throw, O - ver the grass - y lea.....
Bright shines the May - day sky O - ver the grass - y lea.....
Heed not the eve - ning shades, O - ver the grass - y lea.....

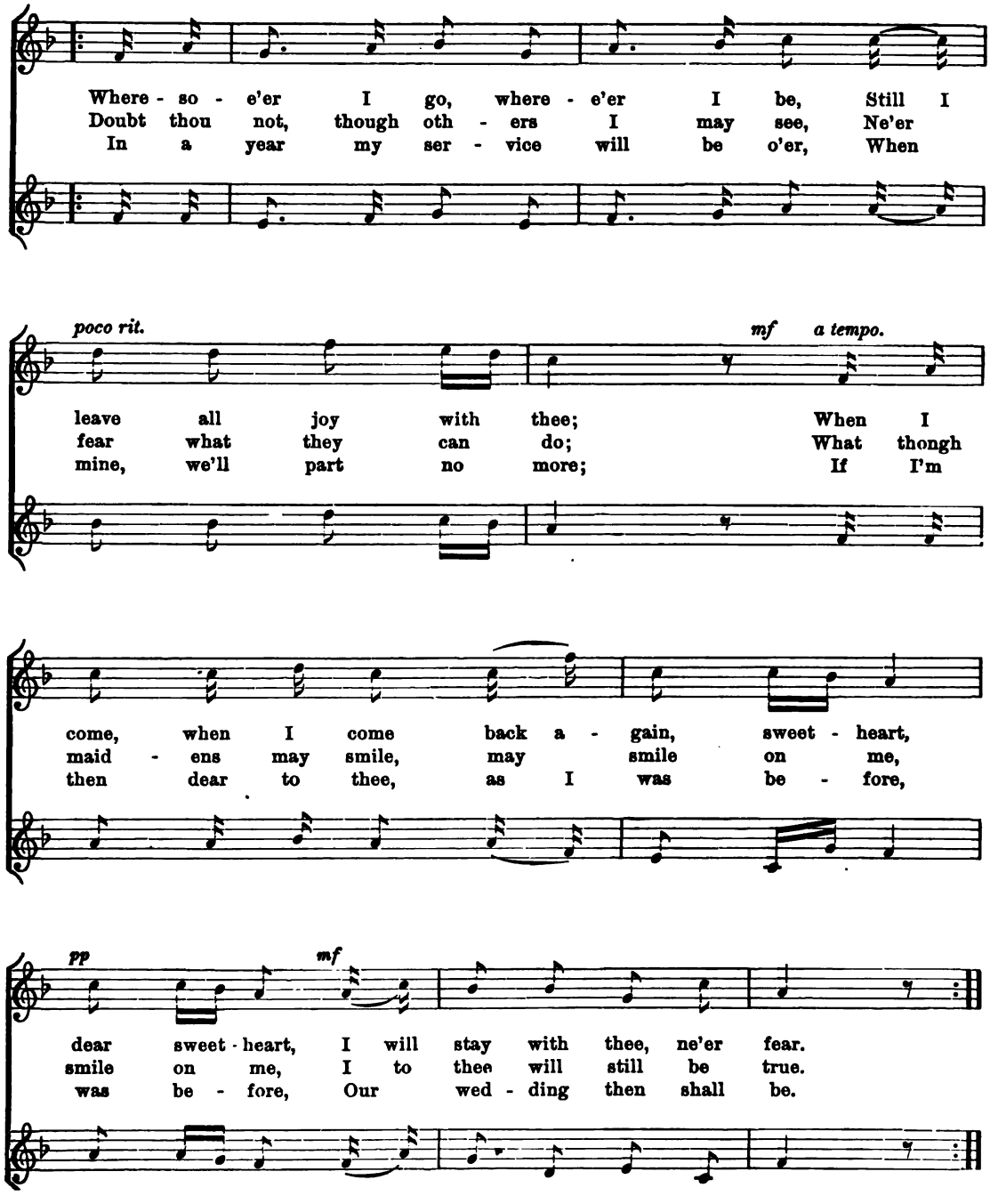
R. A. GATTY.

PARTING.

Moderato. SWABIAN FOLK-SONG.


mf
1. Must I then, must I then, from my vil - lage de - part,
2. Do not weep, do not weep, that I go now from thee,
3. In a year, in a year, when the vin - tage is o'er,
pp
mf
vil - lage de - part, And thou, dear love, stay
go now from thee, As if all my love, went
vin - tage is o'er, I will come a - gain to
here? When I come, when I come back a - gain, sweet - heart,
too; Where I go, where I go many maids I shall see,
thee; If I'm then, if I'm then, dear to thee as be - fore,
pp
mf
dear sweet - heart I will stay with thee, ne'er fear.
maids I shall see, But my heart will to thee be true.
dear as be - fore, Our wed - ding then shall be.

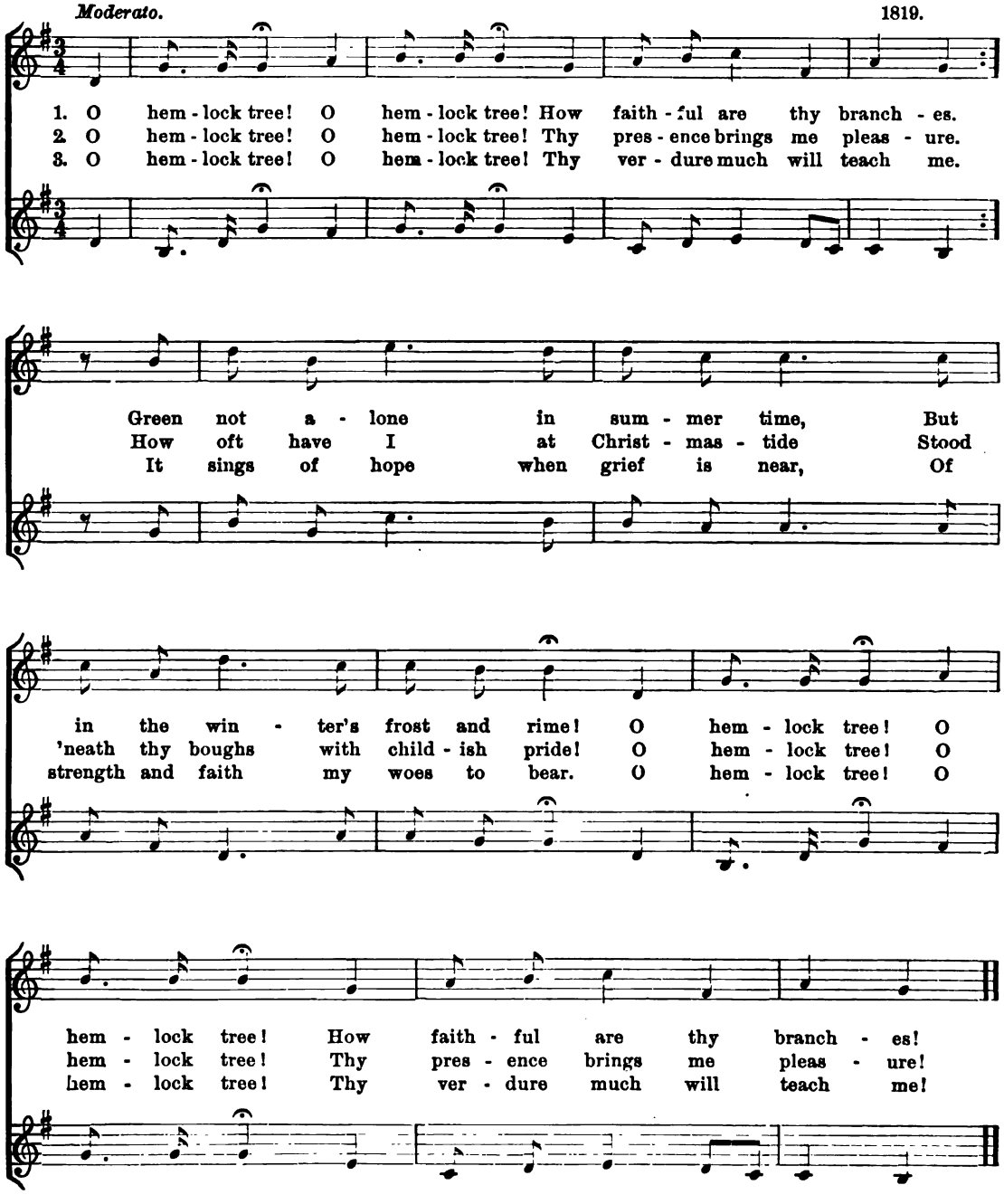
PARTING.


Where - so - e'er I go, where - e'er I be, Still I
Doubt thou not, though oth - ers I may see, Ne'er
In a year my ser - vice will be o'er, When
poco rit.
mf a tempo.
leave all joy with thee; When I
fear what they can do; What thongh
mine, we'll part no more; If I'm
come, when I come back a - gain, sweet - heart,
maid - ens may smile, may smile on me,
then dear to thee, as I was be - fore,
pp
mf
dear sweet - heart, I will stay with thee, ne'er fear.
smile on me, I to thee will still be true.
was be - fore, Our wed - ding then shall be.

THE HEMLOCK TREE.

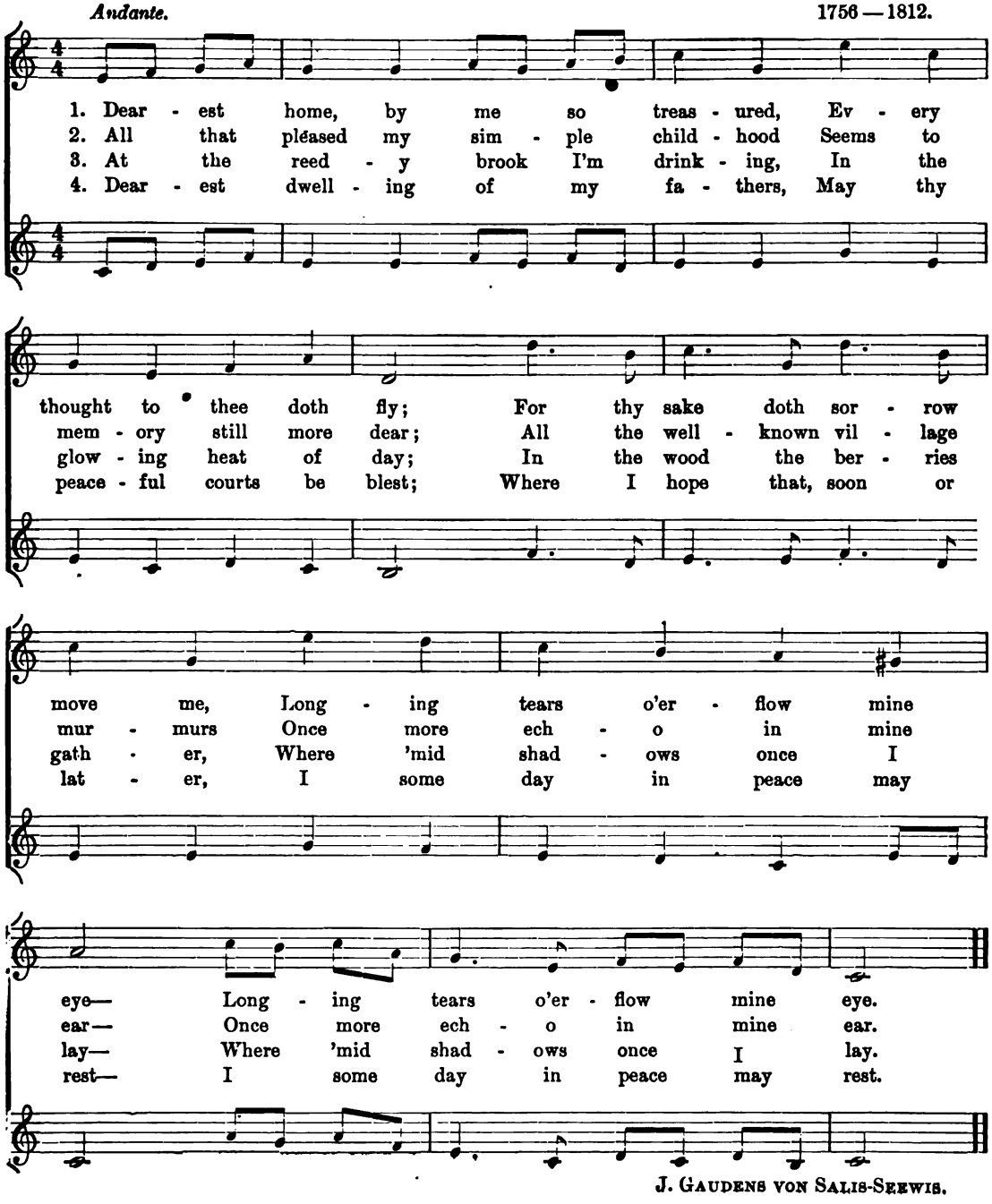
A. ZARNACK.
1819.

Moderato.


1. O hem - lock tree! O hem - lock tree! How faith - ful are thy branch - es.
2. O hem - lock tree! O hem - lock tree! Thy pres - ence brings me pleas - ure.
3. O hem - lock tree! O hem - lock tree! Thy ver - dure much will teach me.
Green not a - lone in sum - mer time, But
How oft have I at Christ - mas - tide Stood
It sings of hope when grief is near, Of
in the win - ter's frost and rime! O hem - lock tree! O
'neath thy boughs with child - ish pride! O hem - lock tree! O
strength and faith my woes to bear. O hem - lock tree! O
hem - lock tree! How faith - ful are thy branch - es!
hem - lock tree! Thy pres - ence brings me pleas - ure!
hem - lock tree! Thy ver - dure much will teach me!

DEAREST HOME.

V. RIGHINI, arr.
1756—1812.

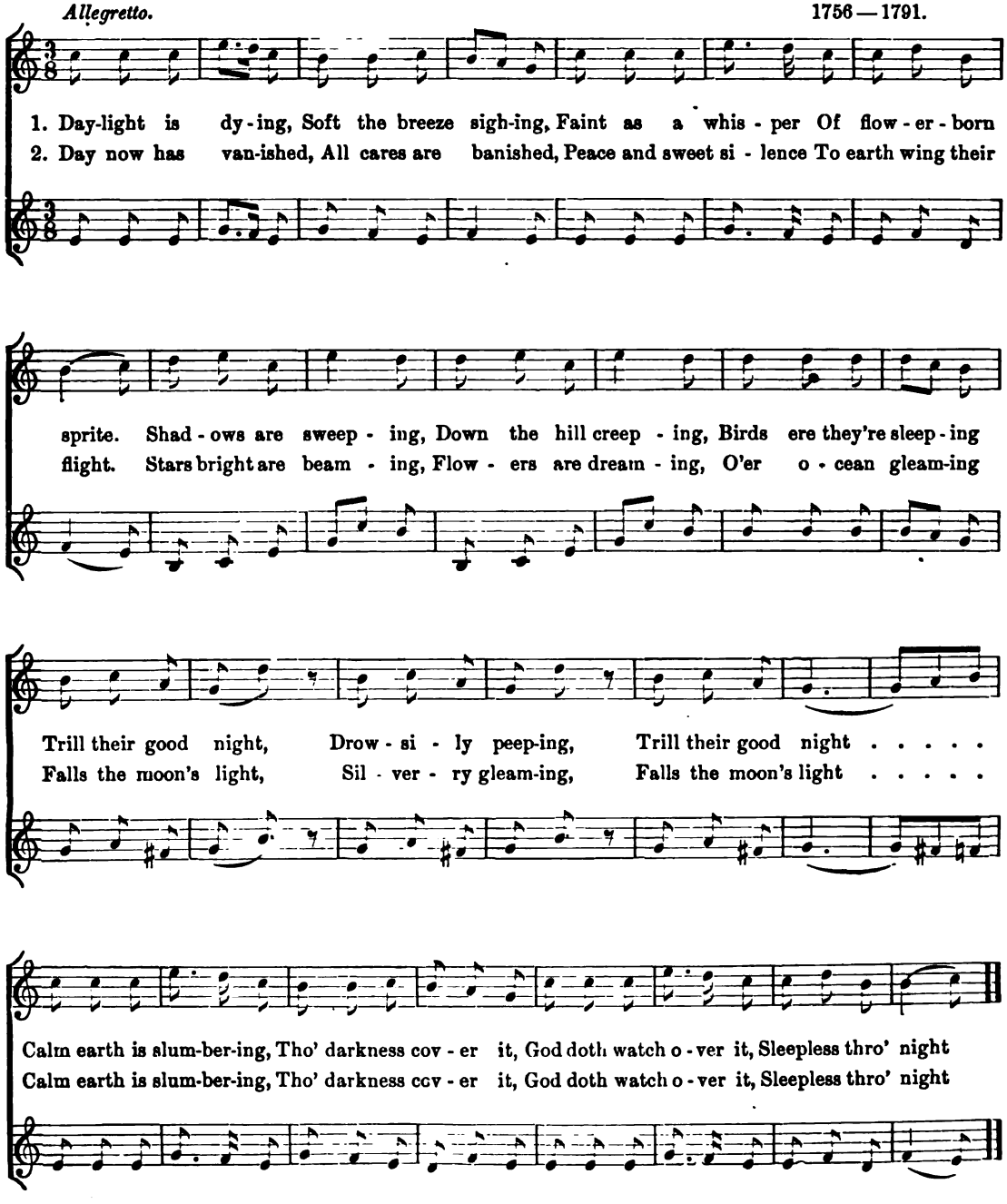
Andante.

1. Dear - est home, by me so treas - ured, Ev - ery
2. All that pleased my sim - ple child - hood Seems to
3. At the reed - y brook I'm drink - ing, In the
4. Dear - est dwell - ing of my fa - thers, May thy
thought to thee doth fly; For thy sake doth sor - row
mem - ory still more dear; All the well - known vil - lage
glow - ing heat of day; In the wood the ber - ries
peace - ful courts be blest; Where I hope that, soon or
move me, Long - ing tears o'er - flow mine
mur - murs Once more ech - o in mine
gath - er, Where 'mid shad - ows once I
lat - er, I some day in peace may
eye— Long - ing tears o'er - flow mine eye.
ear— Once more ech - o in mine ear.
lay— Where 'mid shad - ows once I lay.
rest— I some day in peace may rest.

J. GAUDENS VON SALIS-SEEWIS.

DAYLIGHT IS DYING.

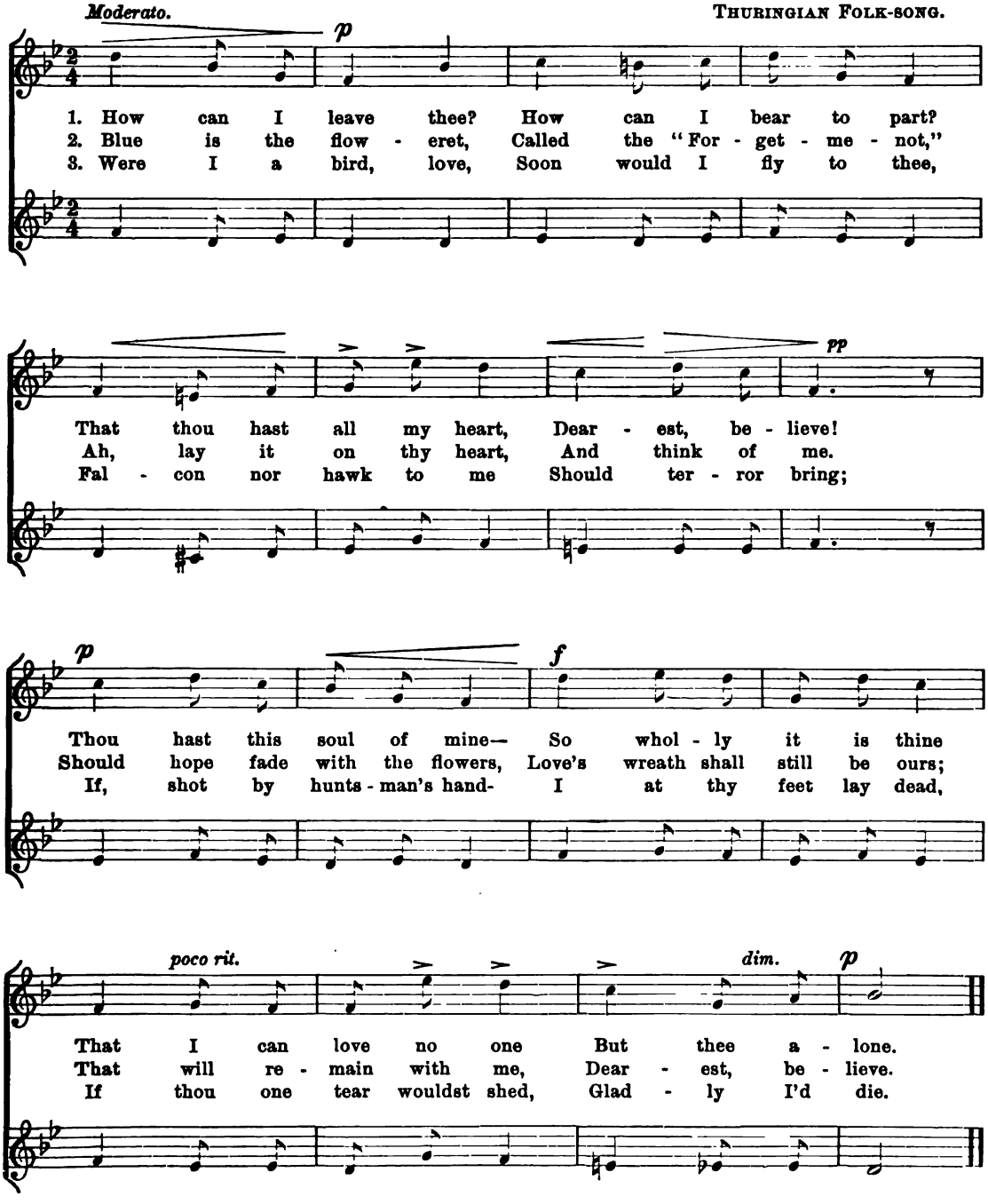
W. A. MOZART, arr.
1756—1791.

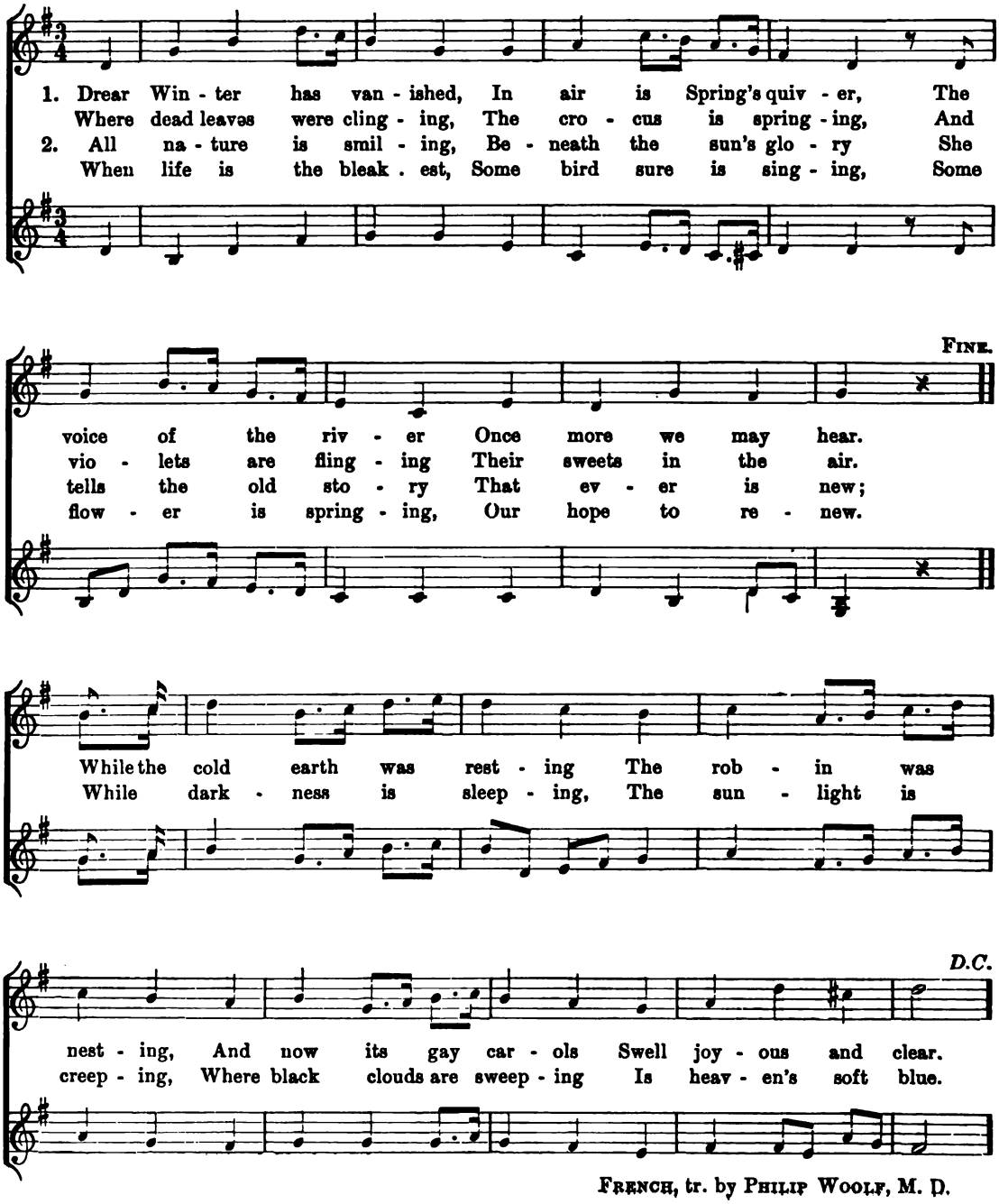
Allegretto.


1. Day-light is dy-ing, Soft the breeze sigh-ing, Faint as a whis-per Of flow-er-born
2. Day now has van-ished, All cares are banished, Peace and sweet si-lence To earth wing their
sprite. Shad-ows are sweep-ing, Down the hill creep-ing, Birds ere they're sleep-ing
flight. Stars bright are beam-ing, Flow-ers are dream-ing, O'er o-cean gleam-ing
Trill their good night, Drow-si-ly peep-ing, Trill their good night . . . . .
Falls the moon's light, Sil-ver-ry gleam-ing, Falls the moon's light . . . . .
Calm earth is slum-ber-ing, Tho' darkness cov-er it, God doth watch o-ver it, Sleepless thro' night
Calm earth is slum-ber-ing, Tho' darkness cov-er it, God doth watch o-ver it, Sleepless thro' night

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE?

Moderato. THURINGIAN FOLK-SONG.

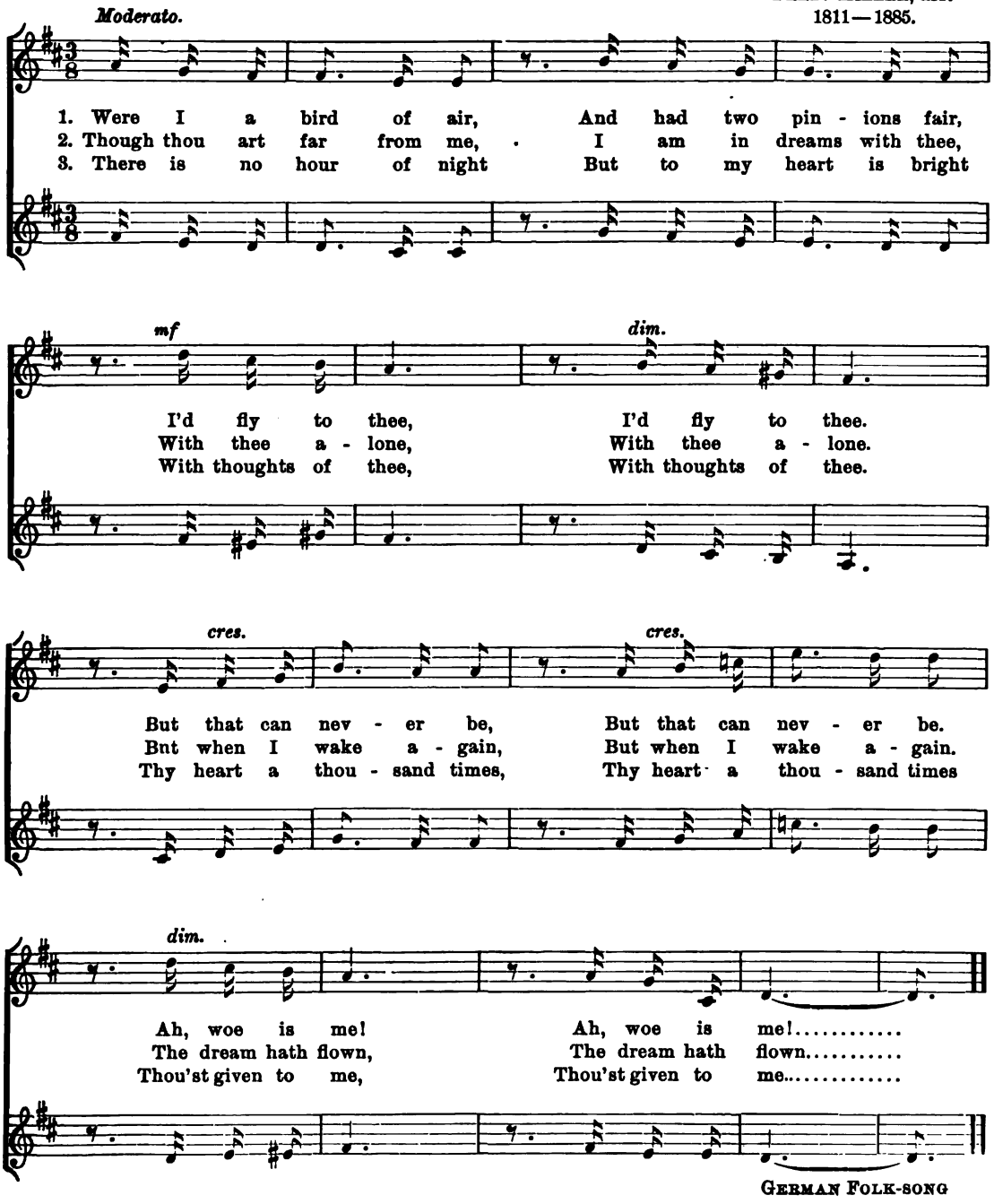

p
1. How can I leave thee? How can I bear to part?
2. Blue is the flow - eret, Called the "For - get - me - not,"
3. Were I a bird, love, Soon would I fly to thee,
pp
That thou hast all my heart, Dear - est, be - lieve!
Ah, lay it on thy heart, And think of me.
Fal - con nor hawk to me Should ter - ror bring;
p
f
Thou hast this soul of mine— So whol - ly it is thine
Should hope fade with the flowers, Love's wreath shall still be ours;
If, shot by hunts - man's hand- I at thy feet lay dead,
poco rit.
dim.
p
That I can love no one But thee a - lone.
That will re - main with me, Dear - est, be - lieve.
If thou one tear wouldst shed, Glad - ly I'd die.

DREAR WINTER HAS VANISHED.

1. Drear Win - ter has van - ished, In air is Spring's quiv - er, The
Where dead leaves were cling - ing, The cro - cus is spring - ing, And
2. All na - ture is smil - ing, Be - neath the sun's glo - ry She
When life is the bleak . est, Some bird sure is sing - ing, Some
FINE.
voice of the riv - er Once more we may hear.
vio - lets are fling - ing Their sweets in the air.
tells the old sto - ry That ev - er is new;
flow - er is spring - ing, Our hope to re - new.
While the cold earth was rest - ing The rob - in was
While dark - ness is sleep - ing, The sun - light is
D.C.
nest - ing, And now its gay car - ols Swell joy - ous and clear.
creep - ing, Where black clouds are sweep - ing Is heav - en's soft blue.

FRENCH, tr. by PHILIP WOOLF, M. D.

WERE I A BIRD.

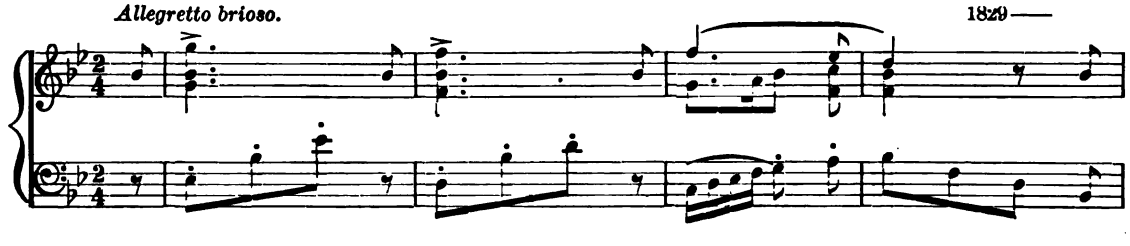
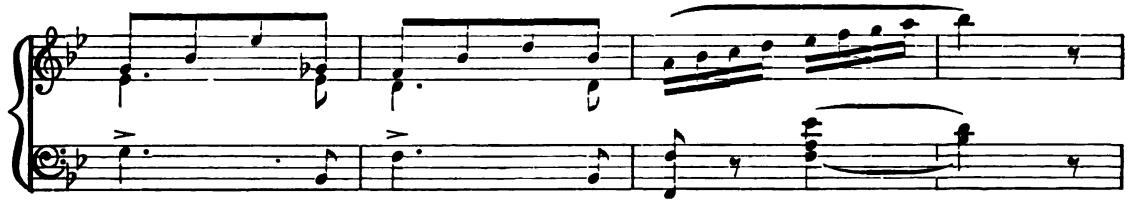
FERD. HILLER, arr.
1811—1885.


Moderato.
1. Were I a bird of air, And had two pin - ions fair,
2. Though thou art far from me, I am in dreams with thee,
3. There is no hour of night But to my heart is bright
mf
I'd fly to thee,
With thee a - lone,
With thoughts of thee,
dim.
I'd fly to thee.
With thee a - lone.
With thoughts of thee.
cres.
But that can nev - er be,
But when I wake a - gain,
Thy heart a thou - sand times,
cres.
But that can nev - er be.
But when I wake a - gain.
Thy heart a thou - sand times
dim.
Ah, woe is me!
The dream hath flown,
Thou'st given to me,
Ah, woe is me!.....
The dream hath flown.....
Thou'st given to me.....

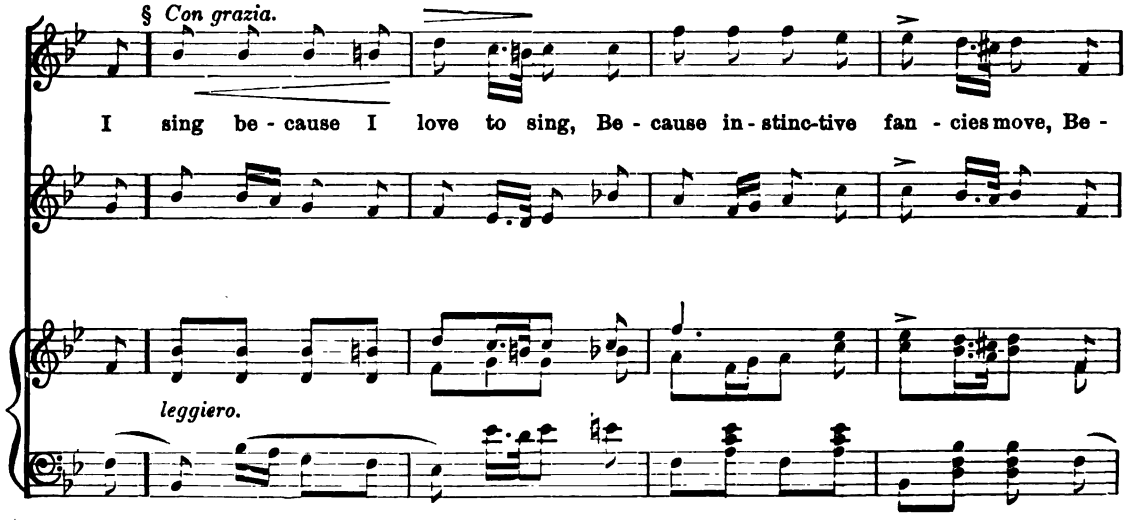
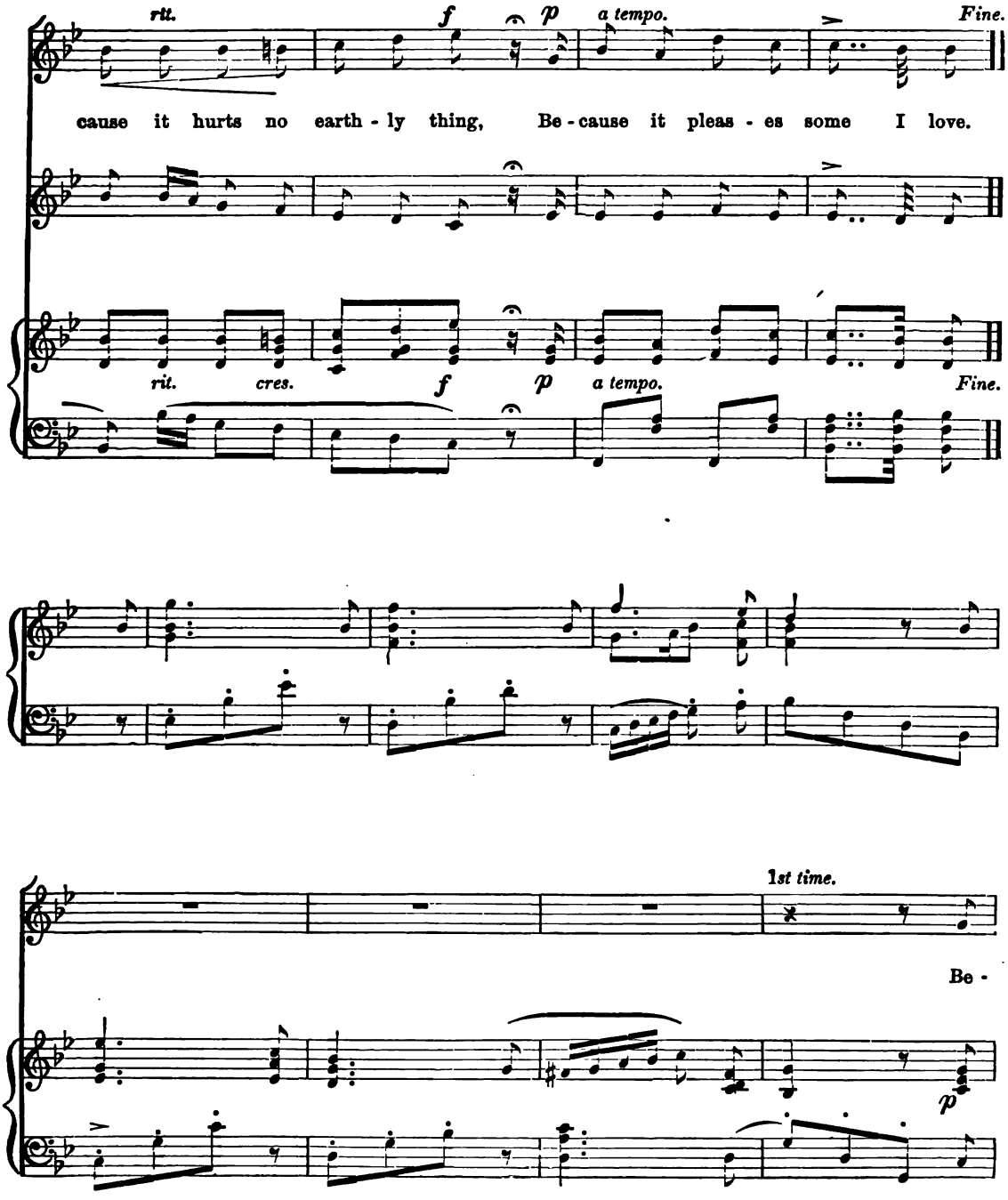
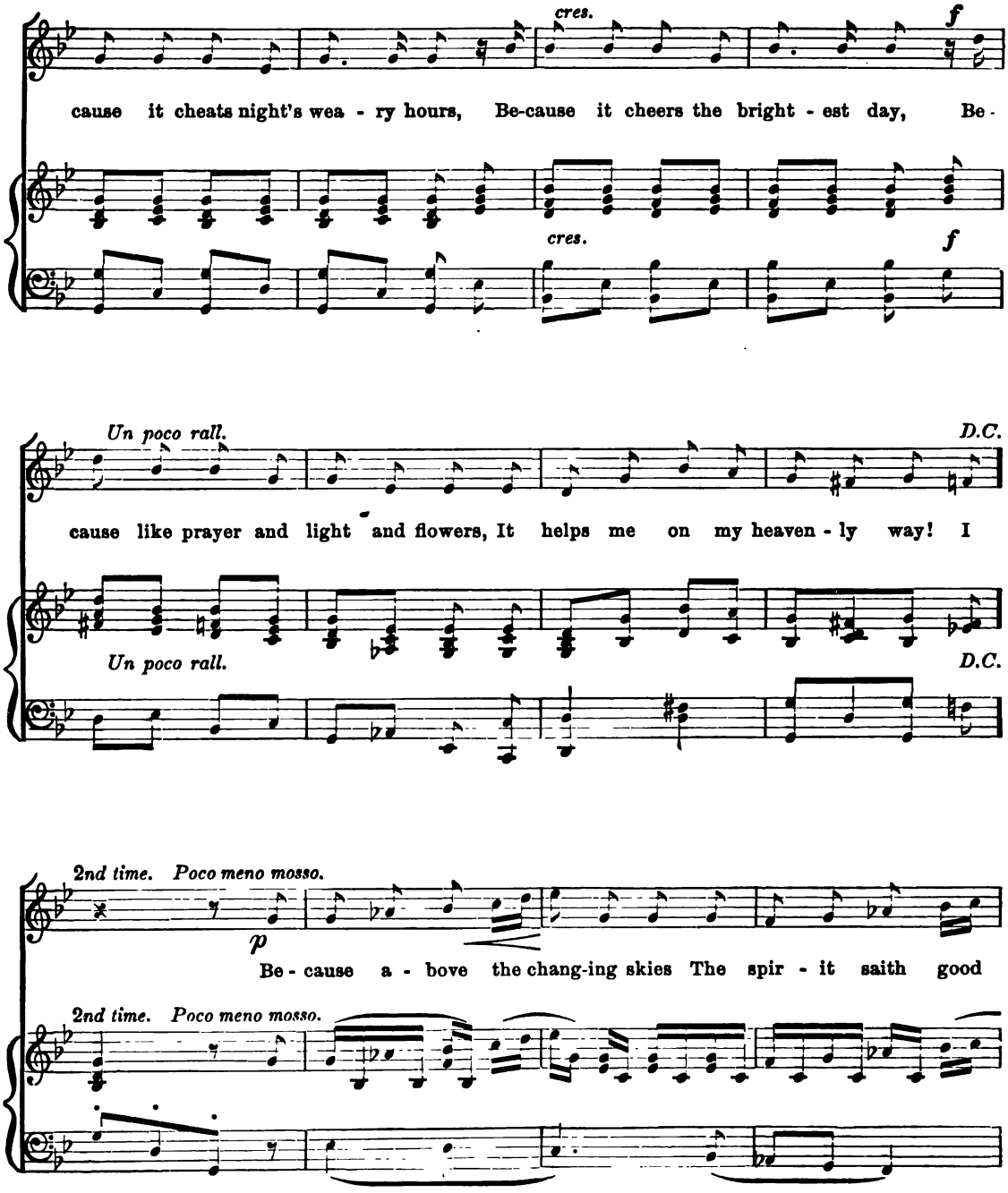
GERMAN FOLK-SONG

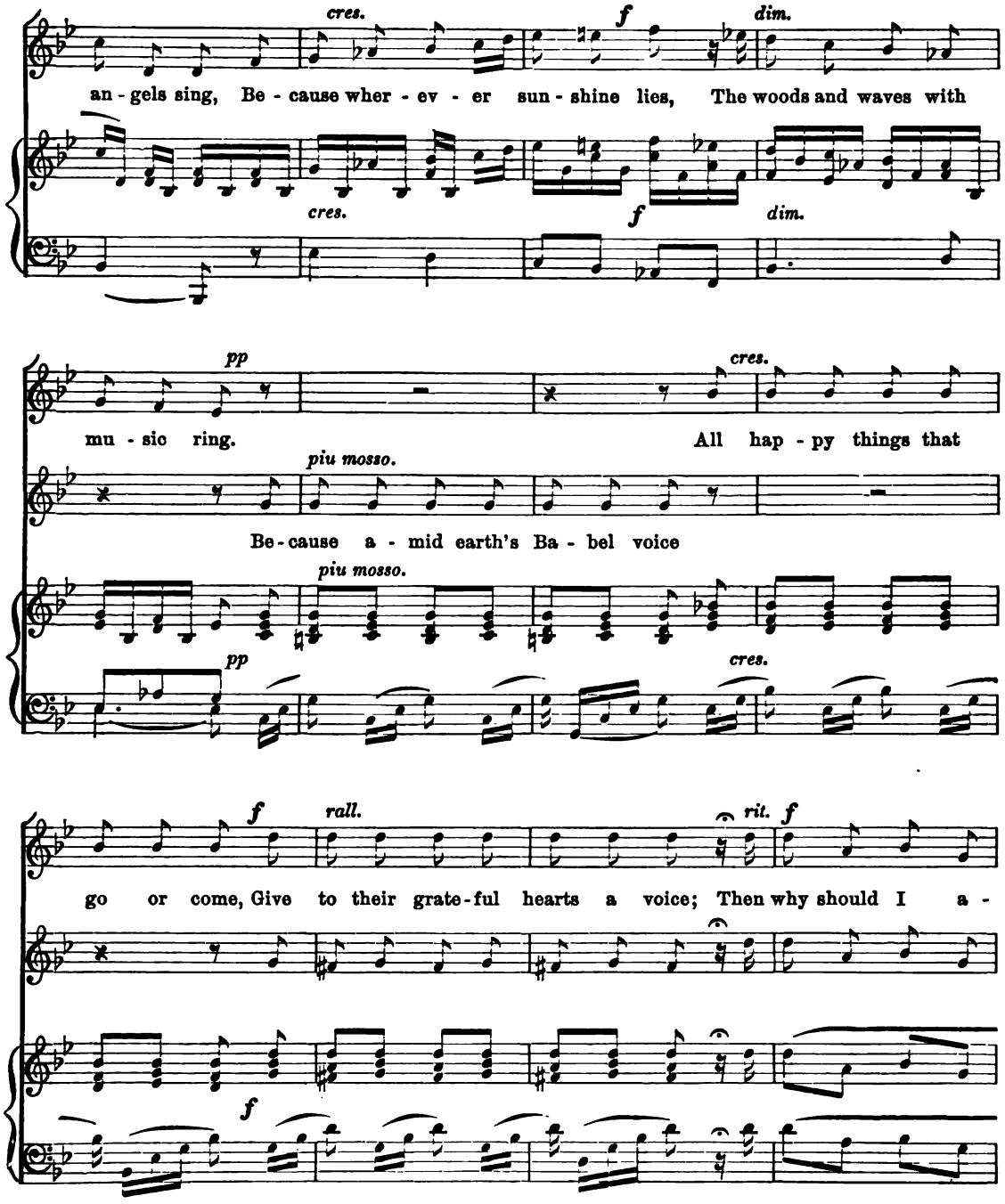
I SING BECAUSE I LOVE TO SING.

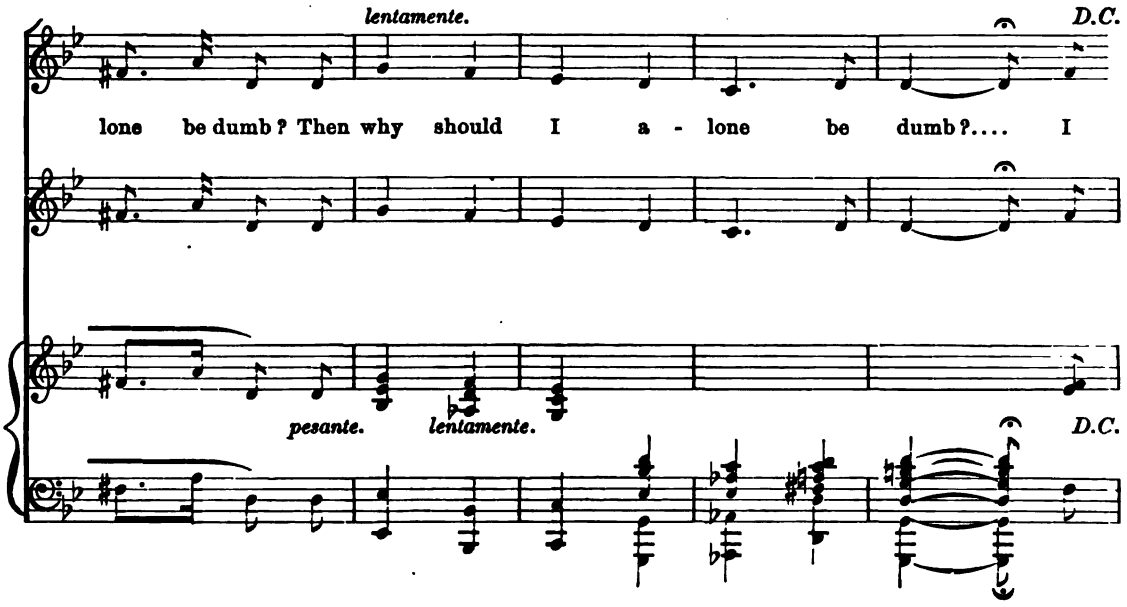
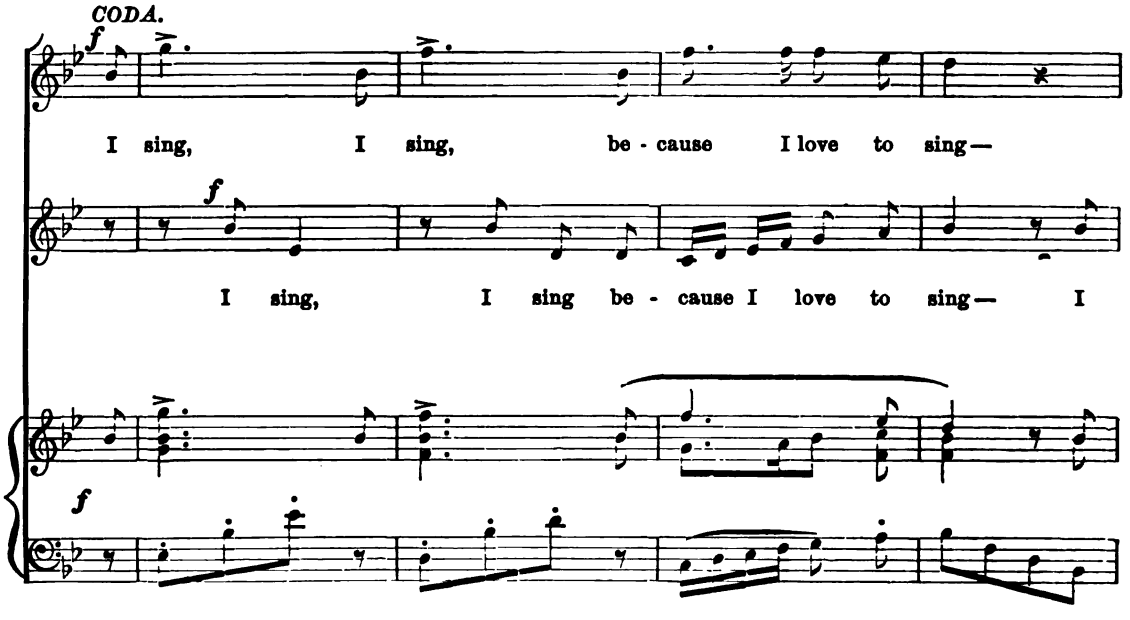
CIRO PINSUTI.
1829——

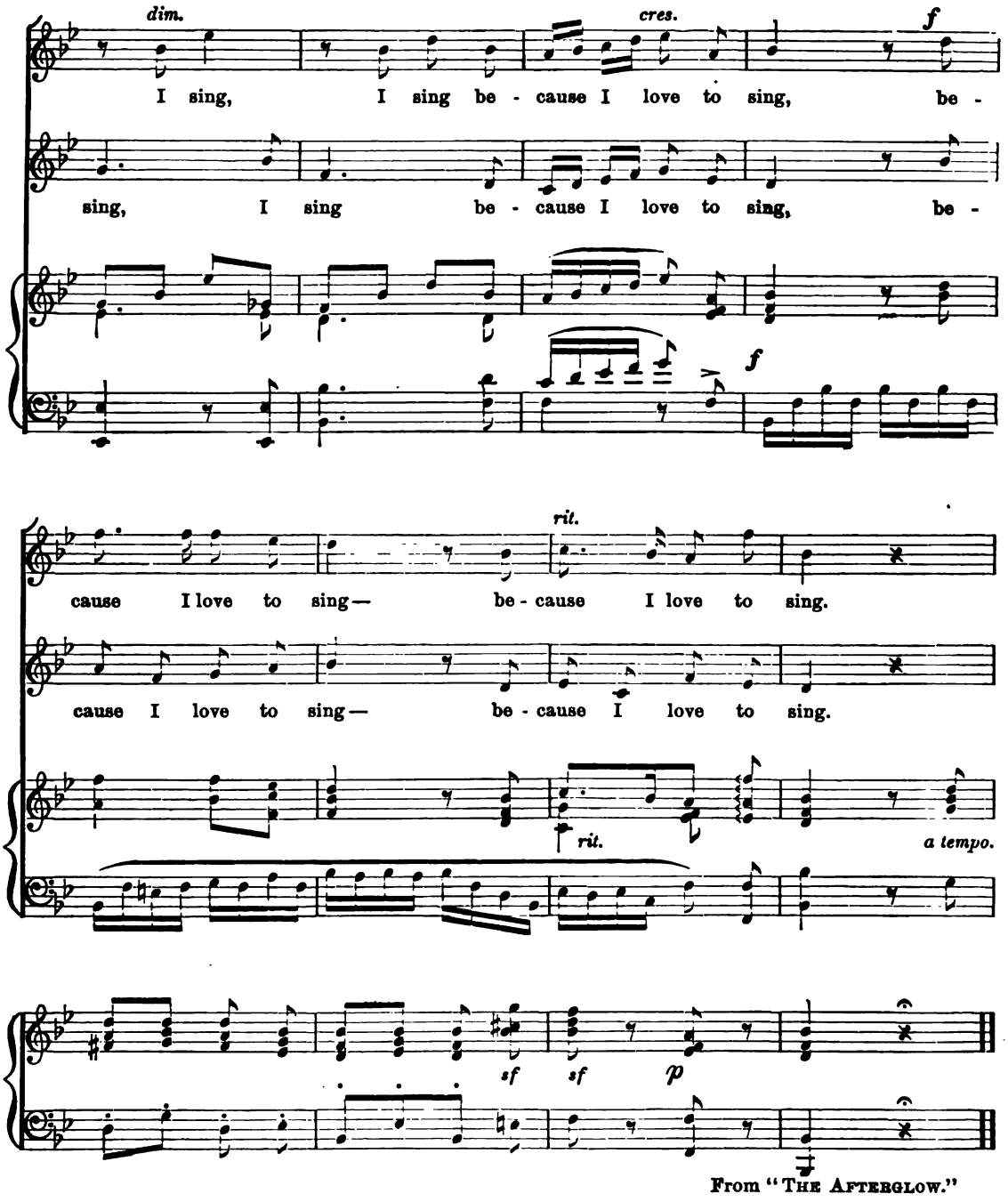
Allegretto brioso.

§ *Con grazia.*

I sing be - cause I love to sing, Be - cause in - stinc-tive fan - cies move, Be -

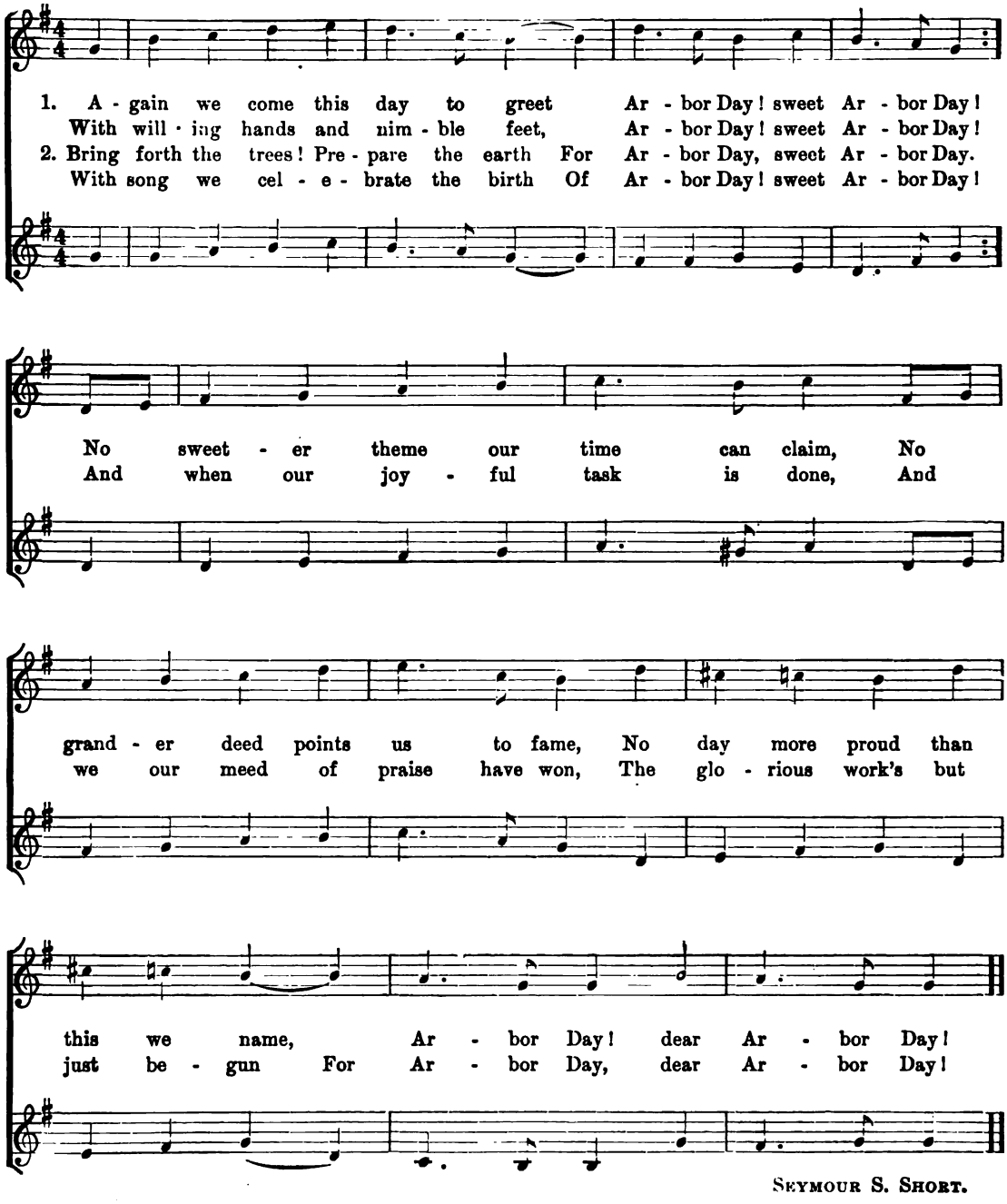
leggiero.

I SING BECAUSE I LOVE TO SING.

I SING BECAUSE I LOVE TO SING.

cres.
f
cause it cheats night's wea - ry hours, Be-cause it cheers the bright - est day, Be -
cres.
f
Un poco rall.
D.C.
cause like prayer and light and flowers, It helps me on my heaven - ly way! I
Un poco rall.
D.C.
2nd time. Poco meno mosso.
p
Be - cause a - bove the chang-ing skies The spir - it saith good
2nd time. Poco meno mosso.

I SING BECAUSE I LOVE TO SING.

I SING BECAUSE I LOVE TO SING.



I SING BECAUSE I LOVE TO SING.

dim.
cres.
f
I sing, I sing be - cause I love to sing, be -
sing, I sing be - cause I love to sing, be -
f
rit.
cause I love to sing— be - cause I love to sing.
cause I love to sing— be - cause I love to sing.
rit.
a tempo.
sf
sf
p

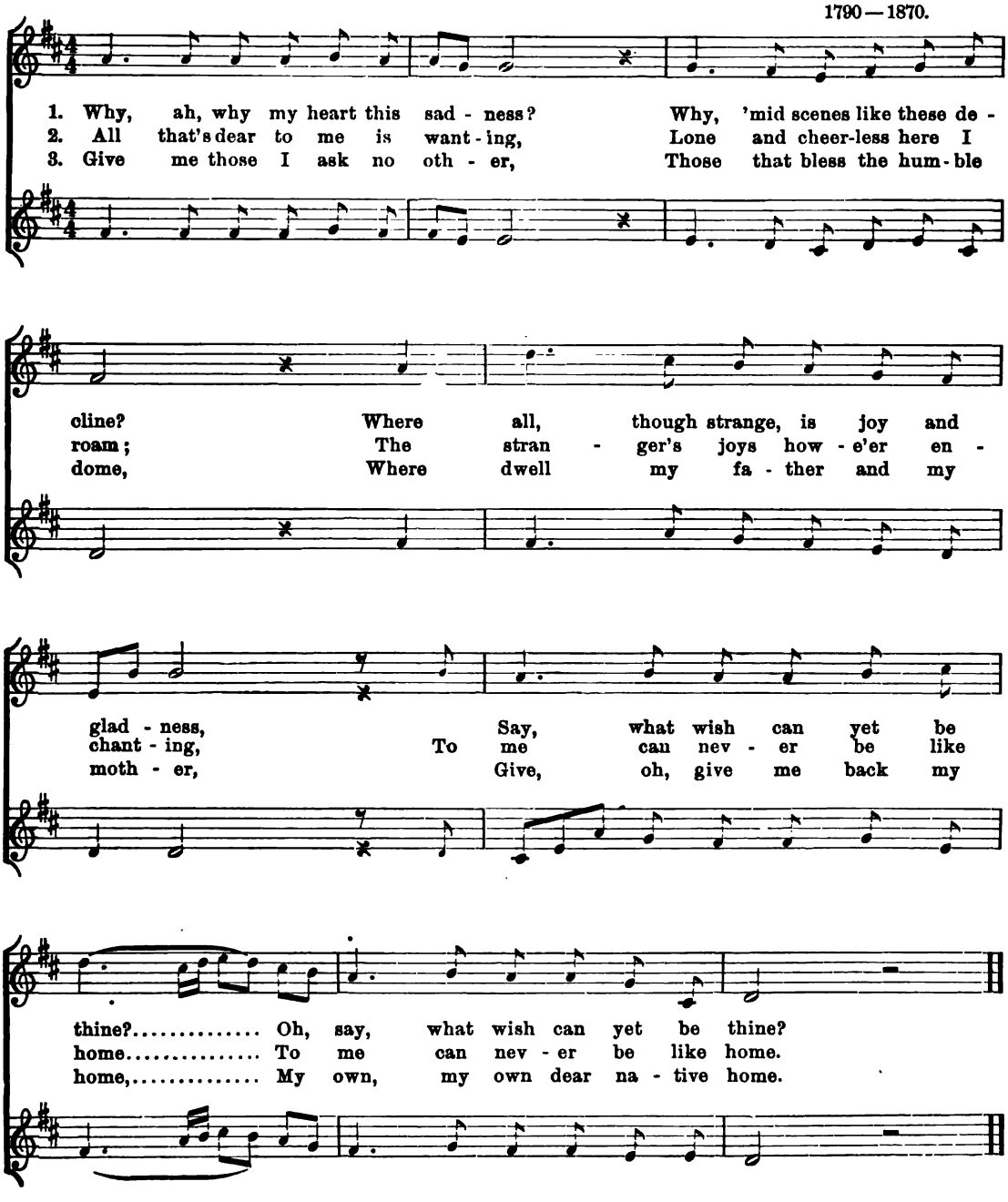
From "THE AFTERGLOW."

ARBOR DAY.

1. A - gain we come this day to greet Ar - bor Day! sweet Ar - bor Day!
With will - ing hands and nim - ble feet, Ar - bor Day! sweet Ar - bor Day!
2. Bring forth the trees! Pre - pare the earth For Ar - bor Day, sweet Ar - bor Day.
With song we cel - e - brate the birth Of Ar - bor Day! sweet Ar - bor Day!
No sweet - er theme our time can claim, No
And when our joy - ful task is done, And
grand - er deed points us to fame, No day more proud than
we our meed of praise have won, The glo - rious work's but
this we name, Ar - bor Day! dear Ar - bor Day!
just be - gun For Ar - bor Day, dear Ar - bor Day!

SEYMOUR S. SHORT.

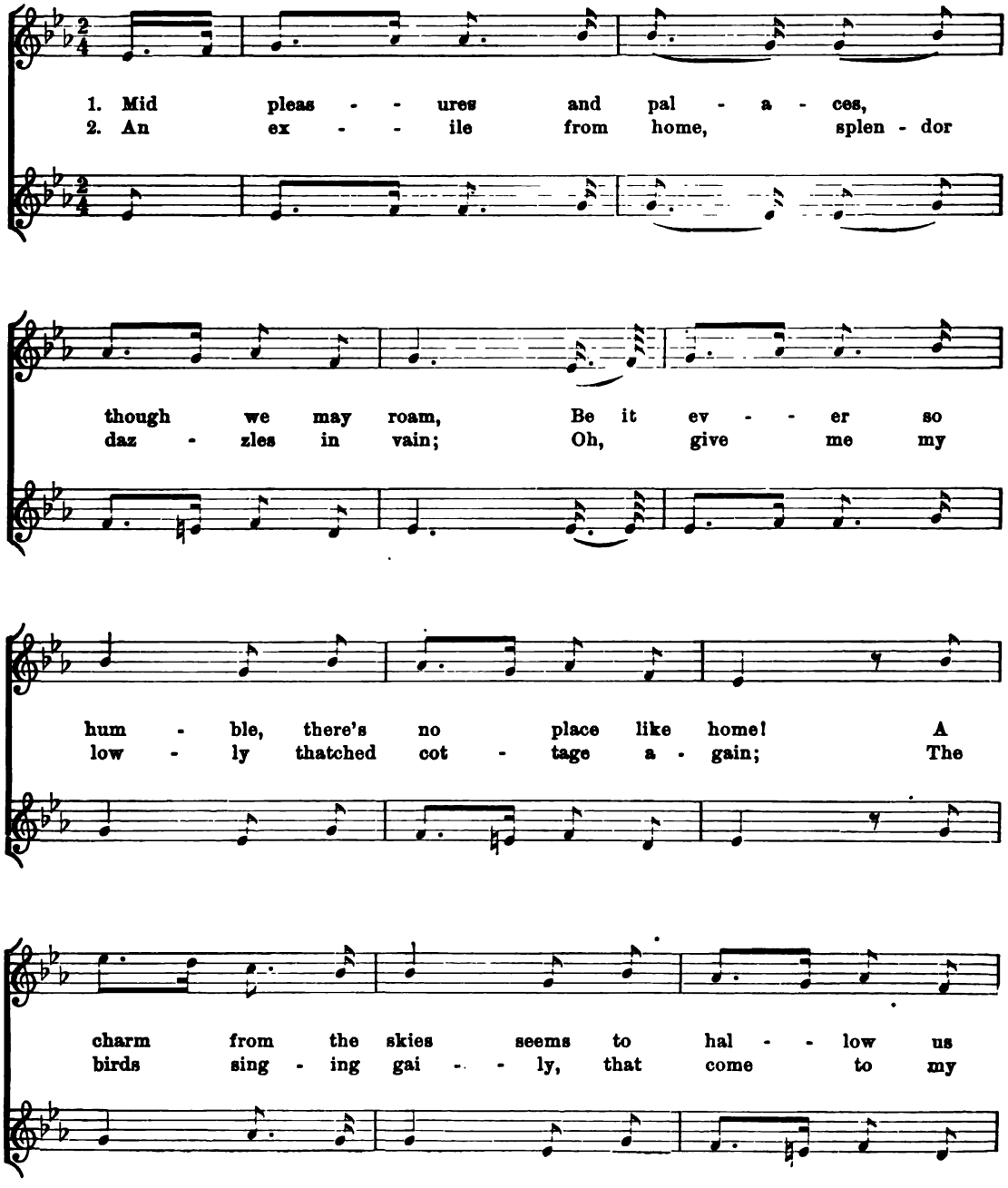
THE SWITZER'S SONG OF HOME.

I. MOSCHELES, arr.
1790—1870.

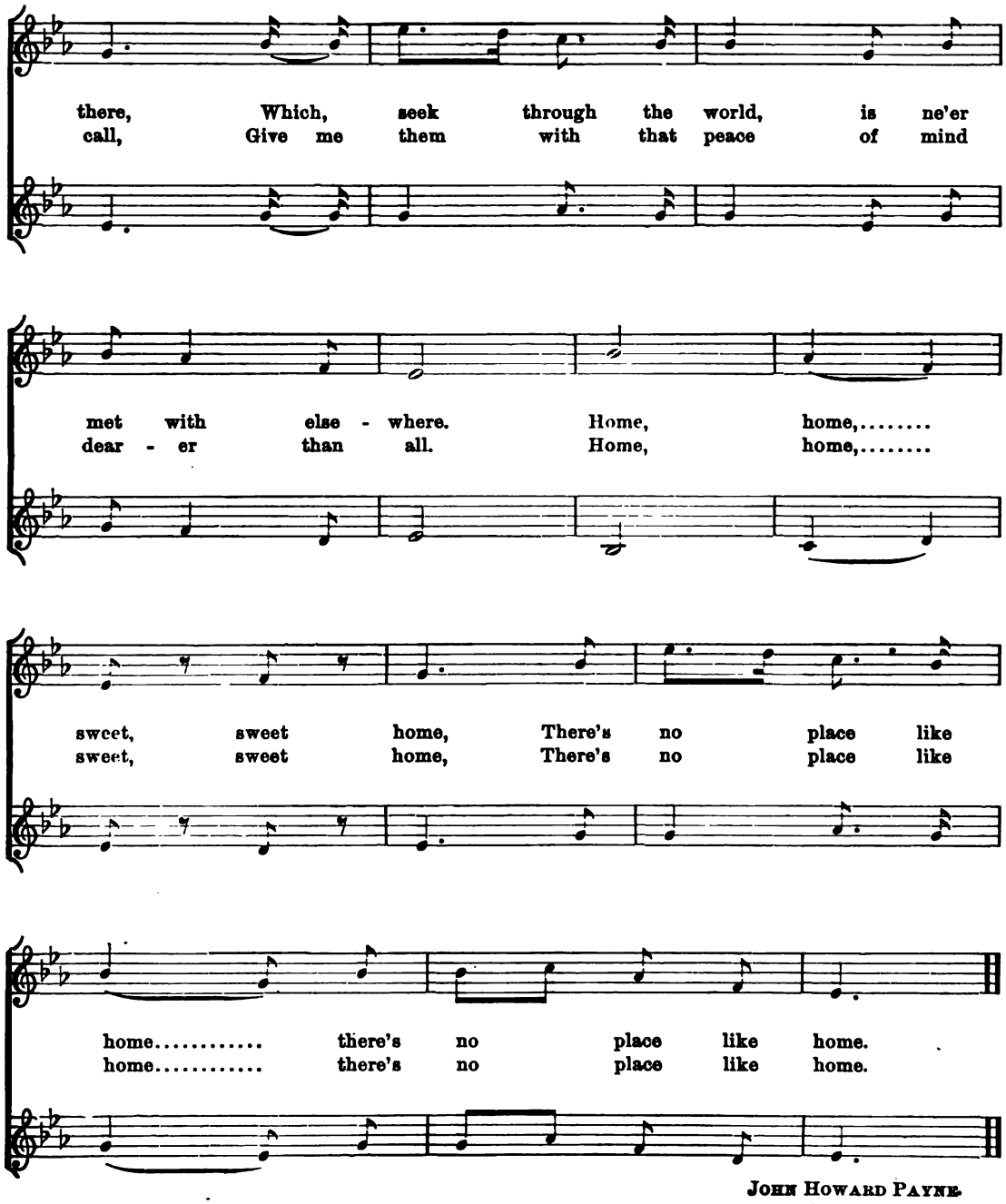

1. Why, ah, why my heart this sad - ness? Why, 'mid scenes like these de -
2. All that's dear to me is want - ing, Lone and cheer-less here I
3. Give me those I ask no oth - er, Those that bless the hum - ble
cline? Where all, though strange, is joy and
roam; The stran - ger's joys how - e'er en -
dome, Where dwell my fa - ther and my
glad - ness, Say, what wish can yet be
chant - ing, To me can nev - er be like
moth - er, Give, oh, give me back my
thine?..... Oh, say, what wish can yet be thine?
home..... To me can nev - er be like home.
home,..... My own, my own dear na - tive home.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

SIR HENRY A. BISHOP.
1786 — 1855.


1. Mid pleas - - ures and pal - a - ces,
2. An ex - - ile from home, splen - dor
though we may roam, Be it ev - - er so
daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my
hum - ble, there's no place like home! A
low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The
charm from the skies seems to hal - - low us
birds sing - ing gai - - ly, that come to my

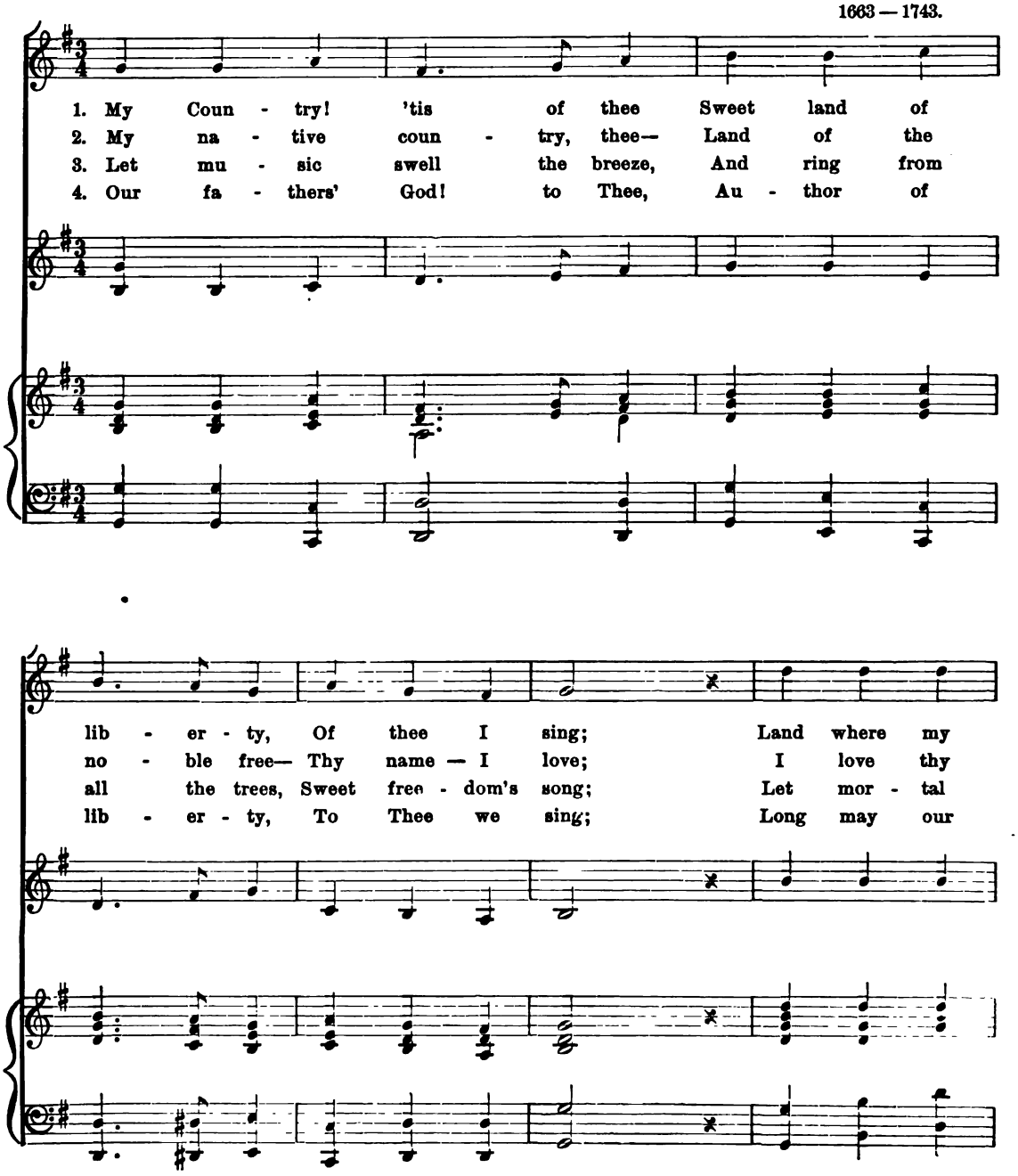
HOME, SWEET HOME.

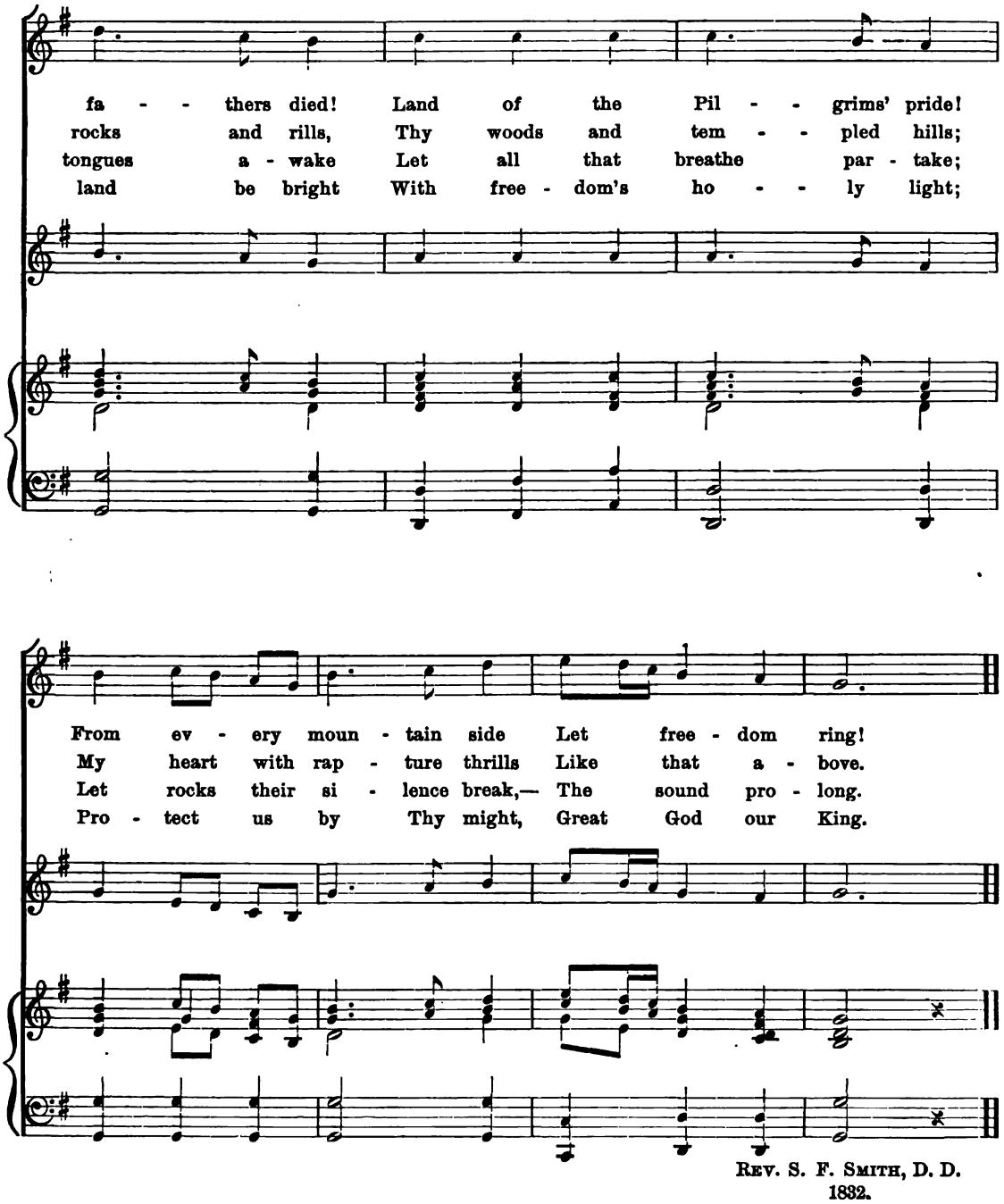

there, Which, seek through the world, is ne'er
call, Give me them with that peace of mind
met with else - where. Home, home,.....
dear - er than all. Home, home,.....
sweet, sweet home, There's no place like
sweet, sweet home, There's no place like
home..... there's no place like home.
home..... there's no place like home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.
1732—1852.

MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

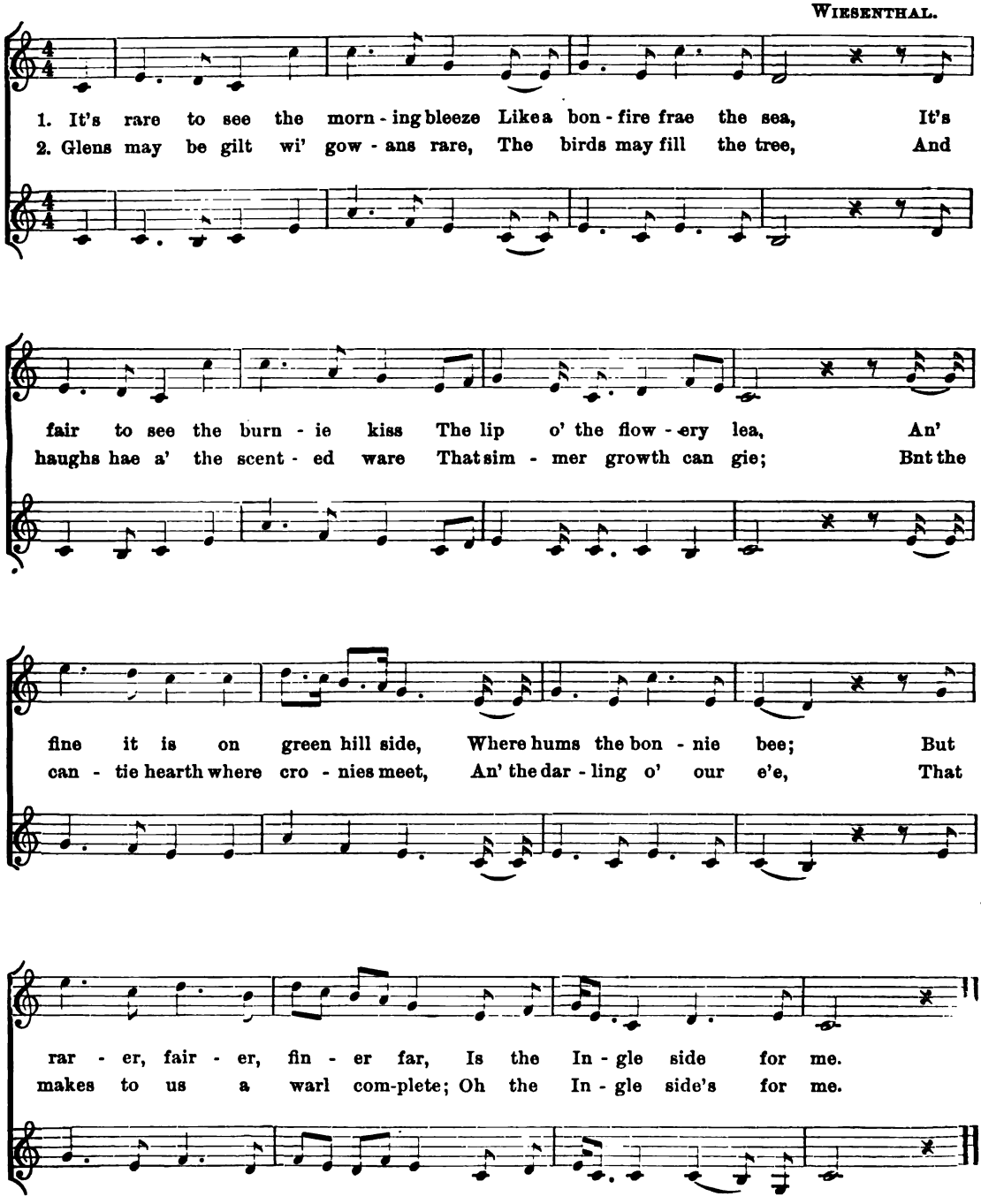
HENRY CAREY.
1663 — 1743.


1. My Coun - try! 'tis of thee Sweet land of
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee— Land of the
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of
lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
no - ble free— Thy name — I love; I love thy
all the trees, Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal
lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

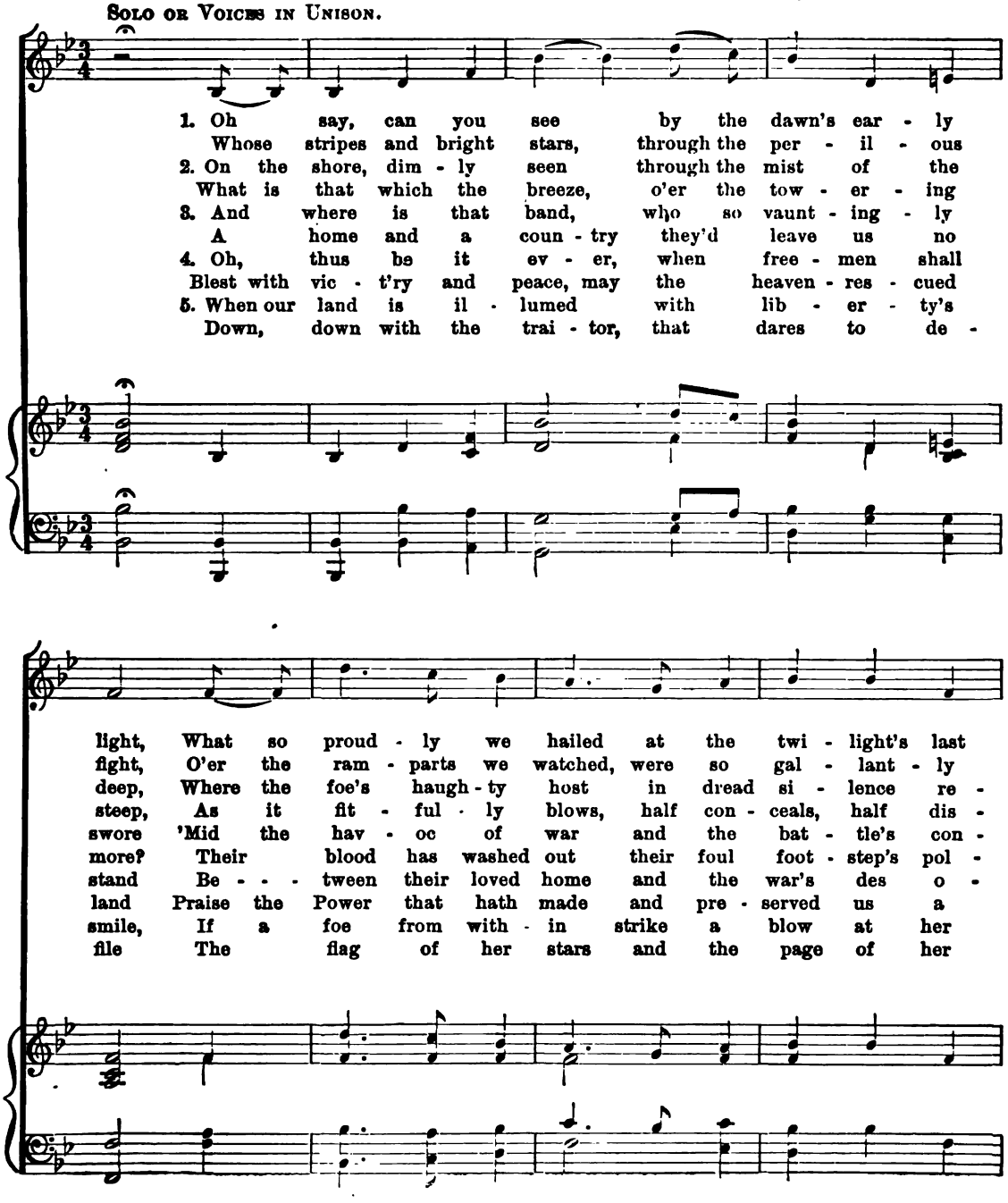
MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

fa - - thers died! Land of the Pil - - grims' pride!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - - pled hills;
tongues a - wake Let all that breathe par - take;
land be bright With free - dom's ho - - ly light;
From ev - ery moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
Let rocks their si - lence break,— The sound pro - long.
Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God our King.

REV. S. F. SMITH, D. D.
1832.

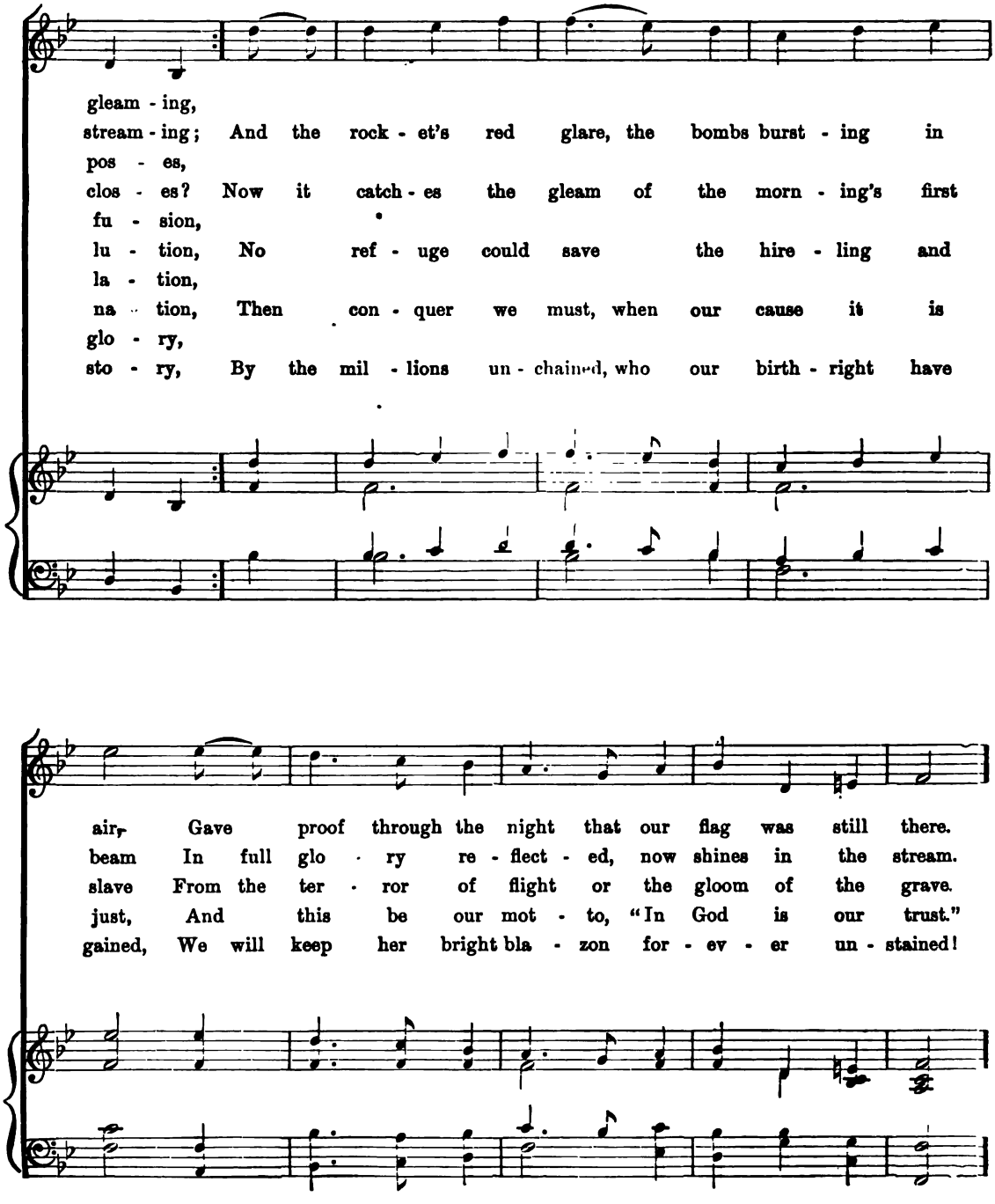
THE INGLE SIDE.

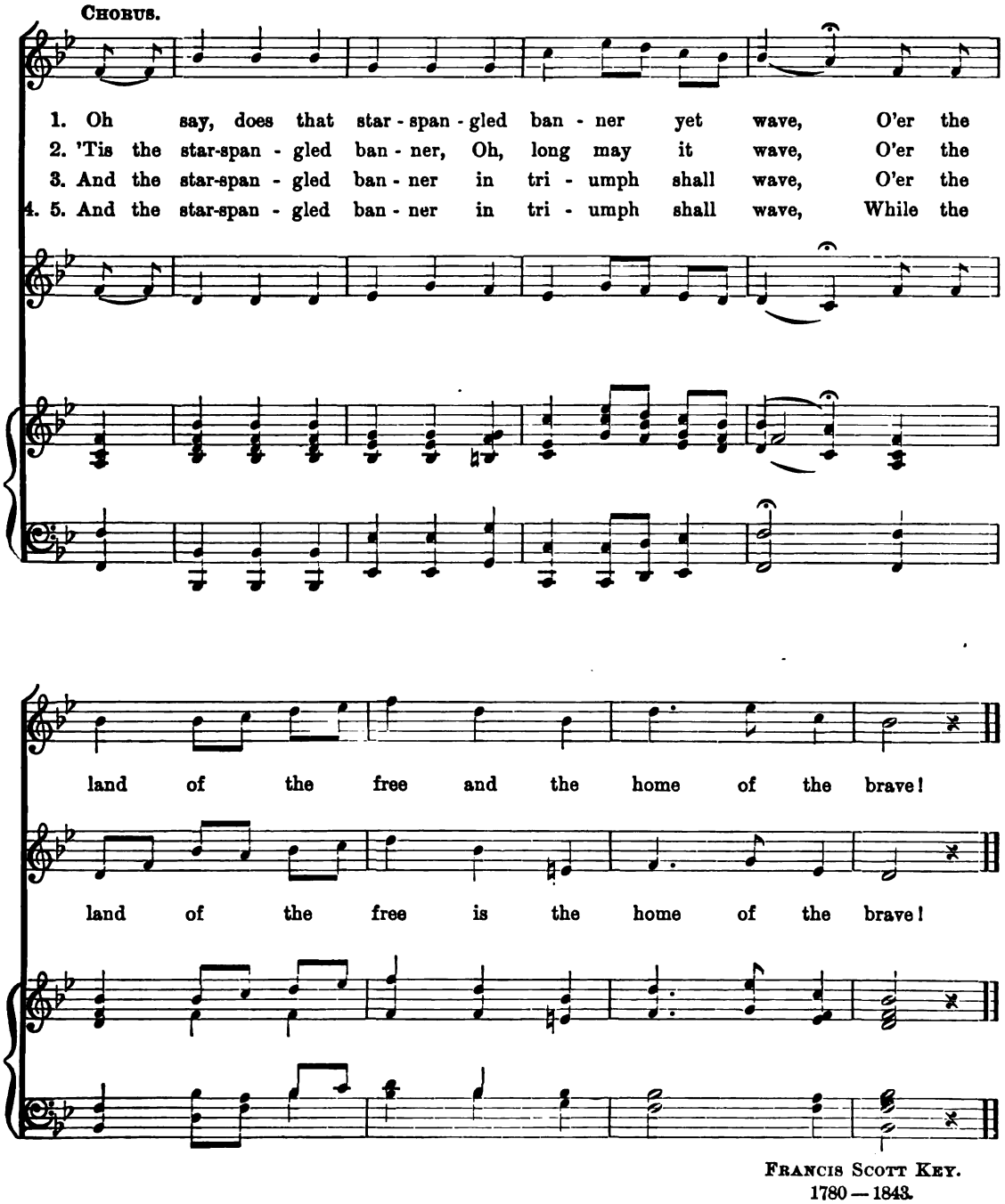
WIESENTHAL.

1. It's rare to see the morn - ing bleeze Like a bon - fire frae the sea, It's
2. Glens may be gilt wi' gow - ans rare, The birds may fill the tree, And
fair to see the burn - ie kiss The lip o' the flow - ery lea, An'
haughs hae a' the scent - ed ware That sim - mer growth can gie; Bnt the
fine it is on green hill side, Where hums the bon - nie bee; But
can - tie hearth where cro - nies meet, An' the dar - ling o' our e'e, That
rar - er, fair - er, fin - er far, Is the In - gle side for me.
makes to us a warl com-plete; Oh the In - gle side's for me.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

SOLO OR VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Oh say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly
Whose stripes and bright stars, through the per - il - ous
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen through the mist of the
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt - ing - ly
A home and a coun - try they'd leave us no
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er, when free - men shall
Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heaven - res - cued
5. When our land is il - lumed with lib - er - ty's
Down, down with the trai - tor, that dares to de -
light, What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last
fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly
deep, Where the foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re -
steep, As it flit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis -
swore 'Mid the hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con -
more? Their blood has washed out their foul foot - step's pol -
stand Be - - - tween their loved home and the war's des o -
land Praise the Power that hath made and pre - served us a
smile, If a foe from with - in strike a blow at her
file The flag of her stars and the page of her

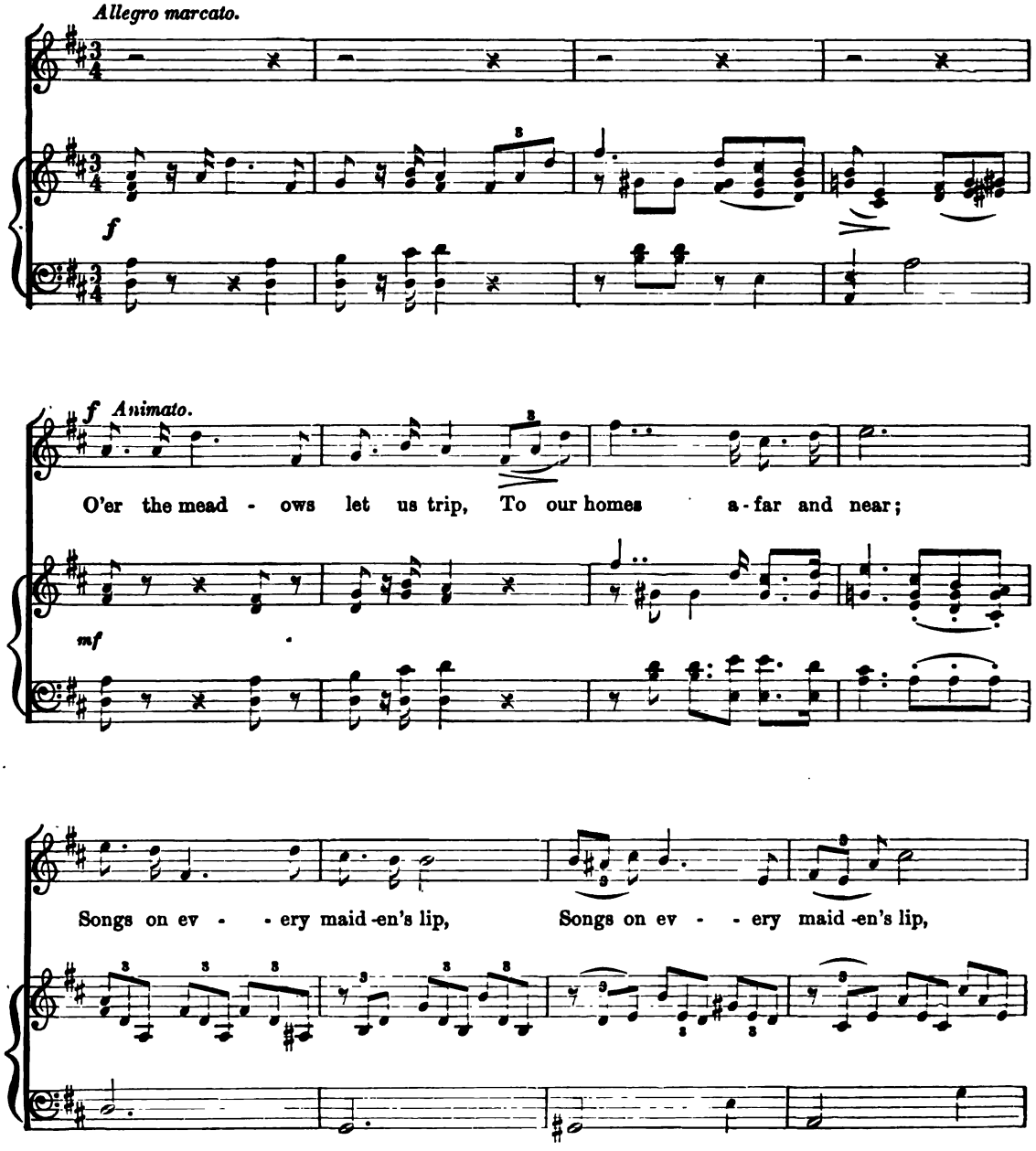
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

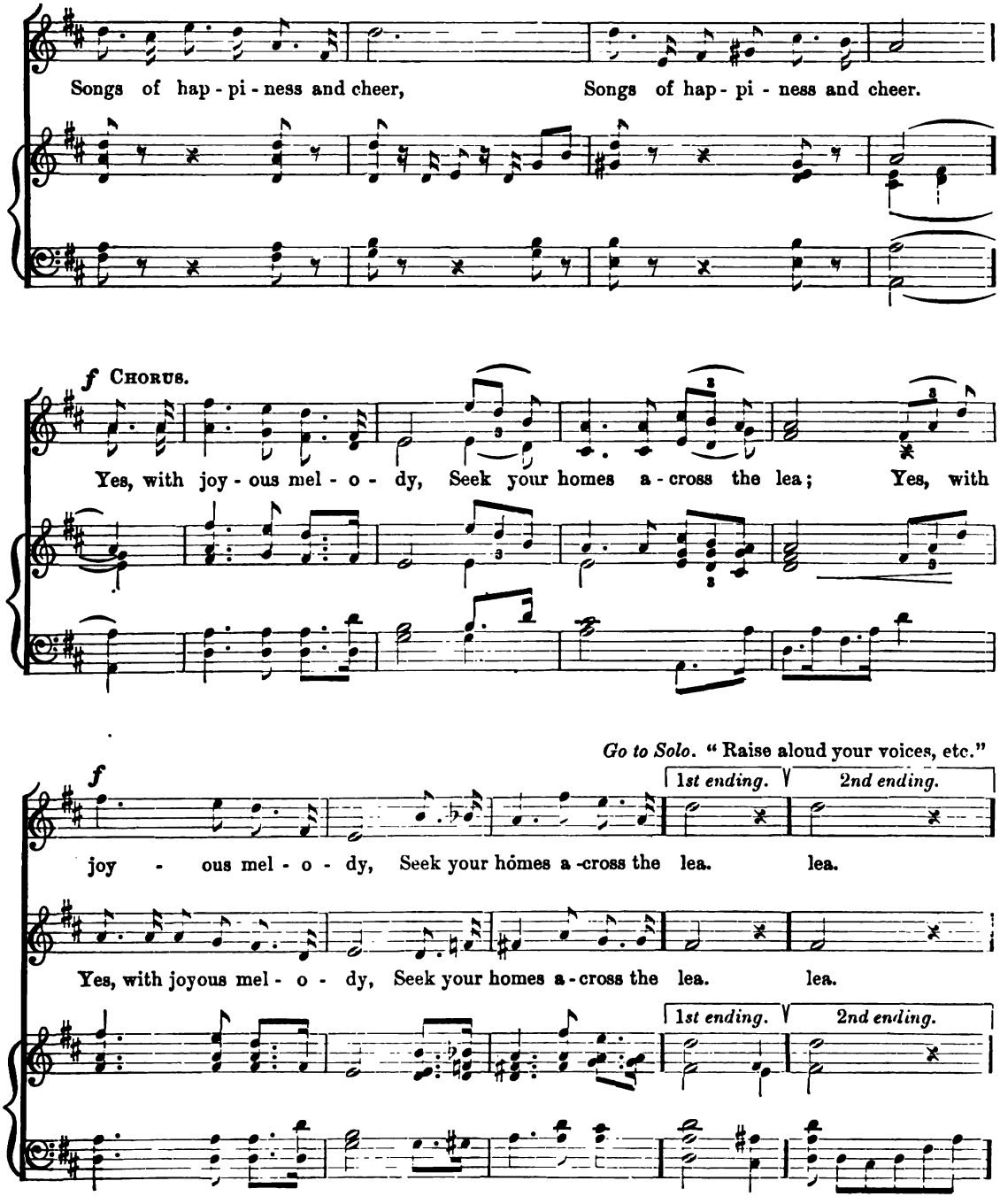

gleam - ing,
stream - ing; And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in
pos - es,
clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first
fu - sion,
lu - tion, No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and
la - tion,
na - tion, Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is
glo - ry,
sto - ry, By the mil - lions un - chained, who our birth - right have
air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
beam In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines in the stream.
slave From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
just, And this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust."
gained, We will keep her bright bla - zon for - ev - er un - stained!

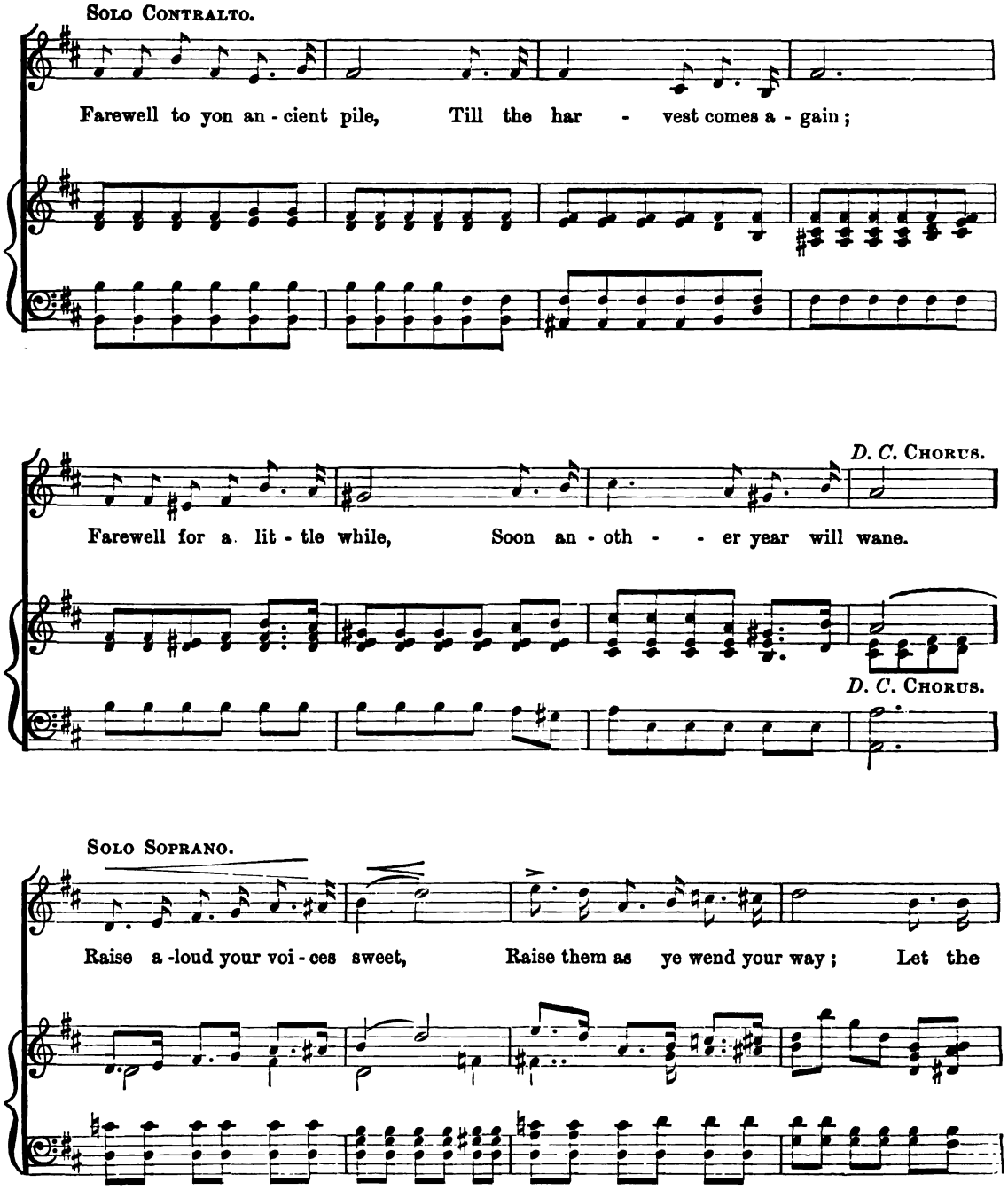
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

CHORUS.
1. Oh say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet wave, O'er the
2. 'Tis the star-span - gled ban - ner, Oh, long may it wave, O'er the
3. And the star-span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave, O'er the
4. 5. And the star-span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave, While the
land of the free and the home of the brave!
land of the free is the home of the brave!

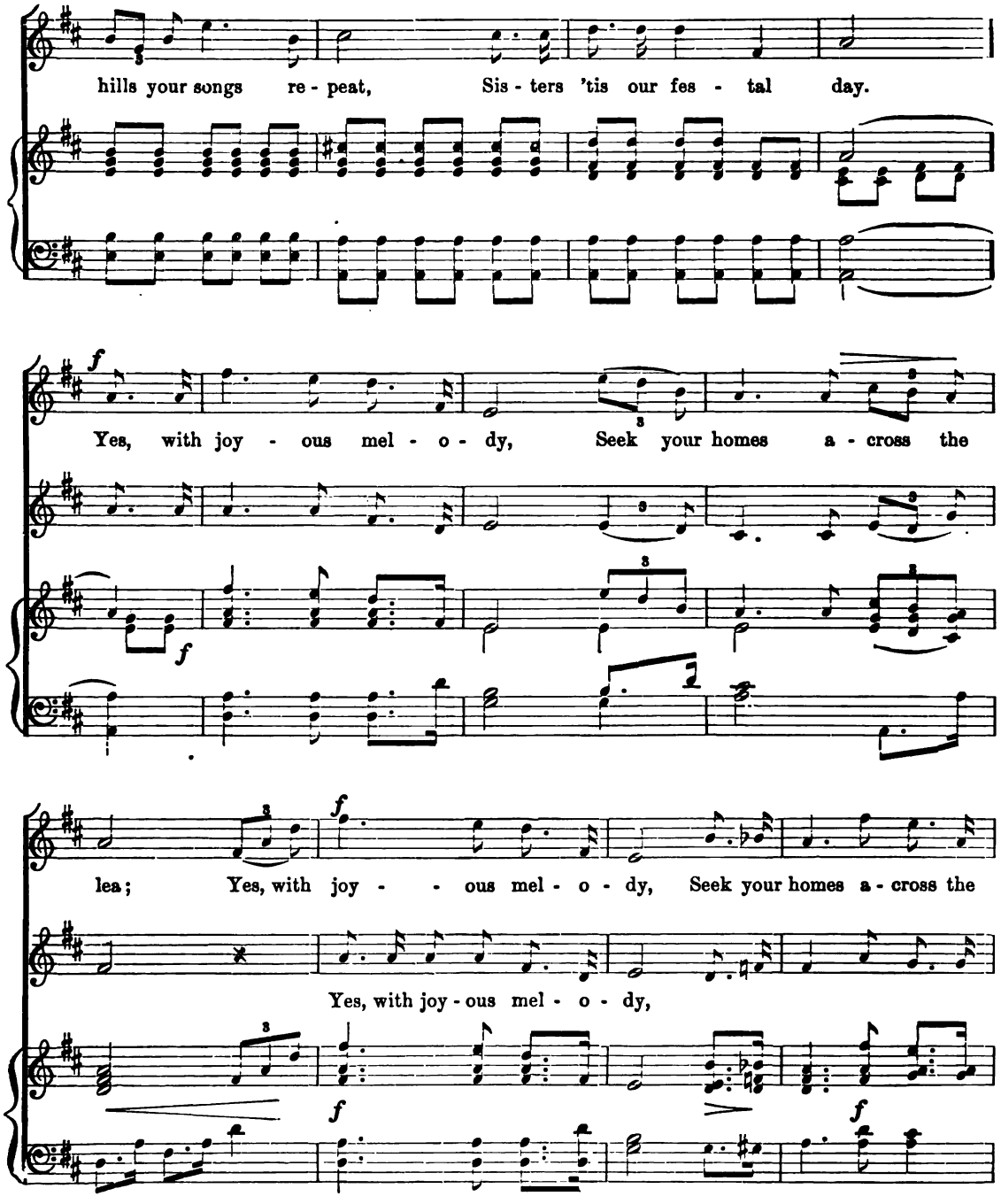
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.
1780 — 1843.

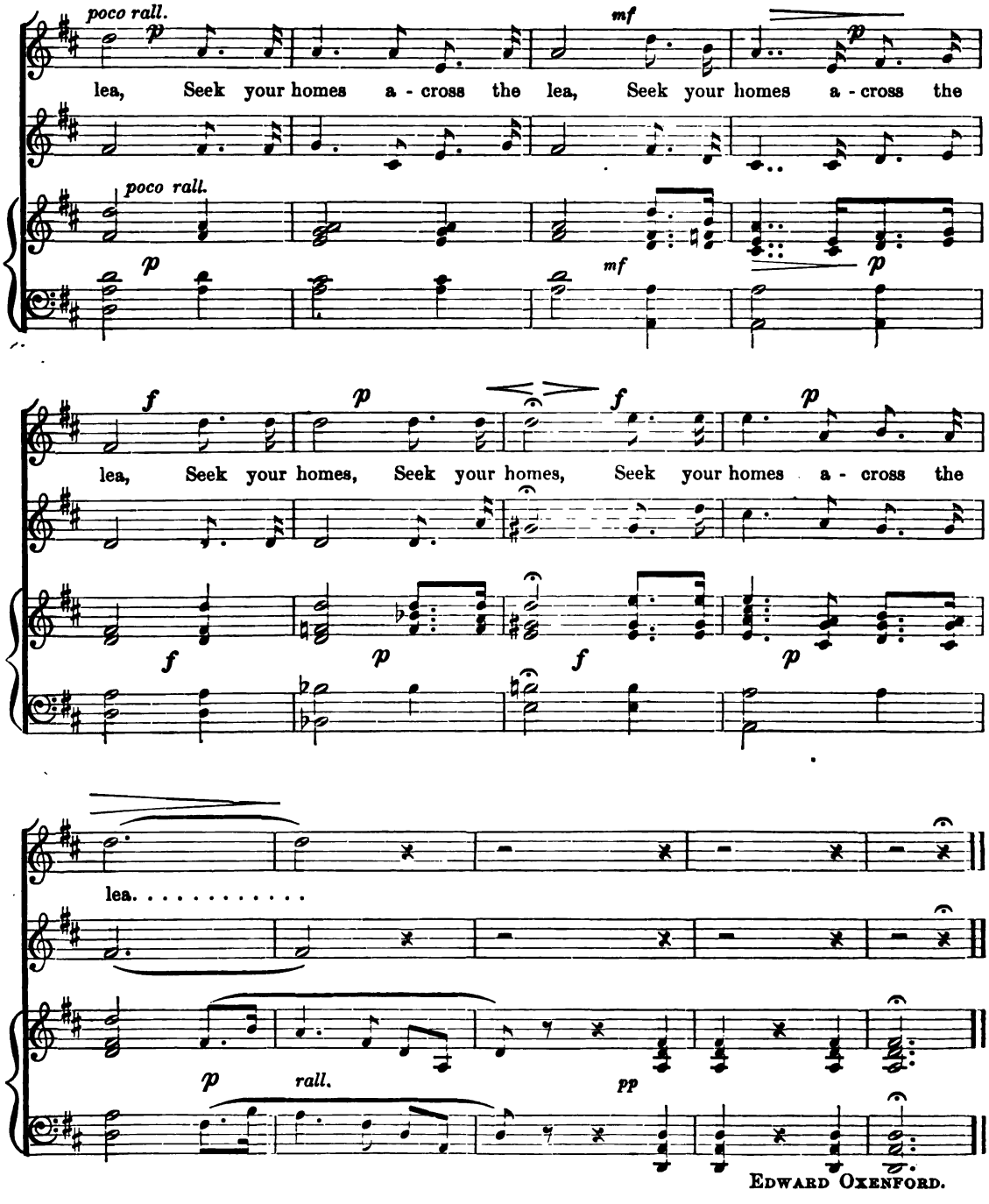
FESTIVAL SONG.

FRANZ ABT, arr.
1819 — 1885.

Allegro marcato.
f
f Animato.
O'er the mead - ows let us trip, To our homes a - far and near;
mf
Songs on ev - - ery maid-en's lip, Songs on ev - - ery maid-en's lip,

FESTIVAL SONG

Songs of hap - pi - ness and cheer, Songs of hap - pi - ness and cheer.
f CHORUS.
Yes, with joy - ous mel - o - dy, Seek your homes a - cross the lea; Yes, with
Go to Solo. "Raise aloud your voices, etc."
f
1st ending.
2nd ending.
joy - ous mel - o - dy, Seek your homes a - cross the lea. lea.
Yes, with joyous mel - o - dy, Seek your homes a - cross the lea. lea.
1st ending.
2nd ending.

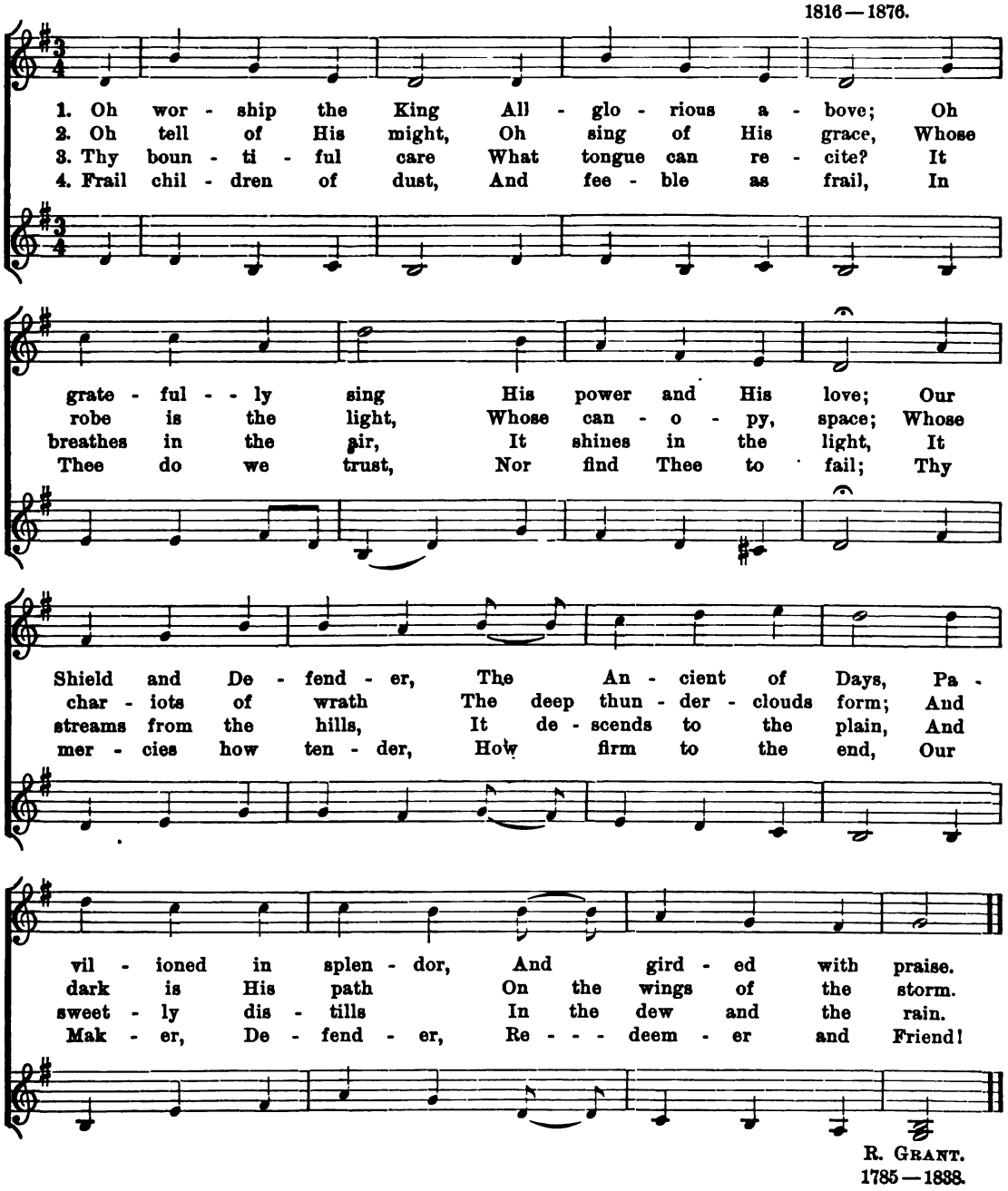
FESTIVAL SONG.

SOLO CONTRALTO.
Farewell to yon an - cient pile, Till the har - vest comes a - gain;
D. C. CHORUS.
Farewell for a lit - tle while, Soon an - oth - - er year will wane.
D. C. CHORUS.
SOLO SOPRANO.
Raise a-loud your voi - ces sweet, Raise them as ye wend your way; Let the

FESTIVAL SONG.

hills your songs re - peat, Sis - ters 'tis our fes - tal day.
Yes, with joy - ous mel - o - dy, Seek your homes a - cross the
lea; Yes, with joy - - ous mel - o - dy, Seek your homes a - cross the
Yes, with joy - ous mel - o - dy,

Festival Song.

poco rall.
lea, Seek your homes a - cross the lea, Seek your homes a - cross the
lea, Seek your homes, Seek your homes, Seek your homes a - cross the
lea. . . . . .
rall.

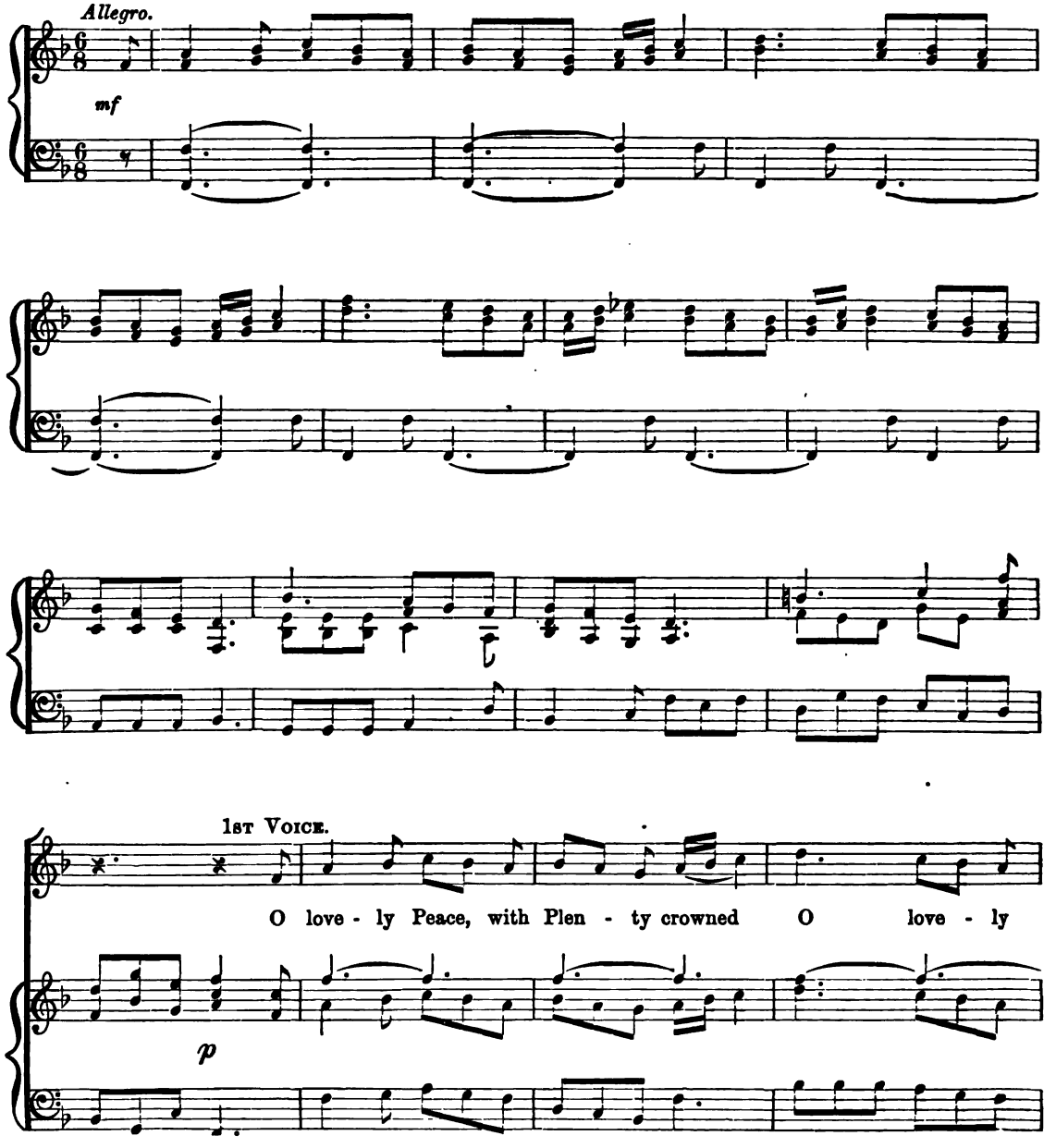
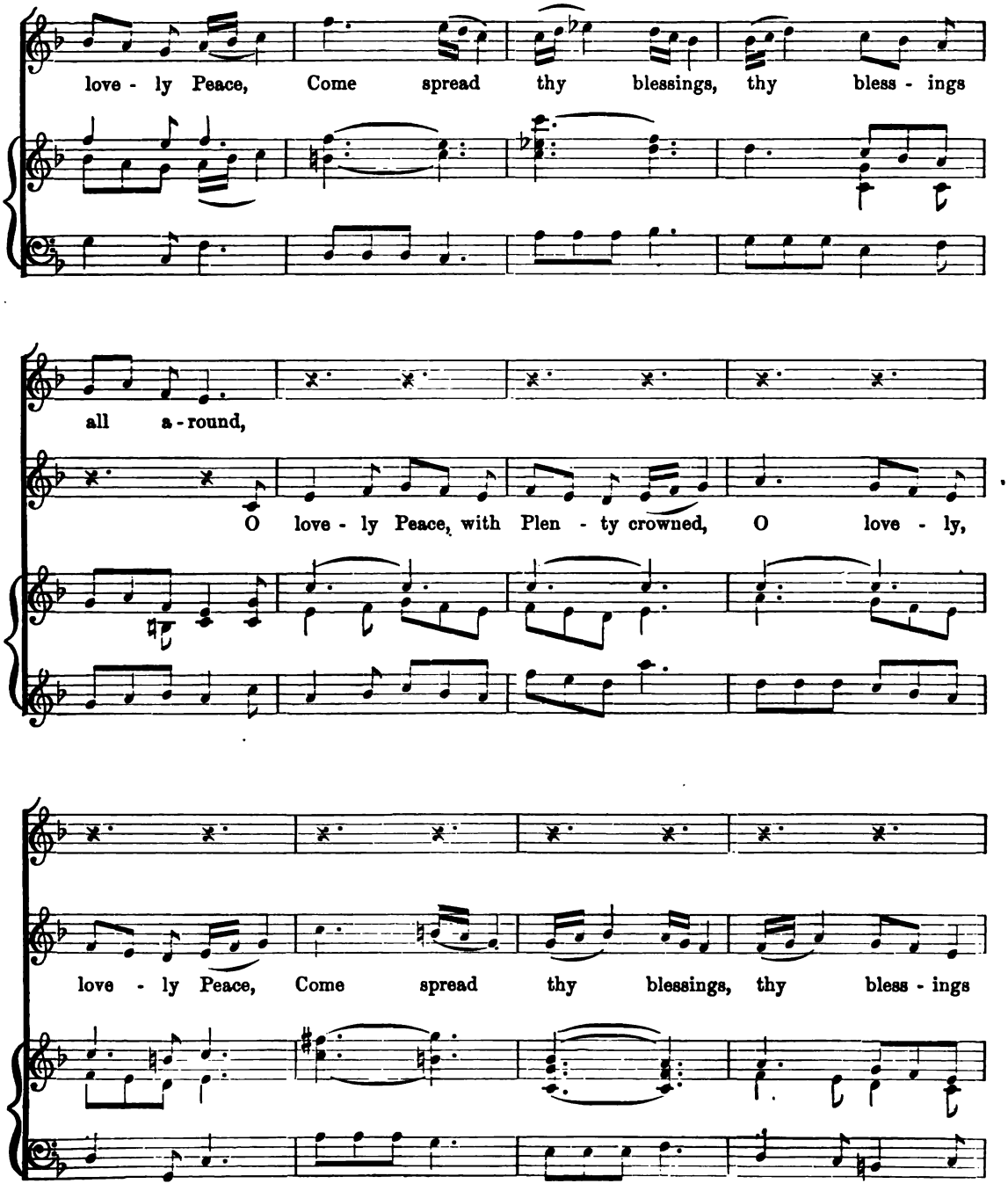
Edward Oxenford.

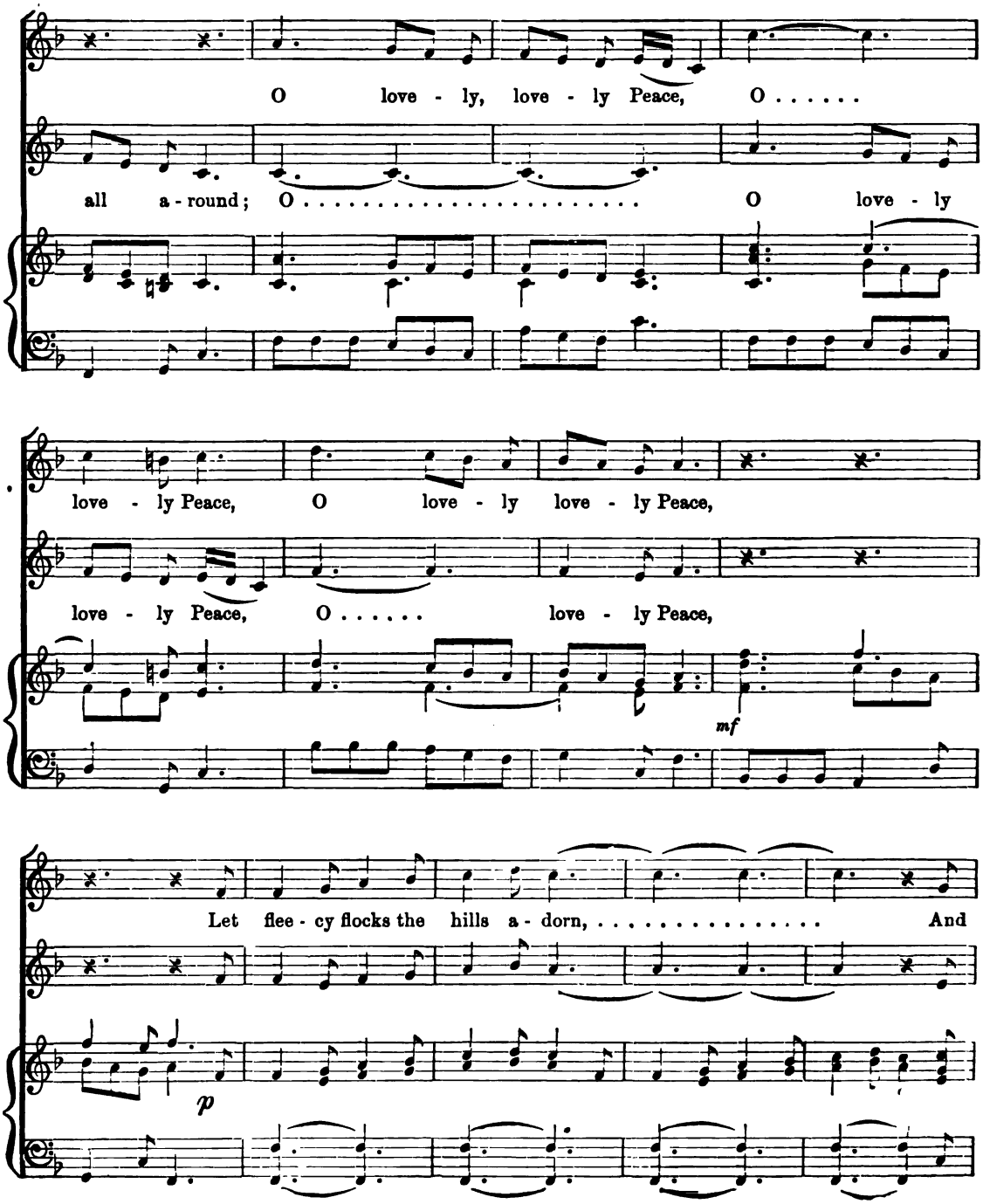
OH WORSIHP THE KING.

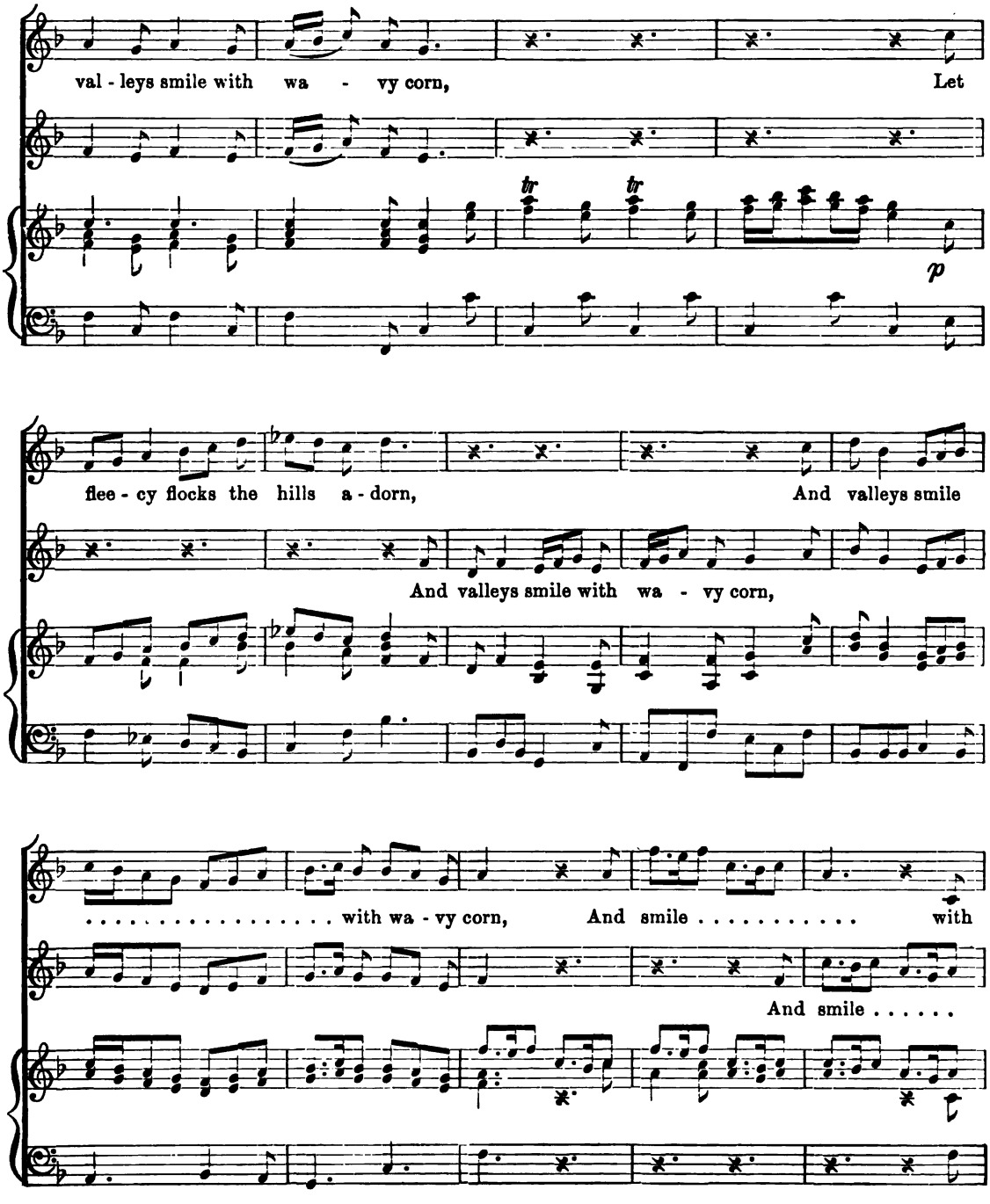
H. J. GAUNTLETT, arr.
1816—1876.

1. Oh wor - ship the King All - glo - rious a - bove; Oh
2. Oh tell of His might, Oh sing of His grace, Whose
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care What tongue can re - cite? It
4. Frail chil - dren of dust, And fee - ble as frail, In
grate - ful - - ly sing His power and His love; Our
robe is the light, Whose can - o - py, space; Whose
breathes in the air, It shines in the light, It
Thee do we trust, Nor find Thee to fail; Thy
Shield and De - fend - er, The An - cient of Days, Pa -
char - iots of wrath The deep thun - der - clouds form; And
streams from the hills, It de - scends to the plain, And
mer - cies how ten - der, How firm to the end, Our
vil - ioned in splen - dor, And gird - ed with praise.
dark is His path On the wings of the storm.
sweet - ly dis - tills In the dew and the rain.
Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - - - deem - er and Friend!

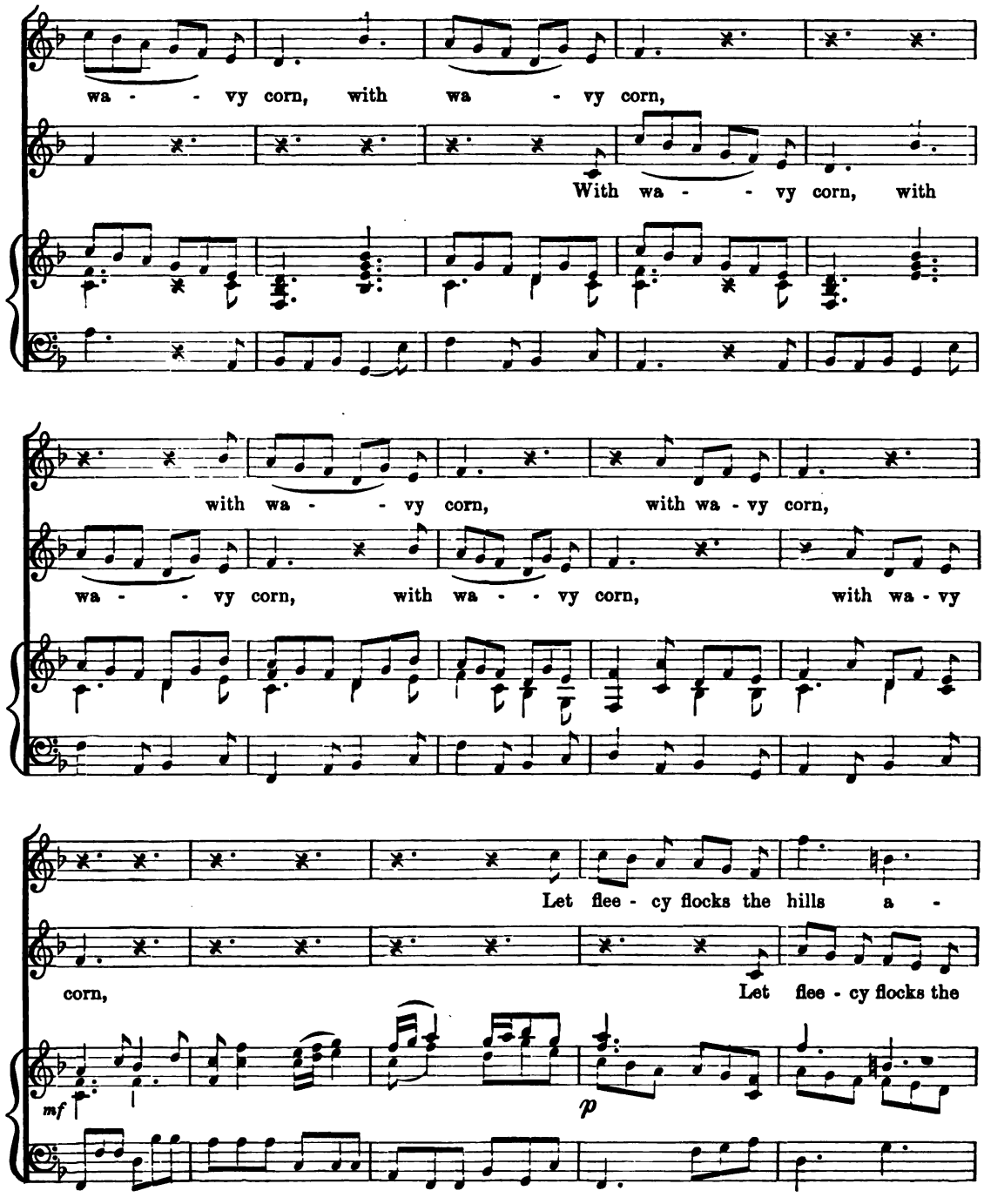
R. GRANT.
1785—1838.

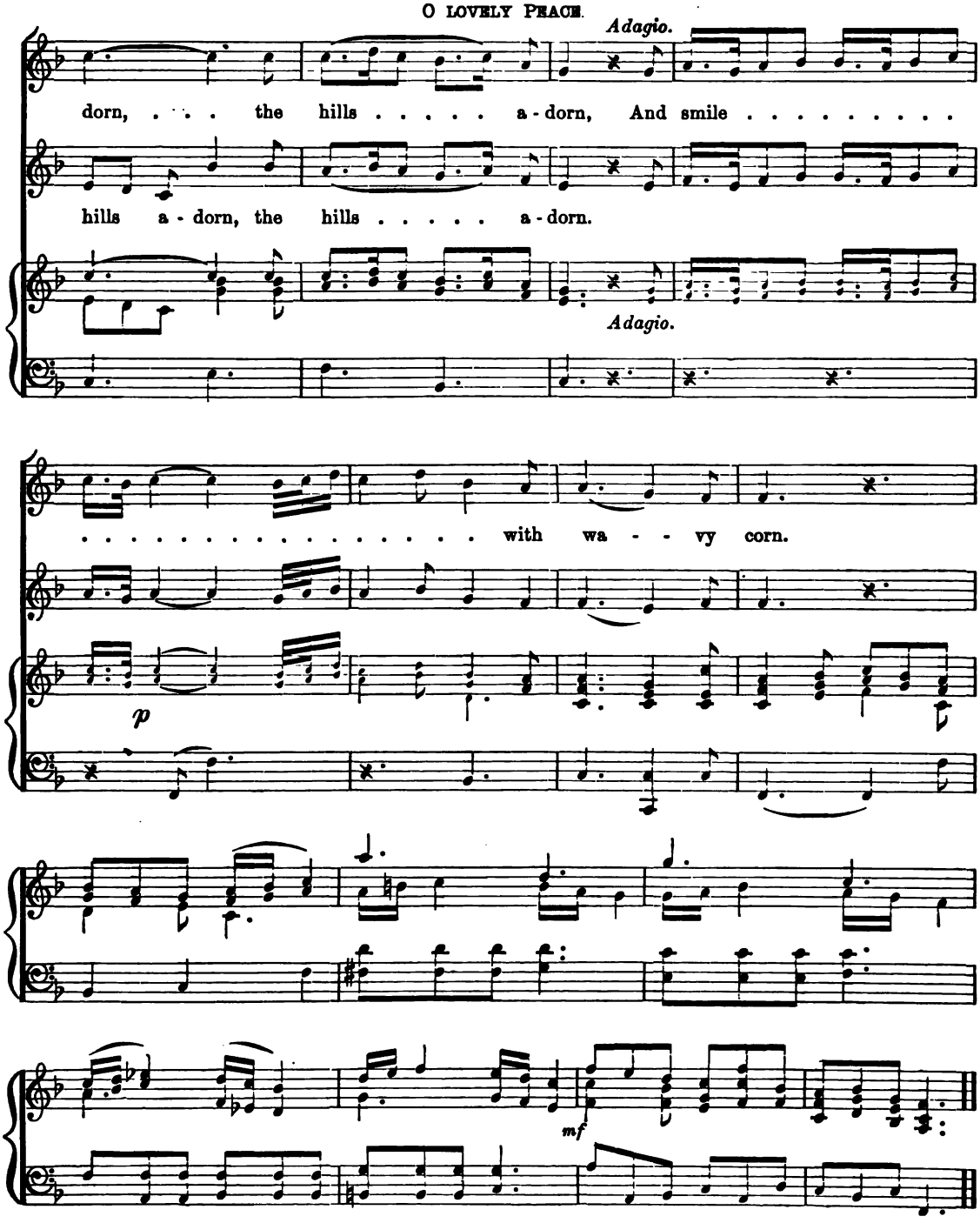
O LOVELY PEACE.

HANDEL.
From "JUDAS MACCABÆUS."
1685 — 1759.

O LOVELY PEACE.

love - ly Peace, Come spread thy blessings, thy bless - ings
all a - round,
O love - ly Peace, with Plen - ty crowned, O love - ly,
love - ly Peace, Come spread thy blessings, thy bless - ings

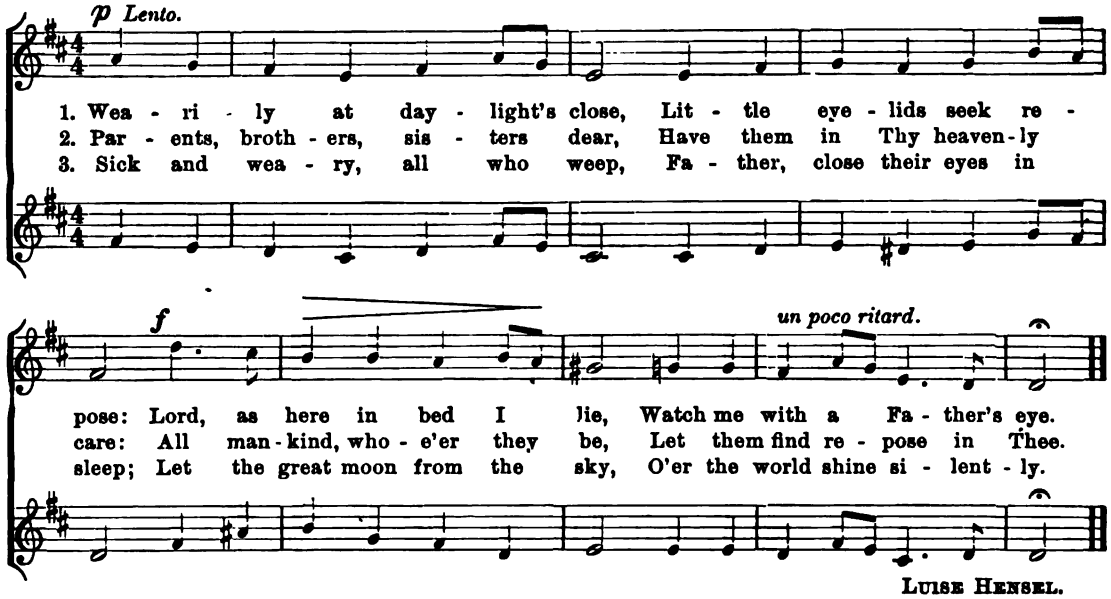
O LOVELY PEACE.

O love - ly, love - ly Peace, O . . . . . .
all a - round; O . . . . . O love - ly
love - ly Peace, O love - ly love - ly Peace,
love - ly Peace, O . . . . . love - ly Peace,
mf
Let flee - cy flocks the hills a - dorn, ... And
p

O LOVELY PEACE.

val - leys smile with wa - vy corn, Let
p
flee - cy flocks the hills a - dorn, And valleys smile
And valleys smile with wa - vy corn,
. . . . . with wa - vy corn, And smile . . . . . with
And smile . . . . . .

O LOVELY PEACE.

wa - - vy corn, with wa - vy corn,
With wa - - vy corn, with
with wa - - vy corn, with wa - vy corn,
wa - - vy corn, with wa - - vy corn, with wa - vy
Let flee - cy flocks the hills a -
corn,
Let flee - cy flocks the
mf
p

O LOVELY PEACE.

EVENING PRAYER.

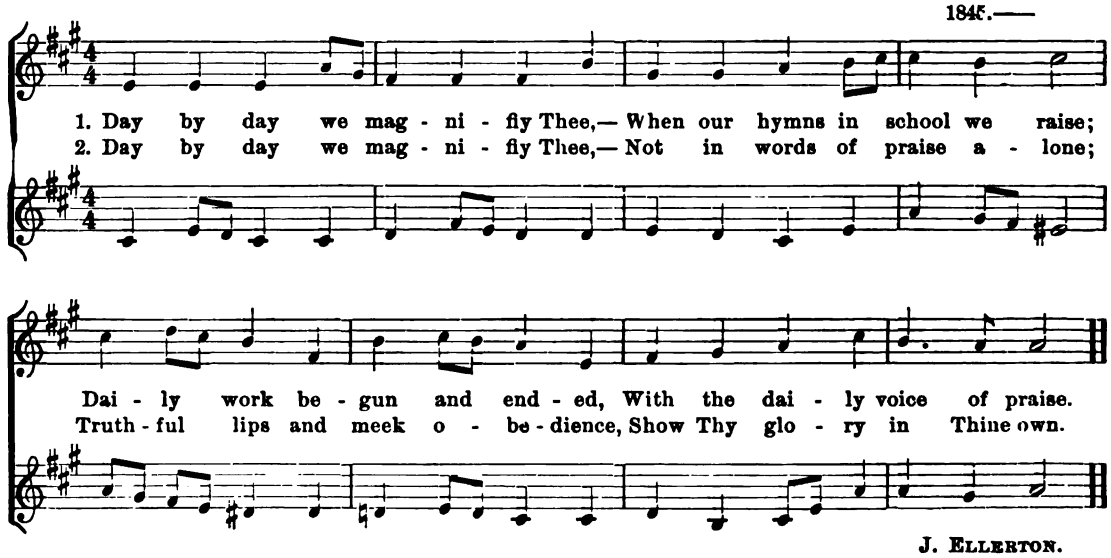
LUISE HENSEL.


p Lento.
1. Wea - ri - ly at day - light's close, Lit - tle eye - lids seek re -
2. Par - ents, broth - ers, sis - ters dear, Have them in Thy heaven - ly
3. Sick and wea - ry, all who weep, Fa - ther, close their eyes in
f
un poco ritard.
pose: Lord, as here in bed I lie, Watch me with a Fa - ther's eye.
care: All man - kind, who - e'er they be, Let them find re - pose in Thee.
sleep; Let the great moon from the sky, O'er the world shine si - lent - ly.

LUISE HENSEL.

DAY BY DAY WE MAGNIFY THEE.

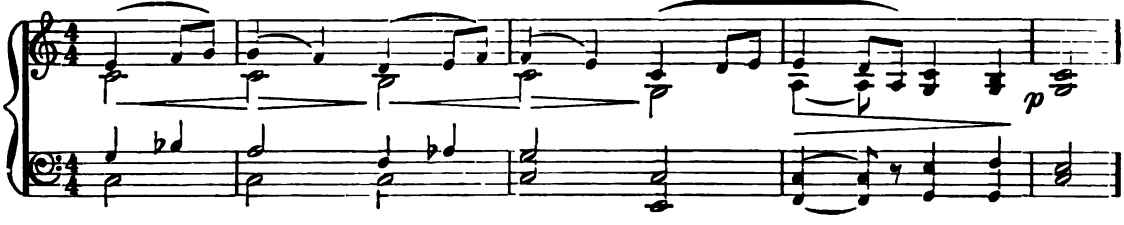
E. S. CARTER, arr.
1845.—

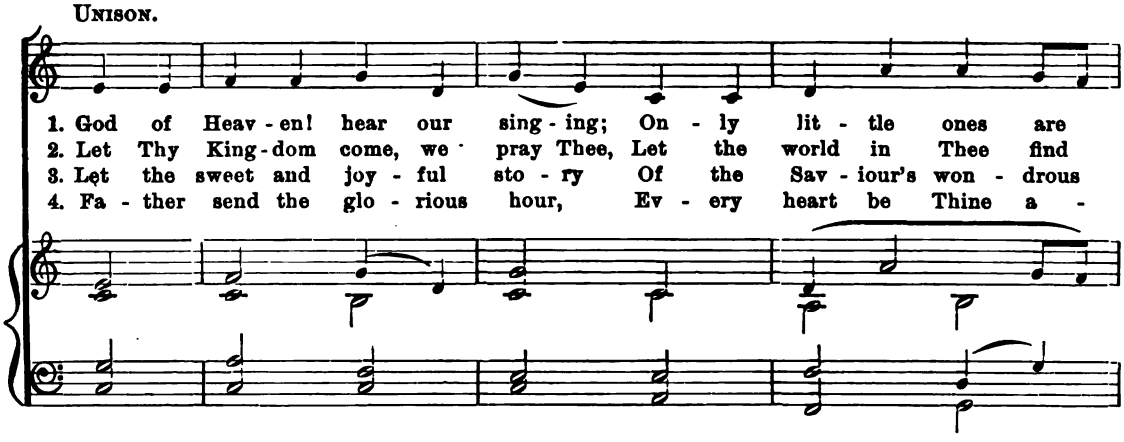

1. Day by day we mag - ni - fy Thee,— When our hymns in school we raise;
2. Day by day we mag - ni - fy Thee,— Not in words of praise a - lone;
Dai - ly work be - gun and end - ed, With the dai - ly voice of praise.
Truth - ful lips and meek o - be - dience, Show Thy glo - ry in Thine own.

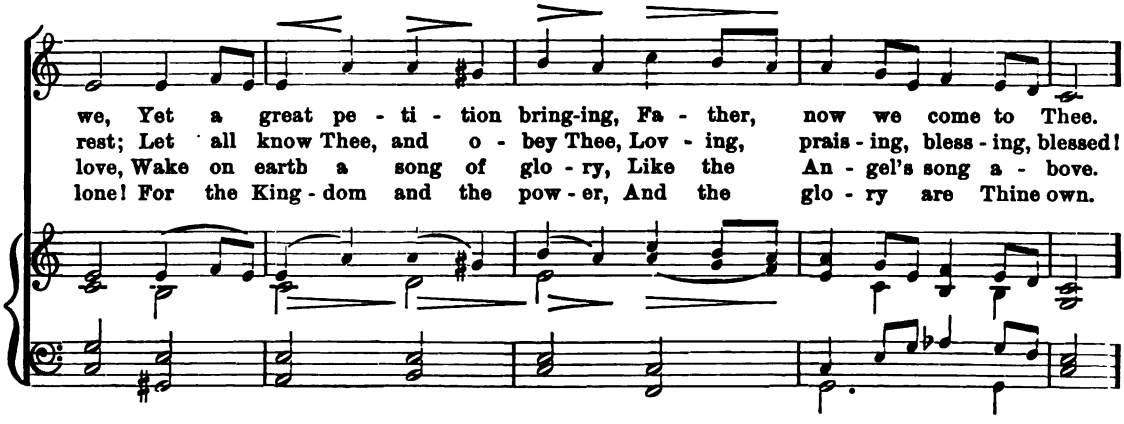
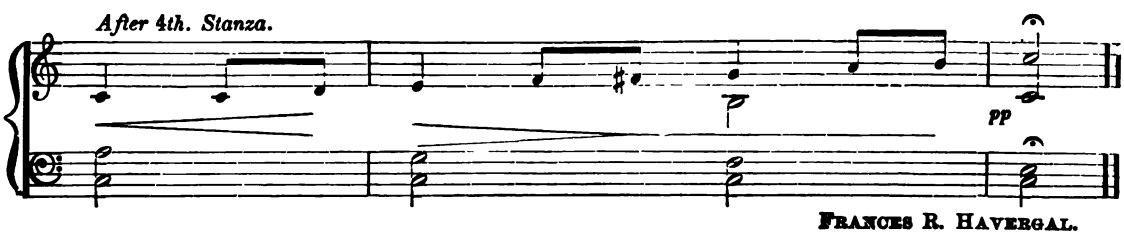
J. ELLERTON.
1826.—

THY KINGDOM COME.

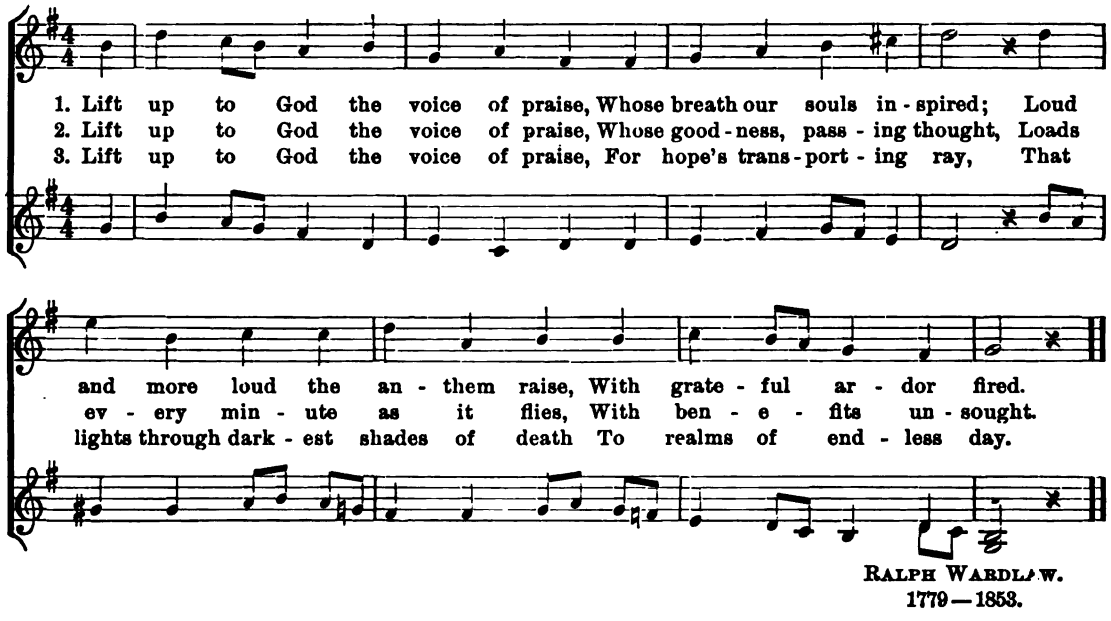
Quickly.

ALBERTO RANDEGGER.

UNISON.



1. God of Heav - en! hear our sing - ing; On - ly lit - tle ones are
2. Let Thy King - dom come, we pray Thee, Let the world in Thee find
3. Let the sweet and joy - ful sto - ry Of the Sav - iour's won - drous
4. Fa - ther send the glo - rious hour, Ev - ery heart be Thine a -

we, Yet a great pe - ti - tion bring-ing, Fa - ther, now we come to Thee.
rest; Let all know Thee, and o - bey Thee, Lov - ing, prais - ing, bless - ing, blessed!
love, Wake on earth a song of glo - ry, Like the An - gel's song a - bove.
lone! For the King - dom and the pow - er, And the glo - ry are Thine own.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

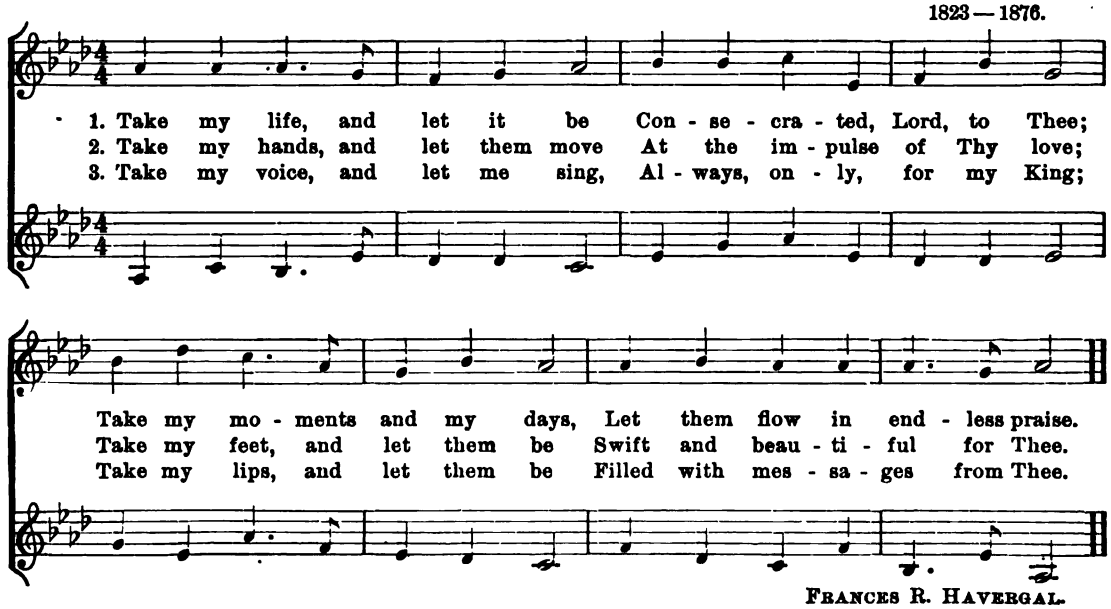
LIFT UP TO GOD THE VOICE OF PRAISE.


1. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls in-spired; Loud
2. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose good-ness, pass-ing thought, Loads
3. Lift up to God the voice of praise, For hope's trans-port-ing ray, That
and more loud the an-them raise, With grate-ful ar-dor fired.
ev-ery min-ute as it flies, With ben-e-fits un-sought.
lights through dark-est shades of death To realms of end-less day.

RALPH WARDLAW.
1779—1853.

TAKE MY LIFE.

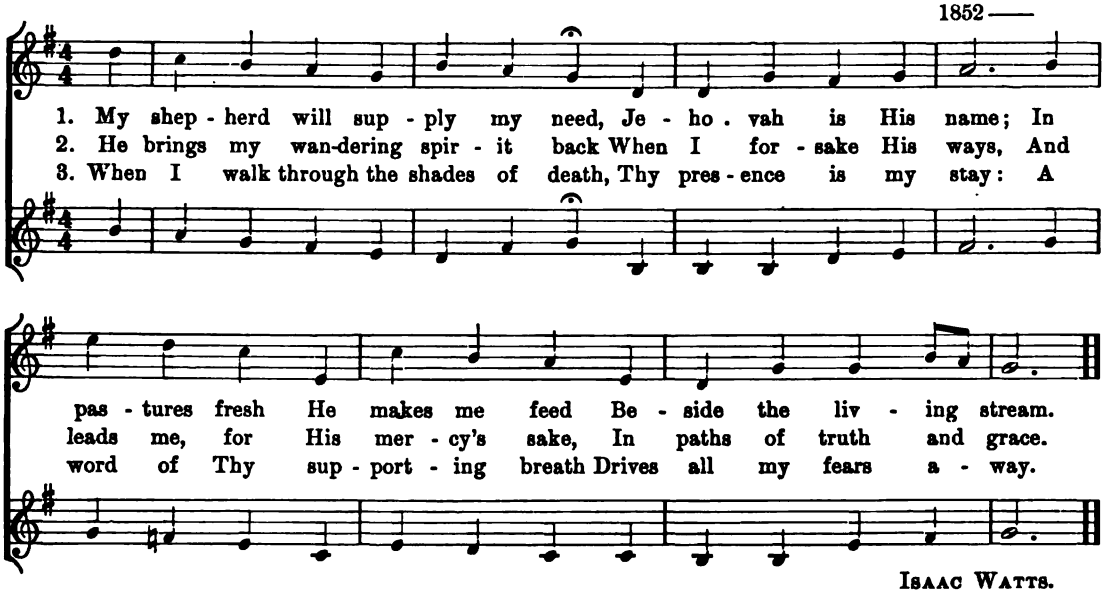
J. B. DYKES, arr.
1823—1876.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love;
3. Take my voice, and let me sing, Al-ways, on-ly, for my King;
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise.
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee.
Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sa-ges from Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.
1836—1879.

MY SHEPHERD WILL SUPPLY MY NEED.

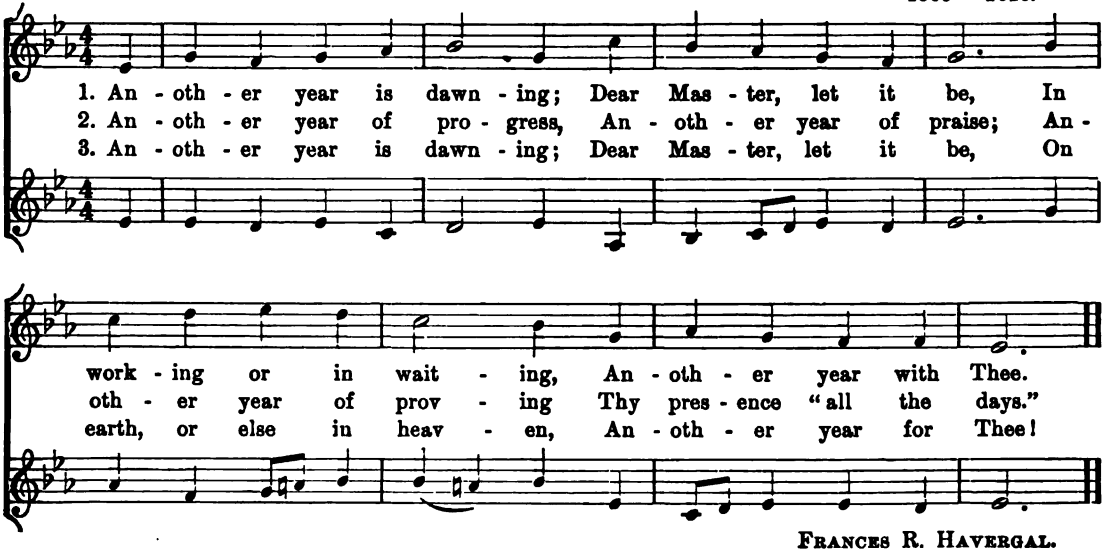
J. BOOTH, arr.
1852 ——


1. My shep - herd will sup - ply my need, Je - ho . vah is His name; In
2. He brings my wan-dering spir - it back When I for - sake His ways, And
3. When I walk through the shades of death, Thy pres - ence is my stay: A
pas - tures fresh He makes me feed Be - side the liv - ing stream.
leads me, for His mer - cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.
word of Thy sup - port - ing breath Drives all my fears a - way.

ISAAC WATTS.
1674 — 1748.

ANOTHER YEAR IS DAWNING.

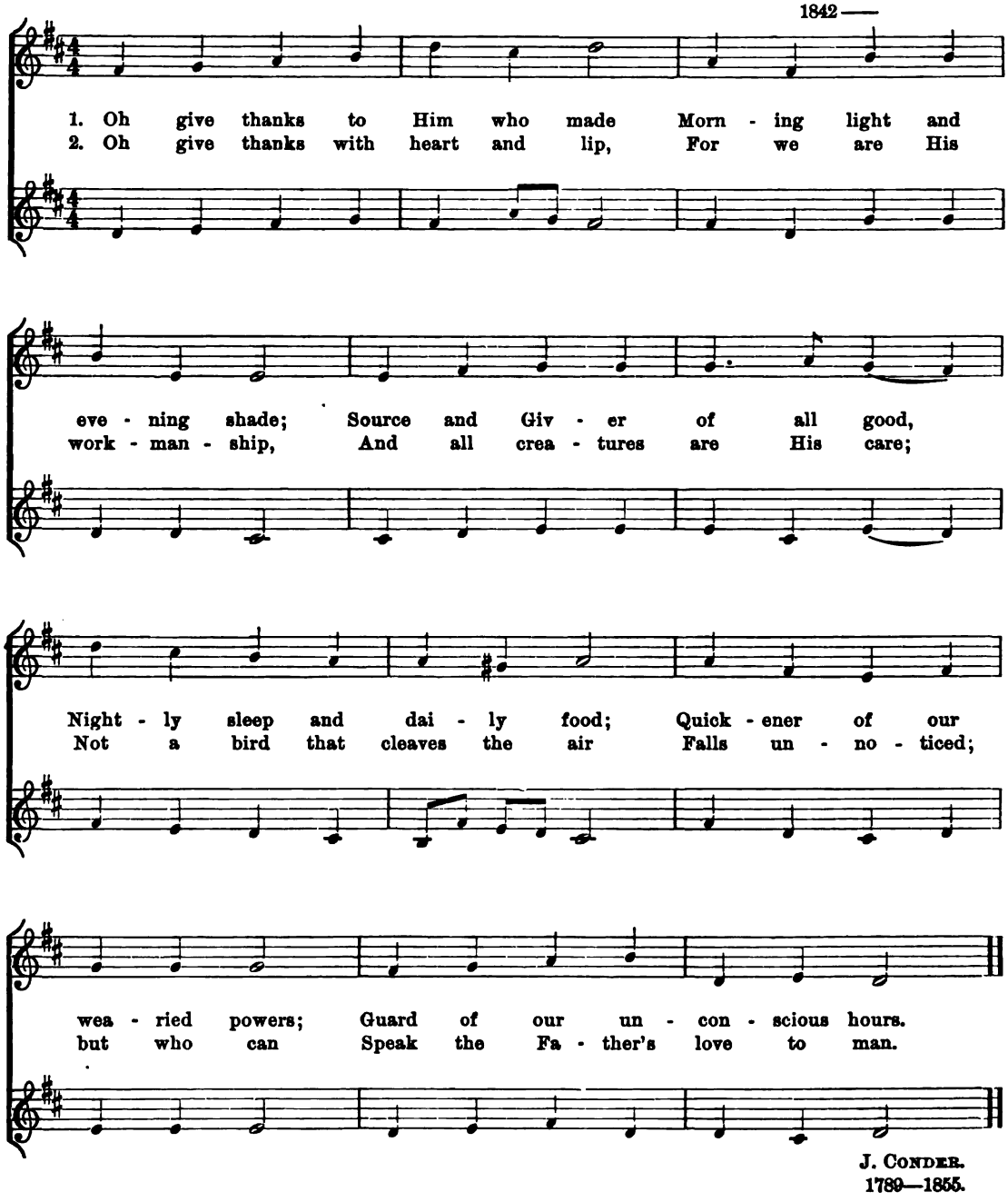
M. VULPIUS, arr.
1560 — 1616.


1. An - oth - er year is dawn - ing; Dear Mas - ter, let it be, In
2. An - oth - er year of pro - gress, An - oth - er year of praise; An -
3. An - oth - er year is dawn - ing; Dear Mas - ter, let it be, On
work - ing or in wait - ing, An - oth - er year with Thee.
oth - er year of prov - ing Thy pres - ence "all the days."
earth, or else in heav - en, An - oth - er year for Thee!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.
1836 — 1879.

OH, GIVE THANKS.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, arr.
1842 ——


1. Oh give thanks to Him who made Morn - ing light and
2. Oh give thanks with heart and lip, For we are His
eve - ning shade; Source and Giv - er of all good,
work - man - ship, And all crea - tures are His care;
Night - ly sleep and dai - ly food; Quick - ener of our
Not a bird that cleaves the air Falls un - no - ticed;
wea - ried powers; Guard of our un - con - scious hours.
but who can Speak the Fa - ther's love to man.

J. CONDER.
1789—1855.

Index.

NAME.	COMPOSER.	PAGE.
A Child's Fancy	*A. S. Gatty*	58
Another Year is dawning	*M. Vulpius*	141
Arbor Day		116
A Spring Greeting	*Franz Abt*	90
Awake, my trembling Lyre	*Carl Keller*	98
Bird and Angel	*German*	65
Canadian Boat Song		82
Cradle Song	*von Weber*	56
Cuckoo	*A. S Gatty*	52
Day by Day we magnify Thee	*E S. Carter*	138
Daylight is dying	*Mozart*	106
Dearest Home	*V. Righini*	105
Drear Winter has vanished		108
Evening Prayer	*Luise Hensel*	138
Ever Joyous	*Little*	55
Festival Song	*Franz Abt*	126
Flowers	*A. Randegger*	50
Good Night	*German*	63
Hail, rosy Morn	*John Kinross*	79
Home, sweet Home	*Henry A. Bishop*	118
How can I leave Thee	*Thuringian Folk-song*	107
I sing because I love to sing	*Ciro Pinsuti*	110
Lady Bird	*Brahms*	64
Lift up to God the Voice of Praise		140
Merry Songsters	*John Kinross*	85
Minuet	*Mozart*	51
My Country! 'tis of thee	*Henry Carey*	120
My Shepherd will supply my Need	*J. Booth*	141
October		93
Oh, give Thanks	*A. S. Sullivan*	142
O lovely Peace	*Handel*	132
Over in the Meadow	*A. S. Gatty*	53
Over the Hills we go	*Little*	60
Oh, worship the King	*H. J. Gauntlett*	131
Parting	*Swabian Folk-song*	102
Song on beginning School	*German*	49
Summer Evening	*Carl Spazier*	92
Take my Life	*J. B. Dykes*	140
The Bells of Würzburg	*German Folk-song*	74
The Captive Singer	*von Weber*	100
The Hemlock Tree	*A. Zarnack*	104
The Ingle Side	*Wiesenthal*	122
The Little Recruit	*F. Kücken*	69

INDEX.

NAME.	COMPOSER.	PAGE.
The Mayflower	*von Weber*	78
The Mother's Song	*F. Kücken*	68
The Roses are dead		77
The Star-spangled Banner		123
The Switzer's Song of Home	*Moscheles*	117
The Violet	*J. F. Reichardt*	84
Thy Kingdom come	*A. Randegger*	139
Under the May-pole gay	*A. S. Gatty*	101
Vain Fancy	*Mozart*	96
Wandering	*Schubert*	76
Welcome Summer	*Little*	66
Were I a Bird	*Ferd. Hiller*	109
Winter	*Little*	72

GLOSSARY OF MUSICAL TERMS AND SIGNS.

MOVEMENT.

Alla marcia.....March movement.
Allegro.....Lively, quickly.
Allegretto.....A little slower than Allegro.
Andante.....Going, moving along at a moderate pace.
Andantino.....Going, but slower than Andante.
A tempo.....In time.
Con moto.....With movement.
Con spirito.....With spirit.
Larghetto.....Slowly and broadly.
Lento.....Slow.
Moderato.....Moderately.
Rallentando.....Gradually retarded.
Ritardando.....Gradually slower.
Ritenuto.....Holding back.
Un poco animato...Somewhat animated.
Vivace.....Lively and somewhat faster than Allegro.

MANNER.

Con espressione....With expression.
Dolce.....Sweetly.
Giocoso.....Mirthful, jocose.
Grazioso.....Gracefully.
Leggiero.....Lightly.
Maestoso.....Majestically.
Parlante.....As if spoken.
Scherzando.....Playful.
Sostenuto.....Sustained, closely connected.
Spiritoso.....Spiritedly.
Tranquillo.....Quietly.

QUANTITY.

> Accent.
Crescendo, cres. <...Growing louder.
Diminuendo, dim. >Growing softer.
Piano, p.....Soft.
Pianissimo, pp.....Very soft.
Forte, f.....Loud.
Mezzoforte, mf.....Less loud.
Fortissimo, ff.....Very loud.
Sforzando, sf.....Strongly accented.

VARIOUS.

Ben.....Very much.
Coda.....A close.
Da Capo, D.C.....Return to the beginning.
E.....And.
Fine.....The end.
Ma.....But.
Molto.....Much.
Non troppo.....Not too much.
Piu.....More.
Sempre.....Always.
Un poco.....A little.

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